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THE NEW YORKER

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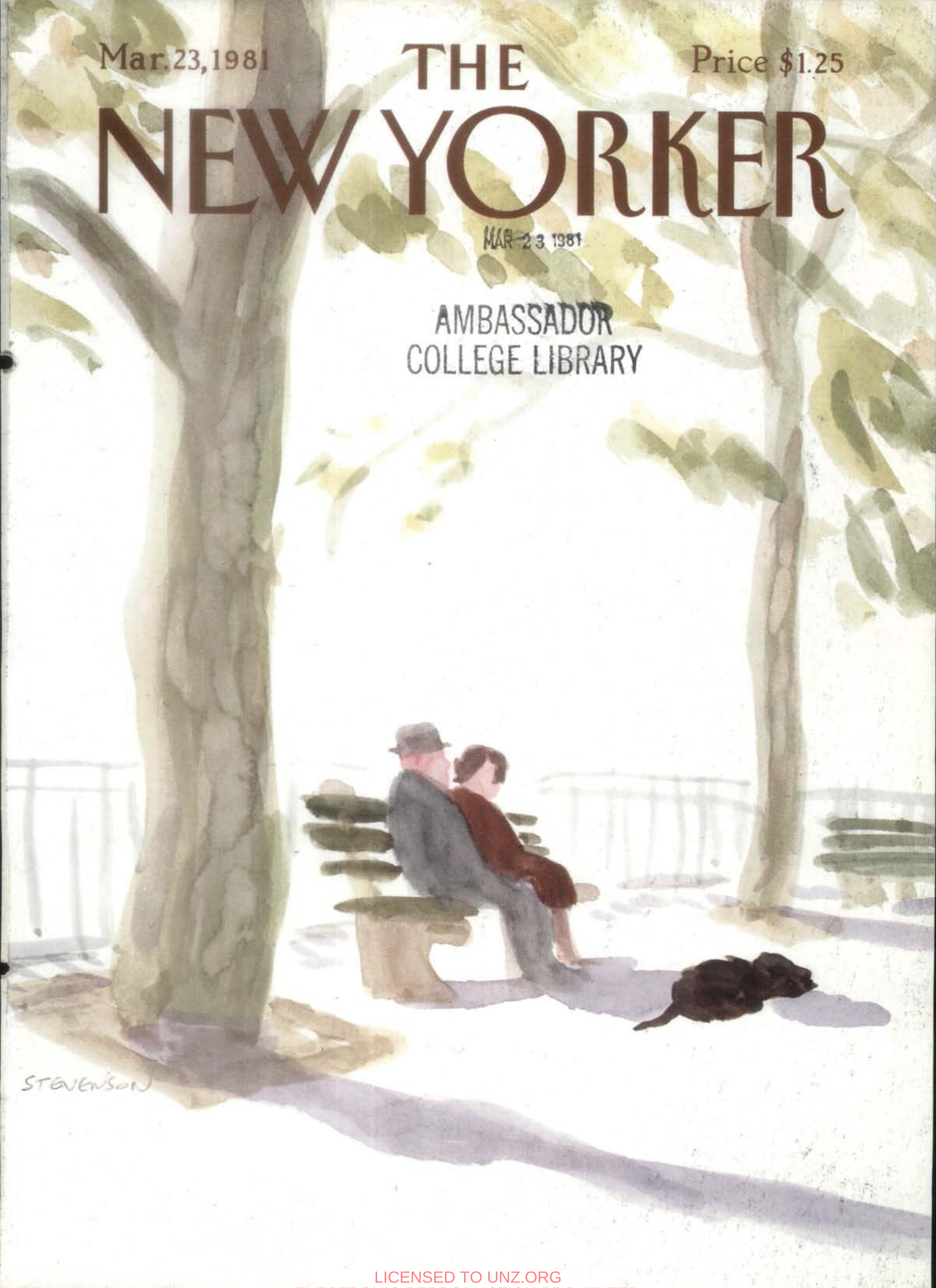

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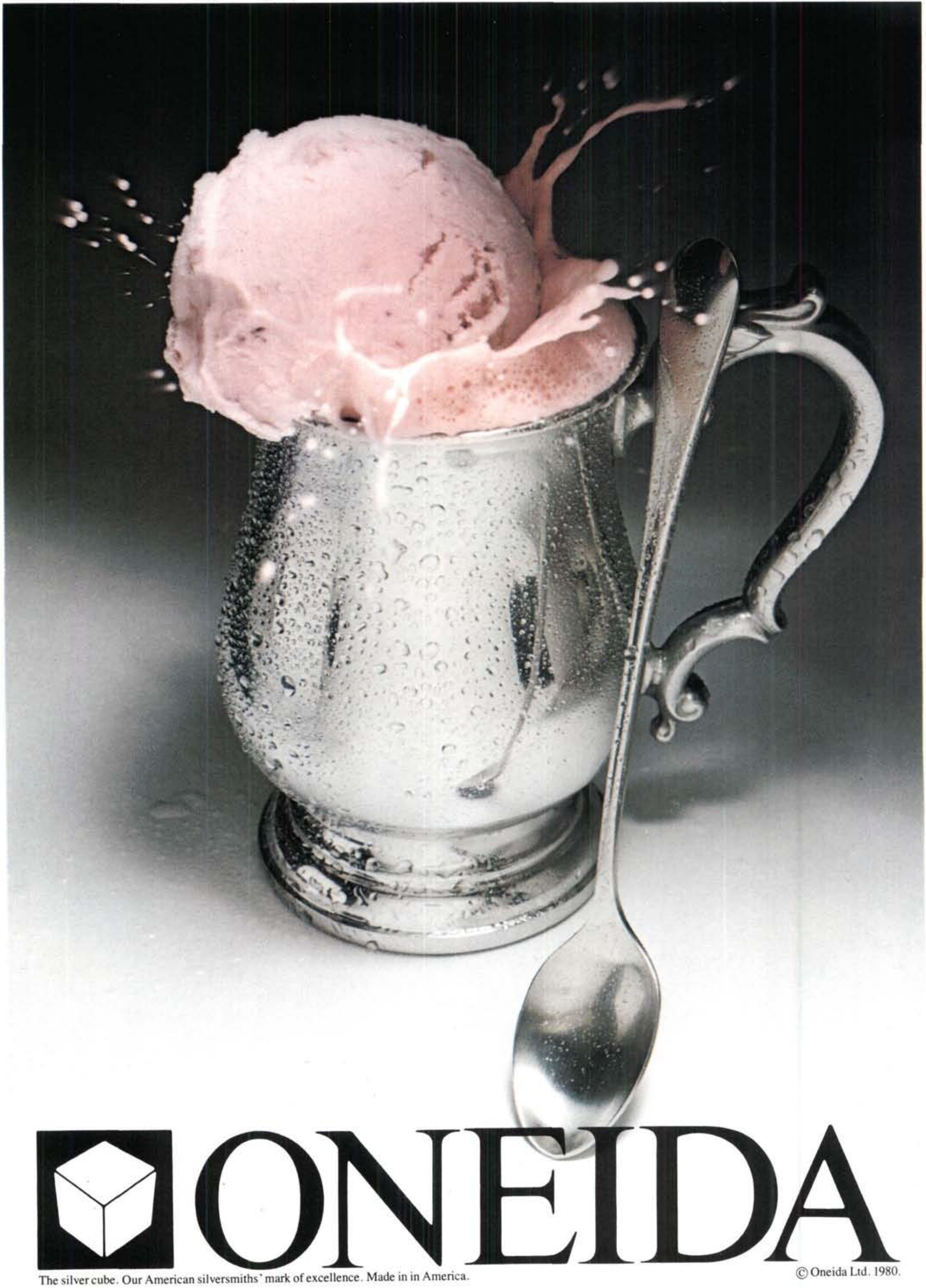

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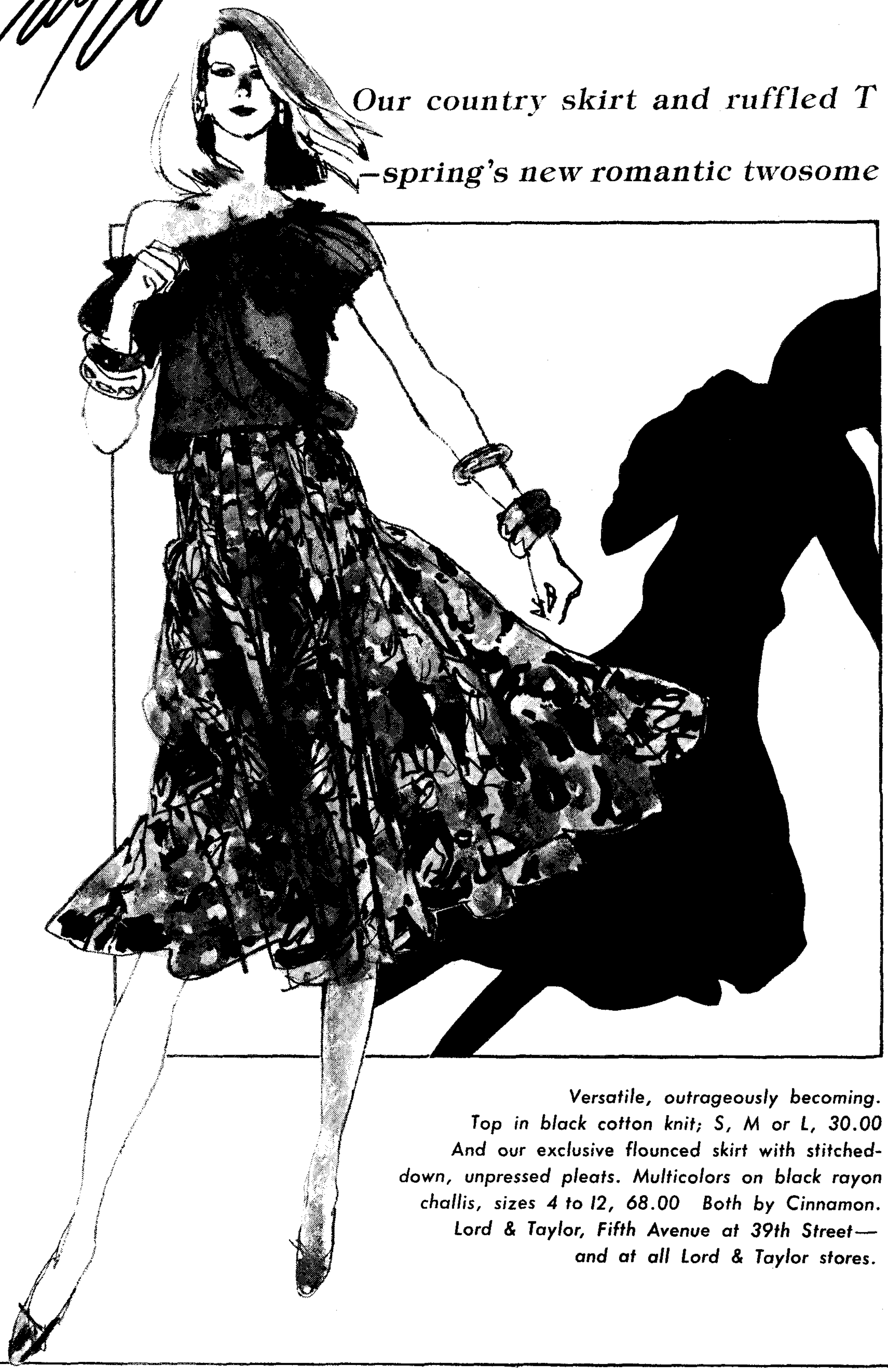

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Album—David Rimmer's wistful, funny play about four teen-agers in the sixties and the rock music that drenched their lives. They are acted by Tracy Pollan, Jan Leslie Harding, Sam Robards, and Ralph Davies, under the direction of Joan Micklin Silver. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/13/80.) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Amadeus—A highly intelligent Peter Shaffer thriller having to do, on one level, with the possibility that Mozart's early death was a result of his having been poisoned by a rival and, on another level, with that rival's indignant repudiation of God. Ian McKellen plays the villainous putative murderer, Antonio Salieri, Tim Curry plays the hapless Mozart, and Jane Seymour plays his pretty, perky wife. (12/29/80) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BAM Theatre Company—Two of five plays to be presented in repertory through Sunday, May 10. Shakespeare's **A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM:** Even Brian Murray's splendid Oberon cannot rescue this production. Thursday and Friday, March 19-20; Saturday, March 28, at 8; and final performance Sunday, March 29, at 2. . . . **THE WILD DUCK:** An unsatisfactory production of Ibsen's tragic comedy. (Reviewed in this issue). Saturday, March 21, at 8; Sunday, March 22, at 2 and 7:30; and Tuesday through Friday, March 24-27, at 8. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Childe Byron—William Hurt and Lindsay Crouse are very good as Lord Byron and his grown daughter in this foolish play by Romulus Linney. (3/9/81) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Saturday, March 28, at 8; Sundays at 7; and Saturday, March 21, at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Saturday, March 28, at 2. Closes Sunday, April 12.)

Close of Play—The contents of this rather shallow domestic farce by Simon Gray are grim indeed. A distinguished old British professor listens in silence as his two grown sons and his daughters-in-law pour out their troubles in a series of monologues. With William Roerick as the professor, and John Horton, Pauline Flanagan, Caroline Lagerfelt, John Christopher Jones, and Veronica Castang. (3/9/81) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 22.)

Coming Attractions—A facetious lampoon, by Ted Tally, about a killer who becomes a show-business celebrity. It is nimbly performed by a lively company, under André Ernotte's direction. (12/15/80) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Déclassée—A revival of Zoë Akins' 1919 play, with Sharon Laughlin, Michael Fischetti, Kevin O'Rourke, Eileen Burns, and Phyllis Somerville. (Lion Theatre Company, 422 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 22.)

Equity Library Theatre—An enthusiastic revival of Cole Porter's glorious musical **ANYTHING GOES,** which often does it justice. The fifth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 5. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fifth of July—Lanford Wilson manages to combine some of the best features of George S. Kaufman and Tennessee Williams. A merry comedy with grim undertones, admirably acted. (11/17/80) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

42nd Street—Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach, Tammy Grimes, and Wanda Richert. (9/8/80) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Inadmissible Evidence—Nicol Williamson repeats his brilliant performance in this first-rate revival, which might well be a bore without him. John Osborne was the playwright. (3/9/81) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, April 5.)

Knuckle—In this play by the English dramatist David Hare, a man interrupts his investigation of his sister's disappearance with long, cynical lectures on a number of abstractions. The character is a bore, but he is well acted by Daniel Gerroll. With Fran Brill and Alice Drummond, among others. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 5.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting **THE ZOO, COX & BOX,** and **TRIAL BY JURY.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Lolita—Edward Albee's adaptation of the Nabokov novel, with Donald Sutherland, Ian Richardson, Clive Revill, and Shirley Stoler. Blanche Baker has the title role. Frank Dunlop is the director. Previews Wednesday, March 18. Opens officially on Thursday, March 19. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St.

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COVER: *James Stevenson*

DRAWINGS: *George Price, Lee Lorenz, Dana Fradon, Robert Mankoff, Jack Ziegler, Charles Addams, Mischa Richter, William Steig, Tom Funk, Joseph Farris, Arnie Levin, Gahan Wilson, Roz Chast, Michael Maslin, Ed Arno, Warren Miller, Robert Weber, Henry Martin, Frank Modell*

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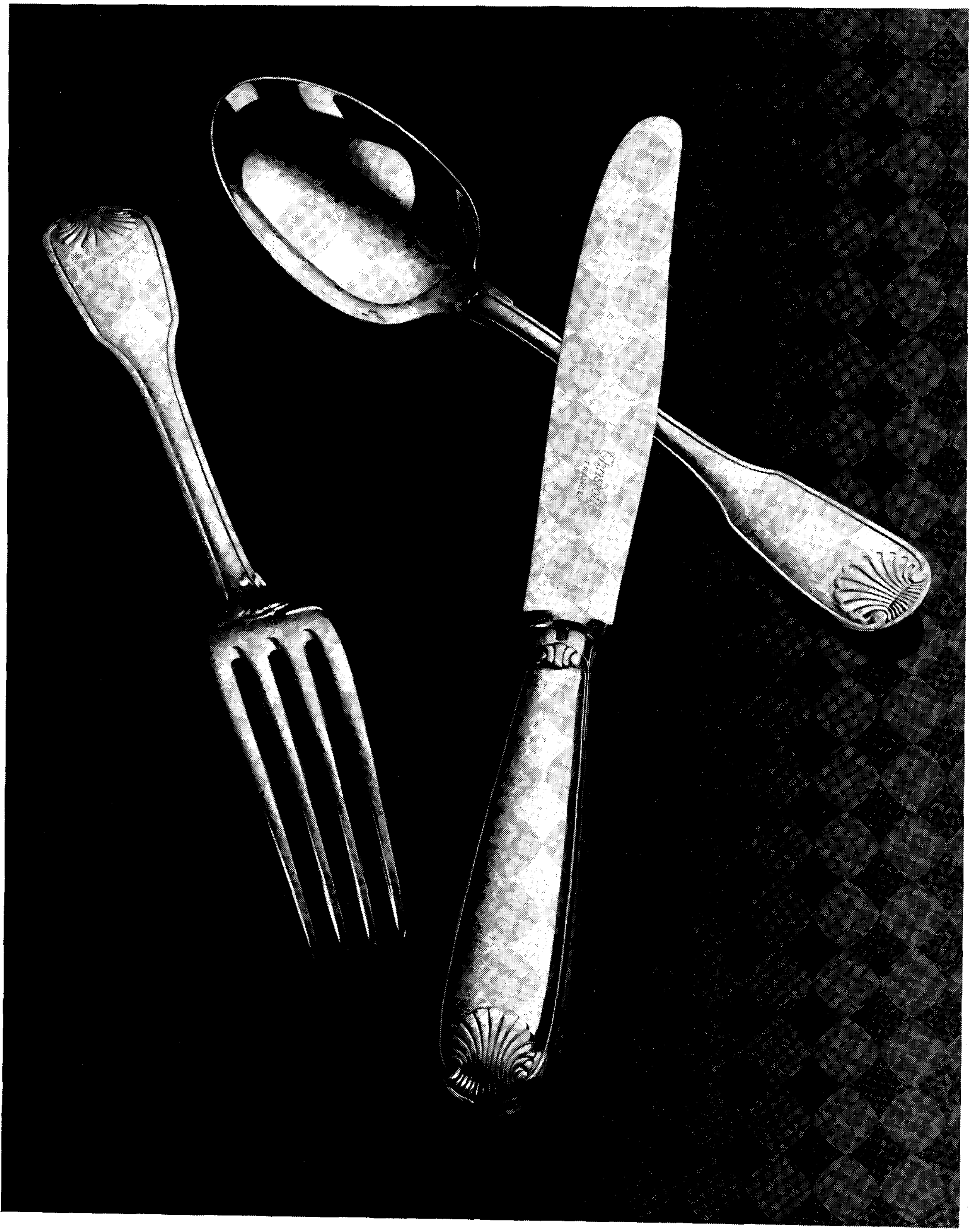


Christofle sur la table

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—This production of O'Neill's autobiographical drama has a distinguished black cast, but it seems rather tame, on the whole, in spite of a stunning performance by Al Freeman, Jr., as Jamie Tyrone. (3/16/81) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Lunch Hour—The inner workings of the social life of the South Shore of Long Island are as intricate as those of a Tibetan monastery, and Jean Kerr has left them largely unexplored. Her mild little comedy stars Sam Waterston, Gilda Radner, Susan Kellermann, Max Wright, and David Rasche. (11/24/80) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Marry Me a Little—Seventeen songs by Stephen Sondheim that were eliminated from his shows during rehearsal are sung by Suzanne Henry and Craig Lucas in this abbreviated musical. Some of the songs are charming; the performance is only pretty good. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Mary Stuart—In this "absurdist" comedy by a German dramatist, Wolfgang Hildesheimer, about the Queen's last day on earth, that fine actress Roberta Maxwell is given a chance to do some amusing clowning. The script grows tiresome, but the performance of the entire company is quite lively. Des McAnuff directed, and Jim Clayburgh designed the impressive setting. (3/2/81) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 22.)

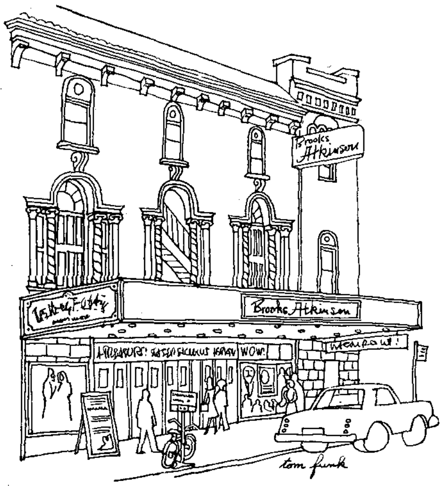
One-Act Play Festival at Lincoln Center—The first of three programs presenting new plays by American playwrights. The three plays here are John Guare's "In Fireworks Lie Secret Codes," Percy Granger's "Vivien," and Jeffrey Sweet's "Stops Along the Way." None is especially memorable, although Mr. Granger's and Mr. Guare's have their good moments. They are well acted by Michael Egan, James Woods, Graham Beckel, and Kathleen Widdoes, among others. Through Sunday, April 5. (3/16/81) (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 787-6868. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Piaf—An ill-written, hit-or-miss account of the life and early death of the sad little "kid sparrow" who was one of the greatest music-hall singers of our time. Jane Lapotaire invents an authentically touching person out of mere scraps of words and songs. Judith Ivey substitutes for Miss Lapotaire at the Wednesday matinée performances. (2/16/81) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Pirates of Penzance—Linda Ronstadt, Kevin Kline, George Rose, and Rex Smith in a lively takeoff of the everlasting original. The director, Wilford Leach, has spruced up—some would say "roughed up"—Gilbert and Sullivan, making them more coarsely clownish than they would have wished to be. (1/19/81) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Really Rosie—A dud. Scenery and words by Maurice Sendak, music by Carole King. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 246-3226. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, March 26, at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Thursday, March 26, at 2, and Sundays at 1 and 5:30.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **REVERSE PSYCHOLOGY.** (One Sheridan Square. 260-7137. Thursdays and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)



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Rose—Glenda Jackson portrays a Midlands schoolteacher in a play by Andrew Davies. A London import. Alan Dossor is the director. Previews through Wednesday, March 25. Opens officially on Thursday, March 26, and will run through Saturday, June 20. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sophisticated Ladies—Gregory Hines and half a dozen fellow dancers and singers make their way at breakneck speed through some thirty-five Duke Ellington numbers. A very slick production, though the great Duke himself seems oddly absent from his own party. (3/16/81) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Tantalus—A play by Ian Cullen and Catherine Arley based on Miss Arley's play "La Femme de Paille (Woman of Straw)." (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Wednesdays, except March 18, through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 5.)

Texts—A marvel. Joseph Chaikin is the sole actor in this adaptation of Samuel Beckett's prose poems, and fifty-five minutes is much too short a time to spend with him. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, March 22.)

We Won't Pay! We Won't Pay!—A miserable performance of Dario Fo's farce about the rebellion of some working people in Milan. (2/23/81) (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Alice Ghostley as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **BARNUM:** Jim Dale is a superb clown, and David Mitchell's circus set is a knockout, but this little musical has nothing to do with Barnum. Some other time, perhaps the great man will be allowed his due. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** Phyllis Frelich and David Ackroyd in an excellent play about a totally deaf young woman and a hearing young man who attempts to teach her the art of speech. Mark Medoff is the author. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A COUPLA WHITE CHICKS SITTING AROUND TALKING:** Susan Tyrrell and Anne Archer in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DANCIN':** Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great showbiz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD/A NIGHT IN THE UKRAINE:** A musical that is half some not very funny reminiscences of old Hollywood, and half a hilarious takeoff on Chekhov as acted by Groucho, Chico, and Harpo Marx. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is Farley Granger. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. With Carole Shelley, Donal Donnelly, and Benjamin Hendrickson. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,688 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **MORNING'S AT SEVEN:** A comedy by Paul Osborn that is sure to delight playgoers of every sort. With Maureen O'Sullivan, Elizabeth Wilson, and Teresa Wright, among others, and directed by Vivian Matalon. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompany-

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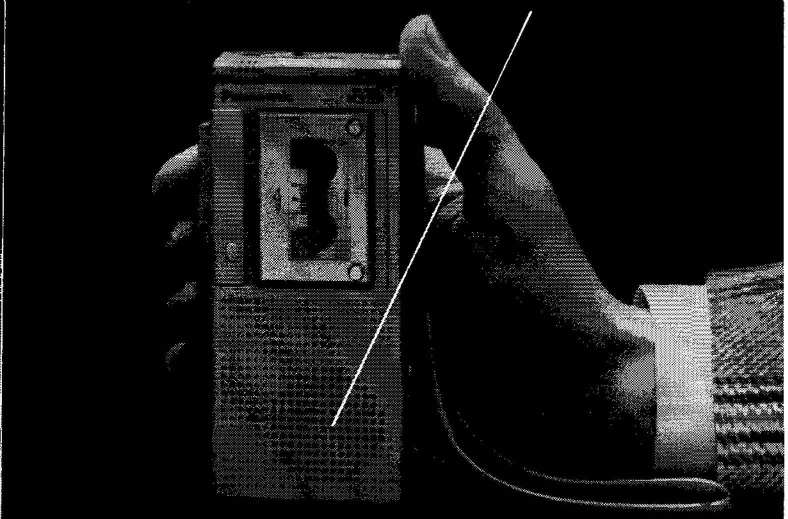

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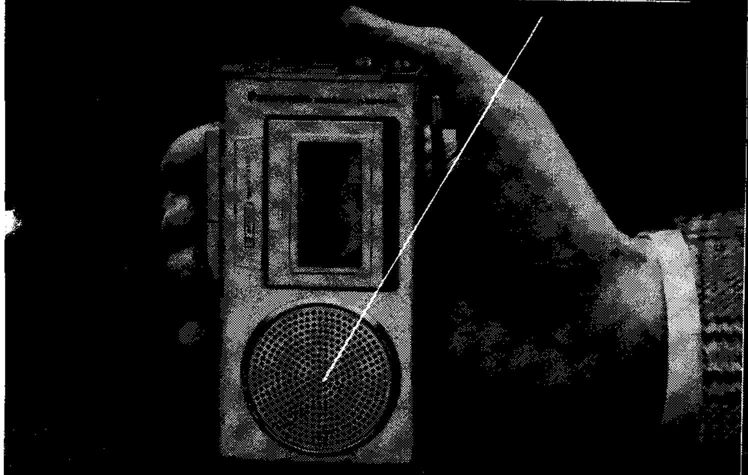

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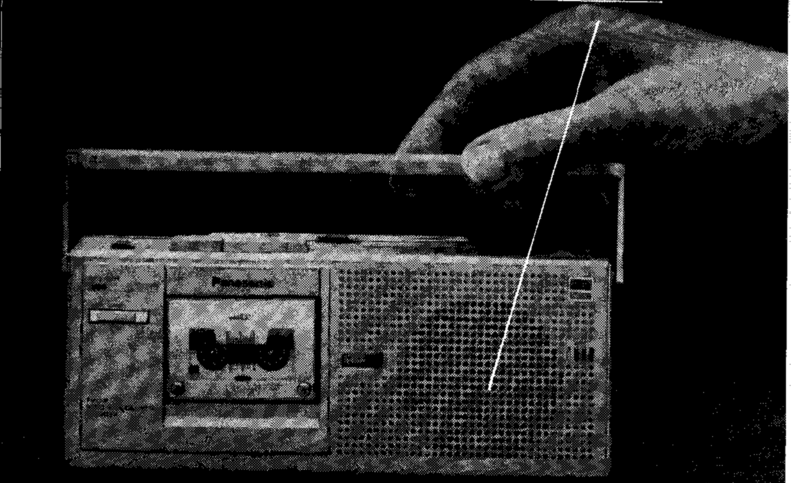

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ing jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of *this little revue about life in the theatre* sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** Ann Miller and Mickey Rooney pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A two-speed musical with Anita Gillette and John Hammil, in the course of which two nearly mindless young people meet and bicker. Neil Simon is the *author of the book,* Marvin Hamlisch wrote the music, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—A new show, a patchwork of Americana, has the Rockettes doing a precision number called "Stars and Stripes" (what else?) and thirty-six other performers doing everything from country hoedowns to polkas to jam sessions. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Tuesdays at 11 and 2:30; Wednesdays and Fridays through Mondays at 2:30 and 8.)

Hasty Pudding Show—A musical, "Serf's Up," is this year's Harvard undergraduate production. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. Friday through Sunday, March 20-*22,* at 8. *For information about tickets,* call 1-617 495-5205.)

DANCE

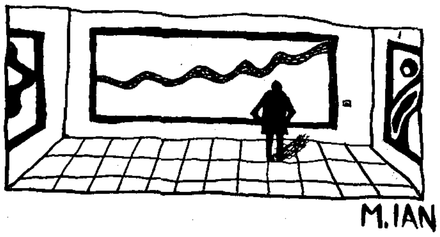
Merce Cunningham Dance Company—A two-week engagement—Wednesday, March 18, at 8: "Fractions," "Tango," "10's with Shoes," and "Roadrunners." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, March 19-20, at 8: "Fielding Sixes," "Duets," and "Exchange." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 21, at 2: "Signals," "Inlets," and "Locale." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 21, at 8: "Duets," "Inlets," and "Exchange." . . . ¶ *Sunday, March 22, at 2: "Fielding Sixes,"* "10's with Shoes," and "Exchange." . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, March 24-25, at 8: "Fielding Sixes," "Channels/Inserts" (première), and "Roadrunners." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, March 26-27, at 8: "Fractions," "Tango," "10's with Shoes," and "Locale." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 28, at 2 and 8: "Duets," "Inlets," and "Channels/Inserts." . . . ¶ Sunday, March 29, at 2: "Fielding Sixes," "Channels/Inserts," and "Roadrunners." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by two companies. **PEARL PRIMUS DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday through Saturday, March 18-21, at 8, and Sunday, March 22, at 2 and 8. . . . **SARA AND JERRY PEARSON DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday, March 25, and Friday, March 27, at 8, and Sunday, March 29, at 2. (Theatre of the Riverside Church. Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

National Dance Company of Senegal—Forty-five dancers, musicians, singers, and acrobats. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Wednesday through Friday, March 18-20, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, March 21-22, at 3 and 8.)

Anna Sokolow—A company of actors and dancers, directed by Miss Sokolow, in a program combining text, movement, and music, with themes from the Old Testament and the diaries of Franz Kafka. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Wednesday, March 18, at 8.)

Sahomi Tachibana and Company—A program of traditional Japanese dance, celebrating Miss Tachibana's fiftieth year as a dancer (Theatre of the Open Eye, 316 E. 88th St. Thursday, March 19, at 7, and Friday and Saturday, *March 20-21,* at 8. For tickets, call 534-6909.)



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NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives *that are subject to last-minute change; it is* therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A convivial Chelsea bar and restaurant gussied up as a nautical pub. Pianist **JAKI BYARD** works with a bassist on Friday and Saturday, March 20-21; on Friday and Saturday, March 27-28, pianist **BARRY HARRIS** will team up with bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY.** Sets begin at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Bechet's, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—A bar and restaurant with photographs of its namesake, the great soprano saxophonist, on the wall. Clarinettist **PHIL BODNER'S** quartet performs until Sunday, March 22; on Tuesday, March 24, recluse guitarist **TAL FARLOW**—he tends to go into long stretches of semiretirement, so catch him quick—will turn up here with his trio. Music nightly from nine.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Unchallenged in its sensible, efficient seating (there are tables and chairs for four hundred), in its liberal musical tastes, and in the promptness of its show times. On Wednesday, March 25, *three wonderful band*leaders—baritone saxophonist **PEPPER ADAMS,** drummer **ROY HAYNES,** and trombonist **MELBA LISTON**—will head up their respective combos; and on Friday and Saturday, March 20-21, blues archivist **JOHN HAMMOND** will trade sets with rock and blues singer, pianist, and guitarist **AL KOOPER.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, *and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and mid*night. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Unchanged for years, this comfortable bar and restaurant remains panelled with dark-stained pine, highlighted with Photo-Realist portraits, and inhabited by professional conversationalists, who often take a break and listen to the worthwhile live music. **TOMMY FLANAGAN,** a great hard-bop sideman and composer (he wrote the classic "Freight Train"), and his bassist, **GEORGE MRAZ,** are on hand through Saturday, March 21; on Monday, March 23, pianist **LARRY WILLIS** will take charge with a bass player. Music from nine-forty-five.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Thousands of miles from Corcovado, Sugarloaf Mountain, Guanabara Bay, Ipanema and Copacabana beaches, and the more than four million resident Cariocas is this second-floor Rio-inspired club. A trio and a vocalist perform the bossa nova and other sambas from eleven. Before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING,** a true-blue melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, winds up his annual midwinter stint in the Café Carlyle with his bassist, **BRIAN TORFF,** on *Saturday, March 21, to make way for the re*turn of **BOBBY SHORT,** who will be back to claim his turf on Tuesday, March 24, with his faithful compadres, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT.** Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** is singing and playing piano in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A restaurant located in back of Carnegie Hall, with dark-brown walls and carpeting and a glassed-in sidewalk section. Pianist **ELLIS LARKINS,** a graceful, retiring accompanist—he's performed and recorded with Ella Fitzgerald, Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Sylvia Syms, and other singers—is just as graceful and retiring when he's the star. Larkins plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. The current schedule of visiting performers: Illiterate Diplomats and Excalibur on Wednesday, March 18; Technical Virgins and the Workers on Thursday, March 19; Public Servants, Urban Blight, and Tot Rocket & the Twins on Friday, March 20; and jazz singer Roberta Baum on Saturday, March 21. Music nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—When it's cold you can wear your cowboy boots; when it's raining you can wear your cowboy galoshes. Various lively, well-*miked country-and-Western bands are* booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Lu Elliott, an ex-Ellington vocalist, has taken on the singing duties for a while. She's aided by pianist Robert Banks and bassist Jimmy Lewis Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE** sings here on Sundays at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—If you spend enough time in the down-home music room, you actually might go out the front door expecting to see a courthouse square instead of dreary old nighttime 14th Street. Bluegrass, stringband, and folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern Seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along *with pitchers of beer.* The schedule: Wednesday, March 18, British and Irish folk songs by Royston Wood & Heather Wood and the Derby Ram; Thursday, March 19, the Appalachian treasures of **HARRY** and **JEANIE WEST;** Saturday, March 21, lightning-like fiddling by **KEN KOSEK** and **MATT GLASER** and their band; Wednesday, March 25, Joe Heaney and the Derby Ram; Thursday, March 26, the Jug*gernaut String Band; and Saturday, March* 28, Metropolitan Opry. Music from about eight-thirty Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—One of the two homes for traditional small-band jazz on the block (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). The house band works out Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, March 22, pianist **JOHN BUNCH,** cornettist **WARREN VACHÉ,** tenor saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY,** bassist **BILL PEMBERTON,** *and drummer* **CONNIE KAY** will perform from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A fancy, carpeted, very crowded, low-ceilinged belowstairs mostly mainstream-jazz room. Trumpeter **FREDDIE HUBBARD,** who hasn't appeared in a New York club in a while, leads a quintet that features pianist

KENNY BARRON and drummer **AL FOSTER** through Sunday, March 22. Two bluesy, hard-hitting ex-Basie-ites (when they're not playing ballads)—tenor saxophonist **EDDIE (LOCKJAW) DAVIS** and trumpeter **HARRY (SWEETS) EDISON**—will arrive on Tuesday, March 24, and **KENNY BARRON**, bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**, and drummer **BEN RILEY** will be their launchpad. Music nightly, with the first set beginning about nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A sort of indoor *piazza del popolo* for SoHo tourists and the *popolo* who can afford to live there. There are brick walls and archways, lots of vegetation (in pots), wicker furniture, and balcony vistas. The music: Wednesday, March 18, Darryl & Curtis, two pop singers; Thursday through Saturday, March 19-21, singer Shirley Alston; Sunday, March 22, Argentine pianist Jorge Dalto and his Latin-jazz group; Monday, March 23, **ROSEANNA VITRO**, a fine young jazz singer, with Monday regulars **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and **BROSS TOWNSEND**; Tuesday and Wednesday, March 24-25, singer Marion Cowings; and Thursday through Saturday, March 26-28, **JON HENDRICKS'** family band, **HENDRICKS, HENDRICKS & HENDRICKS.** Music every night after eleven. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** heads up a trio on Mondays and Tuesdays; Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. These groups play from ten. And on Saturdays from seven to ten, and Sundays from five to ten, stride pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** has the floor.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—An East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. **RALPH SUTTON**, a hard-swinging stride player, is at the dining-room piano. Mr. Sutton's less-than-rigorous style incorporates at one time or another the buoyancy of Teddy Wilson, the bluesy, oscillating chords of Junior Mance, and obeisant quotes from Fats Waller. Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two. On Sundays and Mondays, **JILL MC MANUS**, a Wynton Kelly-influenced—bluesy and swinging, that is—player, claims the keyboard from seven to eleven.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Pianist **MARTY NAPOLEON** directs a trio some thirteen hundred feet above sea level for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Judd Woldin is the pianist who alternates with the trio after nine.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—A big second-floor loft space with strobe lights, blue flashing lights, white flashing lights, video monitors, live and recorded rock and roll, and dancing to all of it. The schedule: Thursday, March 19, Lounge Lizards; Friday, March 20, Neighborhoods and Nitecaps; and Saturday, March 21, Helen Wheels Band and Shades. Live music after eleven; recorded music from nine. Closed Sunday through Tuesday, March 22-24.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—A fine jazz spot to visit before or after surveying (windchill factor permitting) the nearby Flatiron Building. Friday and Saturday, March 20-21, the visiting musicians will be bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN** and his band, Top Shelf; on Friday and Saturday, March 27-28, **OLU DARA**, who sometimes plays his trumpet upside down, will lead his jazz-funk **OKRA ORCHESTRA.** On Sundays, percussionist, guitarist, singer, and composer **THIAGO DE MELLO** guides a ten-piece loose and limber band that specializes in Brazilian jazz and crackling trumpet solos by **CLAUDIO RODITI.** Music from nine; and if you hang around really late on Fridays and Saturdays, you might catch a set by saxophonist-proprietor **MIKE MORGENSTERN**, who directs a quintet at about two in the morning.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—This club and Eddie Condon's, just a tiddledywink's hop east, demarcate a little slice of what West 52nd Street—now labelled Swing Street for tourists but known in earlier times to the initiated as simply The Street—was like thirty, forty, and more years ago, when it was swing and bebop world headquarters, and rows of town houses housed jazz clubs. The two present-day 54th Street establishments cling strongly to traditional jazz. Ryan's house band, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, lets loose Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good musical reasons. Pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA**, one of the most animated duos in town, works through Saturday, March 21; on Tuesday, March 24, pianist **BILLY TAYLOR** and his bassist, **VICTOR GASKIN**, will return to this club, their New York base. Pianist and composer **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **BOB BODLEY** turn up on Sundays and Mondays. Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An extraterritorial Texas hangout. The music is usually good, solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. On Wednesday, March 18, **LESTER CHAMBERS**, one of the Chambers Brothers, will sing and play harmonica; on Thursday, March 19, rockabilly pathfinder **CARL PERKINS** will sing at least one of the following tunes: "Blue Suede Shoes," "Boppin' the Blues," "Honey Don't," and "Pink Pedal Pushers." Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A music back room with a view of a garden and a roster of singers. And what a roster: **SYLVIA SYMS**, whose self-conscious between-song patter, which can be about herself, Frank Sinatra, or just about anything, can be forgiven, because when she sings, she sings in a relaxed, floating voice. Through Saturday, March 21. Her shows begin Wednesday and Thursday at nine and eleven, Friday at ten and midnight, and Saturday at eleven and twelve-thirty. And on Monday, March 23, **MEL TORMÉ** will perform in this non-concert-hall setting Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Saturdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Rock and roll and video. The rock and roll: Wednesday, March 18, Aurora Bora, Neck Tie Party, and Doids; Thursday, March 19, Hi-Fi, Pleazer, and Candy Apple; Friday, March 20, Heat and Black 'n' Blue; Saturday, March 21, Heros and Cheap Perfume; Sunday, March 22, Chasers and Roustabouts; Monday, March 23, Kelvin, Tromploy, and Phosphenes; and Tuesday, March 24, Palladins, Squadron, and 1-4-5. Music after eleven.

Michael Phillips, 994 First Ave., at 54th St. (888-0018)—Thursdays through Saturdays, this pretty new restaurant, which offers nouvelle cuisine and nouvelle interior design —that is, uncluttered—might be called **BROOKS KERR**, because that is when the stride pianist and singer performs here. (It's actually named for its owner.) Mr. Kerr's sets begin at ten-thirty and end at two.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**BONNIE KOLOC**, a young Chicago singer, performs folk tunes, blues, and ballads with her backing crew Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Ragtime and Funeral Band and a guest clarinettist occupy the bandstand—although from the looks of people waiting outside, one might think that a Woody Allen film was being shown. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue, contrary to popular belief, does not sell antique oak furniture: it is this club. R. & B. and soul comprise the current music lineup. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. Friday and Saturday, March 20-21, **MICHAEL HURLEY**, a well-respected folkie from Vermont, will be onstage; Tuesday, March 24, will belong to Grover Kemble and Za Zu Zaz; Thursday, March 26, three rock bands, Prisoners of the Beat, China Shop, and Octaroons, will plug in; and Friday and Saturday, March 27-28, folk and blues singer **TAJ MAHAL** will trade sets with jazz and blues guitarist **JIMMY PONDER.** Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Dining.

Palsson's, 158 W. 72nd St. (362-2590)—Downstairs is a very lively restaurant and bar; upstairs is a jazz room and bar. The quite solid lineup: **HENDRICKS, HENDRICKS & HENDRICKS** are singing here through Sunday, March 22; **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** will claim Monday through Wednesday, March 23-25; and multinational multi-instrumentalist **DAVID AMRAM** will lead a quintet that features alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** Thursday through Saturday, March 26-28. The first set begins about ten.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Art Deco-land high atop the R.C.A. Building. The **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** orchestra provides dance music through Sunday, March 22; then, on Tuesday, March 24, trumpeter and arranger **SY OLIVER** will return with his bounce septet. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Thursday, March 19, the Cosmopolitans; Friday, March 20, **MATERIAL, DEADLINE, SUICIDE,** Tuxedomoon, and Indoor Life; Saturday, March 21, Rings and Nitecaps; Sunday, March 22, **NONA HENDRYX** & Zero Cool and Prince; Monday, March 23, White Fire; Tuesday, March 24, the Cherverne Band; and Wednesday, March 25, **STEVE FORBERT.** Shock, an English sextet, is also on hand, performing computerized, electronic, theatrical rock and roll Wednesday through Sunday, March 18-22. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Rock Lounge, 285 West Broadway, at Canal St. (925-0960)—The music: DOR, or dance-oriented rock. The activities: dancing (as a participation or a spectator sport) and video

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

watching (clips of Patti Smith in concert, of Mary Tyler Moore in her TV series, of Sean Connery in "Goldfinger"). The bands: Die Hausfrauen and Brave Combo on Thursday, March 19; Love of Life Orchestra and Illiterate Diplomats on Friday, March 20; and soul brothers **SAM & DAVE** and the Outsets on Saturday, March 21. Sets begin after one. Recorded rock from eleven. Closed Sundays through Wednesdays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—One of the prettiest hotel lobbies in the city leads to one of the most stunning hotel night spots in the city, the King Cole Room. Some of the most wonderful things from the twenties, thirties, and part of the forties—Rodgers and Hart songs—are being celebrated here through Saturday, March 21. The celebrants are Larry Kert and Mimi Hines. And on Monday, March 23, yet another tribute—this one to Lerner and Loewe—will get under way; the performers will be Marni Nixon (whose singing voice made Audrey Hepburn into a chanteuse, through the miracle of dubbing, in "My Fair Lady"), Steve Elmore, Martin Vidnovic, and Meg Bussert. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at *nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.*

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are refreshingly uncluttered. Much of the music is amplified *jazz-rock, and it runs from ten to* two. The lineup: Wednesday, March 18, saxophonist Denny Morouse; Thursday through Sunday, March 19-22, the spiritually enlightened hard bop of tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS;** Tuesday and Wednesday, March 24-25, the Mike Gibbs orchestra; and beginning Thursday, March 26, saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN'S** quartet. Closed Mondays.

STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—An attractive but not pretentious bar and restaurant—yet another Village spot that lures in good pianists and bassists and sometimes singers, too. Pianist **CEDAR WALTON** works with a bassist through Saturday, March 21; Tuesday through Thursday, March 24-26, **BARRY HARRIS** and **MAJOR HOLLEY** will collaborate; and on Friday and Saturday, March 27-28, **DAKOTA STATON** will sing with backing from pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND.** Music from nine-thirty.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A bustling, knotty-pine room. **MORGANA KING,** a smoky-voiced singer, is on hand through Saturday, March 21; Tuesday through Saturday, March 24-28,will be given over to tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON** and his quartet. Sets from about ten. Dining.

SYNCOPATION, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—This agreeable room is a ground-floor loft space fitted out with exposed brick walls and a bar that has carpeted sides, and an extensive music schedule. Mondays and Wednesdays, pianist **HUGH LAWSON** leads a trio and backs up singer Anita Moore; and Thursdays through Saturdays have become the time slot for jazz yodeller **LEON THOMAS** and his band. Music from about ten, give or take a half hour. Dining. Closed Sundays.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Simple surroundings, sublime blues music: Wednesday and Thursday, March 18-19, the Mississippi Blues Fife & Drum Band; Friday and Saturday, March 20-21, **OTIS RUSH,** the very exciting Chicago-blues singer and guitarist; Friday, March 27, two important elder statesmen of the blues, **JOHNNY SHINES,** who travelled around a bit with Robert Johnson in the thirties, and **ROBERT (JUNIOR) LOCKWOOD;** and Saturday, March 28, the powerful, moving Chicago blueswoman **KOKO TAYLOR.** Shows at approximately nine and midnight.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated—i.e., unmarked—entrance is easy to miss. Some of the musicians: Robbie Seidman on Wednesday, March 18; Noise R Us and Disturbed Furniture on Thursday, March 19; Windows on Friday, March 20; the **DRIFTERS** and the **MARVELLETTES** on Saturday, March 21; and Eric Troyer on Tuesday, March 24. Music after eleven, usually. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

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VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays the barnlike downstairs room is given over to salsa bands, which begin playing at nine. Pianist Terry Waldo plays piano rags on the Terrace Tuesdays through Fridays from nine. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio alternate with Mr. Waldo on Tuesdays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Proprietor and author ("Live at the Village Vanguard") Max Gordon said of his club in a recent radio interview, "It's a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Drummer **ELVIN JONES'** sextet works out through Sunday, March 22; on Tuesday, March 24, things will become a little more subdued, as guitarist **JIM HALL** will arrive with his trio. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten..

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing Cole Porter's piano in Peacock Alley, a quiet passageway that connects the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who often accompanied Mabel Mercer during the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. . . . ¶ In the Hideaway, a small, smoky room that looks like Shangri-la with ice buckets, singer and pianist **RONNY WHYTE** performs songs you *remember, songs you forgot, and songs you* may have never even heard of Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. *(929-9645)*—A tranquil, out-of-the-way soul-food restaurant that features good pianists. Mondays through Wednesdays are claimed by Esther Blue, and Thursdays through Sundays by Tony Regusis. Music from eight to two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A haunt of Columbia students—they do their homework between sets—and swing-music admirers. The Franc Williams Swing Four performs through Saturday, March 21; on Sundays, **JAZZ À CORDES,** a quintet, provides convincing hot jazz; Mondays belong to pianist **BROOKS KERR** and ageless drummer **SONNY GREER;** Tuesdays are the *property of another wunderalte drummer,* **JO JONES;** and Wednesday through Saturday, March 25-28, saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY** will lead a quintet. Music nightly from about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

JAZZ CONCERTS AT CARNEGIE HALL—The last of three concerts celebrating the Hall's ninetieth anniversary will feature Count Basie and his orchestra, with Sarah Vaughan, Joe Williams, and others. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, March 20, at 8.)

FISH
SALAD
TEA

CECIL TAYLOR—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, March 20, at 8.

COUNTRY GAZETTE—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, March 20, at 8. For information about tickets, call 687-9000.

HEAVENLY JAZZ CONCERT SERIES—The last in a series of benefit concerts, this one performed by Ruby Braff, John Bunch, Michael Moore, Bobby Rosengarden, Teddy Charles, and John Basile. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, March 22, at 5. *For tickets, call 369-8040.)*

PRESERVATION HALL JAZZ BAND—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, March 27, at 8.

MUDDY WATERS—With Johnny Winter, and the James Cotton Band. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, March 28, at 8.)

JEAN SABLON—Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, March 28, at 8:30.

IRVING PLAZA—Saturday, March 21: Snakefinger, Method Actors, and Indoor Life. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 28: Polyrock. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 982-4863. Shows begin after 11:30.)

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday and Thursday, March 18-19, at 10: Valery Ponomarev quartet. . . . ¶ Friday through Sunday, March 20-22, at 10: Bill Hardman-Junior Cook quintet. . . . ¶ Tuesdays at 9: *Jam Session, featuring Jo Jones,* Jr. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, March 25-26, at 10: Jaki Byard & the Apollo Stompers. . . . ¶ Friday through Sunday, March 27-29, at 10: Cedar Walton quartet. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

JAZZ GALLERY—Friday, March 27, at 8: Ralph Dorsey quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 28, at 8:30: James Jabbo Ware and Me We & Them Orchestra. (Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St. Tickets at the door on the nights of the concerts.)

SOUNDSCAPE—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 9: Sonny Sharrock. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 19, at 8:30: Paquito d'Rivera. . . . ¶ Friday, March 20, at 8:30: Tom Mitchelson and the New Dawn Ensemble. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 21, at 8:30: Gamelon Son of Lion. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 26, at 8:30: Dennis Charles & Joe Ruddick. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

BILLY AL BENGSTON—*This artist is now cutting* jagged sections out of his watercolors with an X-Acto knife and using some of the excisions as collage. Through March 31. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

DAN CHRISTENSEN / KATHERINE GILI—Large color-field paintings. / Abstract welded-steel sculptures by an English artist. Through Saturday, March 21. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St.)

ROBERT DASH—Quiet views of Long Island landscapes and waterways. Through Saturday, March 28. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

JOHN EVANS—The artist kept a collage diary in 1980; twenty-six of the works are in this show—each appointed with the artist's usual row of ducks' heads. Through Saturday, March 28. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

HERBERT FERBER—Acrylic relief paintings. Through April 2. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

JIM HOUSER—Realist landscape paintings in the Precisionist mode. Through Saturday, March 28. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

MAX KLINGER (1857-1920)—Etchings and en-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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gravings. Through Saturday, March 21. (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 5.)

Masami Kodama—Abstract marble sculptures. Through April 4. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Anna and Wolfgang Kubach-Wilmsen—Book shapes formed out of African blue granite, Turkish marble, onyx, and other stones. Through Saturday, March 28. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Abby Leigh—Stylized landscapes and cityscapes by a young actress lately turned painter, whose work reflects her tutelage under Will Barnet. Through April 4. (A.M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Reginald Marsh (1898-1954)—Oils, temperas, and works on paper. Through April 4. (Deutsch, 43 E. 80th St.)

Joan Mitchell—An exuberant four-panel painting, more than twenty-three feet long; other oils; and thirteen lively pastels. Through Saturday, March 28. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Ellen Phelan / David Strome—Five constructions of shaped canvas or painted wood, two of them freestanding and the others wall pieces. / Abstract paintings—diptychs, with clean-cut emblematic forms seen against contrasting backgrounds. Through Saturday, March 28. (Art Latitude, 29 E. 73rd St.)

Serge Poliakoff (1906-69)—Abstract gouaches. Through April 11. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Paul Resika—Landscapes of Cape Cod dunes and the countryside of France and Italy. Through April 17. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

William Ridenhour—Large acrylic paintings by an artist who specializes in odd juxtapositions—an outsize black beetle and a red snapper; a black piano and a copying machine. Through Saturday, March 28. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th.)

Norman Rockwell (1894-1978)—Paintings and drawings (fourteen in all) dated from 1916 to 1976. Through Saturday, March 28. (Diamond, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Seymour Rosofsky / Helen Oji—Fantasies derived from the world of the underprivileged. The artist is an elder of the Chicago Imagist school who works in oil on canvas. / Stylized kimono shapes encrusted with shiny acrylic, Rhoplex, and glitter. Through April 1. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Bonnie Sklarski—One huge painting (reminiscent of the Hudson River school in scope) of Afghanistan canyons, plus figure drawings and smaller paintings of the Arabian desert wastes. The artist teaches at Indiana University but obviously travels around a lot. Through Wednesday, March 25. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

May Stevens—A series of large paintings paying homage to the martyred German Socialist Rosa Luxemburg. Through March 31. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Joyce Treiman—Expressionist paintings, several portraying circus life and Las Vegas floor shows, in bright-colored oils and pastels. Through Thursday, March 26. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

J. M. W. Turner (1775-1851)—Thirty drawings and watercolors dated 1828-50. Through April 25. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Utamaro and Hokusai—Colored wood-block prints by these masters of Japanese art. Through April 4. (Tsuru, a new gallery at 29 E. 61st St.)

Daisy Youngblood—Severely stylized sculptures of bird and animal heads, mostly, done in unglazed fired clay. Through April 4. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Group Shows—At the **ARSENAL GALLERY,** 830 Fifth Ave., at 64th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and photographs depicting animals, often whimsically. Anne Arnold, Ed McGowin, Don Nice, and Betty Tomkins are among the fifty-seven artists. Through April 28. (Open until 4:30 Mondays through Fridays.) . . . **DAVIS & LANGDALE,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: A loan of drawings and watercolors by English and American artists of the eighteenth to twentieth centuries. Among the leading names are George Bellows, Maurice Prendergast, and Gwen John. Through Saturday, March 28.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Siah Armajani / Sol LeWitt—Sculptures, plus models and drawings for outdoor commissions. / A wall drawing entitled "Geometric Figures." Through April 4. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Alice Baber—Paintings of pale, delicately colored petal-shaped forms that appear to be floating on a white ground. Through Saturday, March 21. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Saul Baizerman (1889-1957) / **Louis Lozowick** (1892-1973)—Hammered-metal figurative reliefs, several large-scale. / Lithographs and drawings focussing on Manhattan bridges in the thirties. Through Saturday, March 21. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Victoria Barr—The artist's travels in Bali, Java, India, and the Caribbean are reflected in these more or less abstract landscapes dotted with the silhouettes of palm trees. Through Saturday, March 28. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

Robert Birmelin—Harsh realist paintings, mostly of crowded city streets. Through April 10. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Victor Brauner (1903-66)—Paintings of the fifties and sixties by one of the earliest Surrealists. Through April 4. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Cynthia Carlson—A tongue-in-cheek installation (the target is decorative painting) that involves floral patterns on the wall. The mediums are ceramic and acrylic. Through Saturday, March 28. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Enrique Castro-Cid—Paintings of female figures. Through April 8. (Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Ralph Fasanella—Recent primitive paintings. Through Saturday, March 28. (Johnson, 72 E. 56th St. Opens weekdays at noon.)

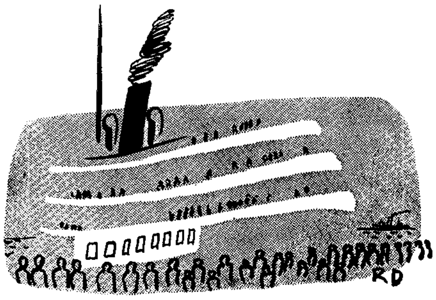
Sam Gilliam / Austé—Color-field paintings. / Drawings: Day-Glo paint and pencil. Through Saturday, March 28. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Phoebe Helman—Freestanding wood sculptures, painted black, and drawings. Through April 4. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Robert Hudson—Large abstract paintings by a colorist who interrupts his compositions with wildly inappropriate collages (valentines, souvenir fans) and often trims them with discordant found objects—a saw, a tree branch. Through Thursday, March 26. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Steve Keister—About a dozen hanging plywood constructions painted with Day-Glo or covered with fluorescent Plexiglas, all of them gleaming with reflected gallery light. There is also a large freestanding piece, similarly aglow. Through April 4. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Ed Kerns—Rude architectural forms set down on canvas with paint or pieces of canvas, and then stitched and laced and painted over and generally worried until a satisfactorily time-worn quality is achieved. Through Saturday, March 28. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)



Eugene Leake—Maryland landscape paintings. Through Saturday, March 28. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St.)

Mon Levinson—Paper painted by this colorist with egg tempera, acrylics, inks, and dyes and then folded into abstract patterns. Through Saturday, March 21. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

Marisol—Virgil Thomson, Georgia O'Keeffe, Picasso, and others are the subjects of thirteen life-size sculptures. Through April 4. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Eugène Mihaesco—Pen-and-ink drawings and pastel sketches by an artist whose work often appears in the pages of this publication. First one-man show in New York. Through April 11. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

George Nick / Horacio Torres (1924-76)—Realist oil paintings done in Bulgaria (locomotives), Yugoslavia (villages), and suburban Boston (a view of the express highway). Through Thursday, March 26. / Classical nudes painted in the classical manner. Through April 2. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Stephen Pace—Semi-abstract figurative oils—a landscape, a self-portrait, a pair of horses. Through April 2. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Larry Poons—A new set of impastoed paintings. Through Saturday, March 21. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Karen Shaw—Collages using cutouts of art reproductions and unified by means of the artist's usual alphabet code. Through Saturday, March 28. (Urdang, 29 W. 57th St.)

Hollis Sigler—A series of nine related paintings of rooms, from which a story of sorts emerges. Through Saturday, March 28. (Gladstone, 41 W. 57th St.)

Robert Sivard—Paintings in which turn-of-the-century artists (Renoir, Toulouse-Lautrec) and writers (Oscar Wilde) are seen in their respective haunts. Through Saturday, March 28. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Eric Sloane—Paintings of New England and New Mexico. Through Saturday, March 21. (Hammer, 33 W. 57th St.)

Sylvia Wald—Impressionist sculptures of clouds made of wire mesh and hanging from the ceiling, plus abstract collages involving colored Japanese papers, reeds, and cord. Through Saturday, March 21. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St.)

Neil Welliver—Maine landscapes (long vistas, deep forests, and an occasional surprised deer) in oil on canvas. Through April 1. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Lynton Wells—Graphite drawings, some with collage. Through April 1. (Holly Solomon, 24 W. 57th St.)

Kim Whanki (1913-74)—Large paintings in which a small, freehand grid pattern is filled in, dot by dot, on raw canvas, plus fragile-looking vases, bowls, and abstract objects made of papier-mâché. Through Friday, March 27. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Frank Wright—Realist documentary paintings—for instance, the inaugural parade of William McKinley—plus landscapes and portraits. Through Friday, March 20. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Thirty-one lithographs by James McNeill Whistler are on view in the fine-print room, many of them done from his hotel room in London. Through March 31. The gallery is open Mondays and closed Saturdays.

Robert Yasuda—Large solid-color wall pieces, some done in ceiling-height aluminum, some on shaped canvas, and one painted directly on the wall. Through Saturday, March 28. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Francisco Zuñiga—Charcoal drawings and pastels, plus a couple of life-size bronzes, by this artist, whose life work seems to be the depiction of Mexican peasant women. Through Saturday, March 28. (Brewster, in new quarters at 41 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ALEXANDER,** 20 W. 57th St.: New Image paintings by Richard Bosman, Ken Goodman, Dennis Kardon, and Richard Mock. Through Saturday, March 28. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 663 Fifth Ave., at

53rd St.: The complete lithographs of Grant Wood as well as prints (all dating from 1920 to 1940) by Hopper, Sheeler, Bellows, and others. Through April 11. (Open Mondays.) . . . **DEL RE,** 41 E. 57th St.: A loan show of sculptures (and preparatory drawings for them) by thirty-three twentieth-century artists—Jean Arp, Louise Bourgeois, and Isamu Noguchi among them. Through March 31. . . . **PEARL,** 29 W. 57th St.: "Charmion von Wiegand and Her Circle," gouaches and collages from the forties to the sixties by the artist herself; three drawings of her (by John Graham, Hart Crane, and Mark Tobey); and works by Mondrian, Sonia Delaunay, and Carl Holty from the artist's own collection. Through Saturday, March 28.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Roland Baladi / John Clem Clarke—Everyday objects carved life-size in Carrara marble—a desk calculator, a flashlight, a toaster, a hair dryer. / Illusionist painted constructions in which a painting is seen through trompe-l'oeil veils and gauzes and screens of varying transparency. Through Saturday, March 21. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ In the large front gallery, assemblages by Al Souza, in which color photographs, paintings, and tiny sculptures—all on the same theme—are framed together.

Bill Barrell—Bright-colored oil paintings of remembered childhood events, done with a deliberately childlike directness. Through Wednesday, March 25. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Robert Berlind / Michael Torlen—Realist paintings: brightly lighted interiors seen through windows looking in, and nocturnal landscapes seen through windows looking out, plus brooding studies of the woods at night. / Tightly organized abstract paintings based on the floor plans of the Egyptian temple at Luxor. Through Wednesday, March 25. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Loren D. Calaway—Small, handsomely finished constructions (boxes, cabinets, mechanical implements)—wholly abstract conceits that seem to begin where Joseph Cornell left off. Through Saturday, March 21. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Laddie John Dill—Sombre abstractions composed of pigmented cement and plate glass on plywood. Through Saturday, March 28. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Eric Fischl / R. L. Kaplan—New Image figurative paintings and drawings. / This artist, largely self-taught, who drives a cab for a living, concentrates on the dogs he sees around town and on the shadows they cast. Through Saturday, March 21. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

Margaret Grace—Small landscapes in oil, many of them industrial areas on the Hudson, plus a few still-lifes. Through Wednesday, March 25. (Bowery, 121 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Anne Healy—Small-scale wall reliefs (cardboard colored with pastels) suggested by Celtic illuminated manuscripts. Through Saturday, March 28. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

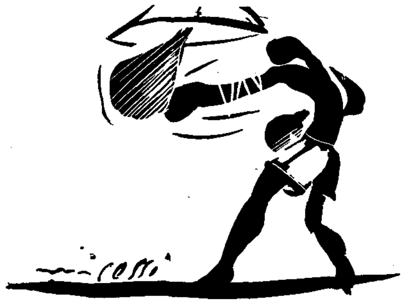
Penelope Jencks / Emily Mason—Life-size painted-terra-cotta nudes in surroundings that suggest a beach. / Abstract oils on paper. Through April 2. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

Norman Laliberté—Appliquéd banners (as is this artist's custom), plus painted-wood constructions and collages. Through March 31. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Open Sundays.)

Barry Le Va / Eliot Schwartz—A wood, cardboard, and homosote construction that is a model for part of a large outdoor project. / Factory machines and industrial laboratories are the subjects for a series of black-and-white photographs. Through Saturday, March 21. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Marion Lerner Levine—Realist paintings, a number of them still-lifes in which old postcards are seen spread out on a lace tablecloth. Through Wednesday, March 25. (Prince Street Gallery, 121 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Steve Linn / Greg Constantine—Realistic sculptures (in natural wood and bronze) duplicating furniture and other objects. / Official-looking automobile license plates appropriate to the peculiarities of thirty or so artists; for instance, Dali's plate is limp, Chamberlain's is crumpled, and Christo's is wrapped. Through Saturday, March 28. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)



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Charles Luce—Two installations, each with text; one consists of a hundred arrows piercing a painted wall. Through Saturday, March 28. (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

Royden Rabinowitch—Polygons made up of several thicknesses of sandblasted steel plate laid out flat on the floor. Through March 31. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

David Salle—Figurative paintings, mostly diptychs in which a sleeper is depicted on one side and a dream on the other. Through April 2. (Boone, 420 West Broadway.)

Ben Schonzeit—New paintings, in which his own brushwork is taking over to a noticeable degree from the airbrush he used exclusively in the past. Through Wednesday, March 25. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Richard Serra—A real-life Iron Curtain (made of Corten steel), ten feet tall and a hundred and twenty feet long, that stretches in an arc across this large exhibition space. Through April 4. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Leon Polk Smith—Large shaped canvases done in solid colors and grouped together by a Cherokee Indian who took his direction from Mondrian. Through April 4. (Washburn, 113 Greene St.) . . . ¶ Drawings and crisp-looking works on paper by the same artist are on view at the uptown Washburn Gallery, 42 E. 57th St.

Paul Waldman / Laura Grisi—Solid-color paintings (for the most part) with peripheral insets depicting details of female anatomy. / Two triangular works, each made up of a hundred and twenty-one interior triangles, some containing photographs of birds and some patterns of numbers. Through Saturday, March 28. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Margaret Wharton—Sculptures made of chairs or chair parts: hanging from the ceiling, the wall, and freestanding. Through April 11. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Tino Zago / Humberto Chavez—Paintings of rocky crags thrusting up from clear water—a merging of scenes familiar to the artist in Nova Scotia and the Dolomites. / New constructions and collages. Through Saturday, March 28. (Marino, 489 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

OTHER GALLERIES

John Baldessari—Conceptual works, often involving photographs and film, from the years 1966-80. Through April 4. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Arata Isozaki—Seven designs for homes by the Japanese architect who has been given the commission to design the proposed Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles. Through April 25. (Spaced, 165 W. 72nd St. Opens at noon.)

Don Johnson / Bruce Patterson—Sculptures (encaustic over hardware cloth) representing buildings and landscapes. / Blueprint paper collaged with photographs, painted masking tape, and so forth. Through April 11. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

David Knoebel / Allan McCollum—Constellations of blue, yellow, and clear 15-watt light bulbs, installed on the gallery walls and extending out onto the floor. / Groups of small paintings with white frames, brown mats, and jet-black picture planes. Through Tuesday, March 24. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Gerhardt Liebmann—Paintings and drawings dating from 1969 to the present by a surrealist. Through Saturday, March 28. (Carlson, 33 Bleecker St., between Bowery and Lafayette St.)

Donald Lipski—A sculpture installation called "Passing Time." Through April 11. (Braathen-Gallozzi, 76 Duane St., between Broadway and Lafayette St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 11 to 4.)

Laura Shechter—Still-lifes and interiors in oils, watercolors, pencil, and silverpoint. Through March 29. (Roerich, 319 W. 107th St. Daily, except Saturdays, 2 to 5.)

Italian Drawings 1780-1890—A loan show of just over a hundred drawings that exemplify the dominant movements of the period. Through April 11. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Group Show—At **2 COLUMBUS CIRCLE** (the old Huntington Hartford Museum): An exhibition entitled "The Working Process" comprises paintings and sculptures by seventeen artists, including a geometric abstraction by Benjamin Grubler; papier-mâché wall pieces by Rebecca Martin; and an abstract encaustic on canvas by Valentina Dubasky. Through May 1. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Peter Campus—Photographs of interiors and landscapes. Through Saturday, March 28. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Alfred Eisenstaedt—A hundred or so photographs taken in Germany at periods some forty years apart—in the twenties and thirties and in 1979-80. The prints on view include landscapes, portraits, crowds, and concerts. There are portraits of Leni Riefenstahl and Max Schmeling from both periods. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.) . . . ¶ In another gallery at the Center: Spanish Civil War photographs by Robert Capa, Gerda Taro, and David Seymour (Chim). Both shows through March 29.

Frank Gohlke / Linda Connor—Photographs of the architecture and landscape of the rural Midwest and Texas. / Sharp-focus photographs of Nepal and India and other Asian countries. Through Saturday, March 28. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

W. Eugene Smith (1918-78)—Prints dated 1953 to 1978, including such picture essays as "Minamata" and "Pittsburgh." Through April 4. (Photograph, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Paul Strand (1890-1976)—Photographs representing his entire career. Through Saturday, March 28. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Josef Sudek (1896-1976)—Photographs by the Czech artist, many of which have not been seen in New York before. Through April 11. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Jean-Pierre Sudre—Still-life photographs. Through Saturday, March 28. (French Institute / Alliance Française Gallery, 22 E. 60th St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 8; Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 10 to 1:30.)

Baron Wilhelm Von Gloedon (1856-1931)—Stylized photographs, chiefly of young men posed in the gardens and courtyards of Sicily. Through Saturday, March 28. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

John Yang—Eight-by-ten contact prints of landscapes. Through Friday, March 20. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Group Shows—At **CASTELLI PHOTOGRAPHS,** 4 E. 77th St.: Works by Robert Adams, Eve Arnold, and Michael Smith. Through April 4. . . . **WITKIN,** 41 E. 57th St.: A large exhibition, with examples by Félix Bonfils, Eliot Porter, Betty

Hahn, and others. Through April 18. (Closed Tuesdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Leonardo da Vinci: Nature Studies from the Royal Library at Windsor Castle," a show of fifty drawings—landscapes, botanical studies, and designs for waterways. Through June 7. . . . ¶ A loan show of seventy-three European terra-cotta sculptures which chronicles the practice of clay modelling from the Renaissance to modern times. Starts Saturday, March 21. . . . ¶ A pair of winged-animal sculptures abut the entrance to the museum's new Assyrian gallery, on the second floor, and within are various other objects that were recovered at the ancient capital of Nimrud, including a group of seven-foot limestone bas-reliefs arranged as they might have been in the palace of King Assurnasirpal II (884-859 B.C.), from which they came. These works have not been on view since 1968. . . . ¶ A show of more than fifty works by John Marin, nearly all of them watercolors. Through March 29. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Chinese robes from the Ch'ing Dynasty. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"New Work on Paper I," an exhibit that launches a series of recent works on paper. The eight artists participating in this show are Jake Berthot, Dan Christensen, Alan Cote, Tom Holland, Yvonne Jacquette, Ken Kiff, Joan Snyder, and William Tucker. Through April 21. . . . ¶ The museum has expanded its collection of drawings in the past year with additions by Cézanne, Matisse, Léger, Lois Lane, James Biederman, and numerous others, and here they are—or will be, starting Thursday, March 19. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** "American Children," an exhibit of sixty photographs from the museum's collection; the works cover a hundred-year period starting with the eighteen-sixties. Through March 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of sixty-five paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by American artists, notably Mark Rothko's "Violet, Black, Orange, Yellow on White and Red;" Claes Oldenburg's "Soft Pay-Telephone;" and two untitled watercolors by Agnes Martin. All are recent gifts to the museum's collection of contemporary art. Through April 12. . . . ¶ "19 Artists—Emergent Americans," a show of paintings, drawings, sculptures, and videotapes which introduces relatively unknown artists. One work by each artist will be purchased for the museum's collections. Through April 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The 1981 biennial survey of paintings, sculptures, photographs, videotapes, and films produced in the past two years occupies the top three floors of the museum. Through April 5. . . . ¶ A show of more than forty works by Alexander Calder, including several recent acquisitions to the museum's collection. Through May 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of nineteenth-century French realist paintings and drawings—genre scenes, still-lifes, portraits, and landscapes—by little-known and well-known artists, among them Courbet, Degas, and Millet. Through May 10. . . . ¶ An exhibit of about a hundred recent acquisitions of nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, along with a few drawings and photographs. Through Sunday, March 22. (A note of caution: some galleries are open on only a rotating basis. Hours in general: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—On display: The seventy-pound man-powered aircraft "Gossamer Albatross," which Bryan Allen pedalled across the English Channel in June, 1979. Through May 31. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45; and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A show of paintings and sculptures by twenty-eight contemporary American artists who are candidates for the Academy-Institute's art awards. Through April 5. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—"The Clay Figure:" Works by twelve sculptors, among them Mary Frank, Robert Arneson, and Richard Shaw. Through May 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—A show of almost sixty Northern Chinese Tz'u-chou vessels, a pottery whose white slip is customarily decorated with animals, birds, and flowers. The pieces date from the tenth century to the sixteenth. Starts Friday, March 20. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Innovative Furniture in America," forty-seven pieces that are examples of technique (bentwood), comfort (a Morris chair), materials (Saarinen's plastic "Womb" chair), portability (a Bonner chair), and dual function (a sofa bed). Through May 10. . . . ¶ A show of laminated carved furniture made in the shop of the New York cabinetmaker John Henry Belter between 1844-63. Through May 24. . . . ¶ A display of nearly five hundred matchsafes from the Brener collection, which has examples made of precious materials (silver, ivory, gold) in precious shapes (babies, animals, musical instruments) dating from the eighteen-seventies, not long after the invention of the friction match. Through April 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—"One Thousand Years of Japanese Art (650-1650)," a loan show from the Cleveland Museum, which has in its holdings objects of both religious significance (a seventh-century Buddhist sculpture, "Miroku in Meditation") and secular decoration (tea-ceremony utensils, Nō masks, paintings, scrolls, and screens). Starts Thursday, March 19. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A survey of twentieth-century Israeli art, showing more than a hundred works by thirty-six major artists. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of more than a hundred drawings by European draftsmen, spanning the years 1375-1825. These are not just any draftsmen, however; Botticelli, Raphael, Dürer, Hogarth, Rembrandt, Ingres, and Goya (to name, literally, just a few) are among them. . . . ¶ From roughly the same period, these artists' literary counterparts are also featured: first editions of poetry, novels, and plays by Molière, Voltaire, Goethe, Sir Thomas More, and Cervantes. Also the manuscript and corrected galley proofs of Balzac's "Eugénie Grandet." Both shows through May 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-fifty-sixth annual juried exhibition: paintings, sculptures, and graphics by more than two hundred artists. Among the prize-winners are Karl Schrag, Lennart Anderson, Anne Poor, Paul Georges, and James Lechay. Through March 29. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An exhibition of drawings, renderings, and scale models for eleven visionary projects commissioned by the Architectural League of New York in recognition of its centenary. Each project is the work of an architect-artist team; some of the pairings are Richard Meier and Frank Stella; Emilio Ambasz and Michael Meritet; and Susana Torre and Charles Simonds. Through June 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A show of eighteenth-century illustrated French books, of which the stars are a group of *fête* books, which might have been the society pages of their day. (One print illustrates a masked ball at Versailles.) Other books include La Fontaine's "Fables," illustrated by Oudry, and the collected works of Molière with drawings by Boucher. . . . ¶ A comprehensive look (afforded by the Berg Collection) at W. H. Auden's work and, to a degree, his life. Many photographs. Both shows through May 30. (Open daily except Sundays and Thursdays. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6. The Berg Collection always closes at 6.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—A retrospective of set and costume designs for the opera by Beni Montresor. In addition, the actual costumes worn by such stars as Sherrill Milnes, Grace Bumbry, and Renata Tebaldi. Through April 11. (Open daily except Sundays and Wednesdays. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show of photographs, prints, assemblages, sculptures, and paintings by six contemporary artists showing here for the first time: Curtis Bunyan, Nanette Carter, Janet Henry, Howard McCalebb, Leon Waller, and Stanley K. Whitney. Through Sunday, March 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

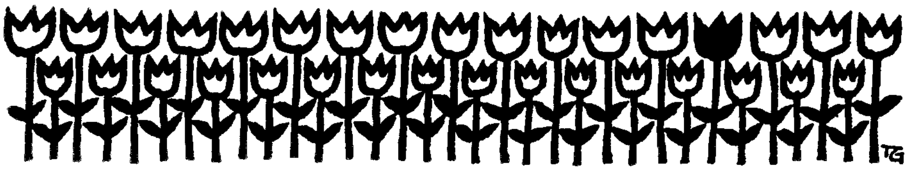
(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Creative Time, First Precinct House, 48 Old Slip, between Water and South Sts., one block south of Wall St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.—Six installations evoking the jailhouse-police-station atmosphere of the building's former life. Vito Acconci, Stephen Antonakos, Marianne Edwards, Jerry Jones, Pedro Lujan, and Tom Rankin are the artists. Through April 4.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Women performance artists from London and Los Angeles: Friday, March 20, at 8. Exhibition: Newspapers, magazines, and books by artists (John Cage, Yoko Ono, Allan Kaprow) from the fifties and sixties; through April 11.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Stuart Sherman (performance), Friday and Saturday, March 20-21, at 8 and 10:30; two hour-long videotapes, one by Jason Berry & Jon Foose, the other by James Jones & Marivee Cade, Sunday, March 22, at 8:30. Exhibition: Portraits—in pastel by Anne Doran, in large-format Polaroid photographs by Mark Magill and Mary Heilmann, and on videotape by Joan Logue; through Saturday, March 28.

P. S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—Works by more than a hundred artists are on view in the main show, an homage to New Wave culture, including fourteen mounted metal panels painted by graffiti artists who consider themselves masters of their



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

craft. Also paintings, drawings, and photographs, similarly inspired. Through April 5.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, March 19, at 8: Montserrat Caballé and José Carreras presenting a program of operatic arias, with Martin Katz, piano. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, March 21, at 2: "Manon Lescaut," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Giuliano Ciannella, Pablo Elvira, Renato Capecchi, and Philip Creech; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 21, at 8: "La Traviata," with Ileana Cotrubas, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, Ariel Bybee, and Geraldine Decker; James Levine. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday, March 23, at 8: "Salome," with Grace Bumbry, Gwynn Cornell, Robert Nagy, Timothy Jenkins, and Bernd Weikl; Andrew Davis. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 24, at 8: "La Traviata," with Ileana Cotrubas, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, Ariel Bybee, and Geraldine Decker; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 25, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Giuliano Ciannella, Pablo Elvira, Renato Capecchi, and Philip Creech; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 26, at 8: "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Lili Chookasian, Richard Cassilly, Ragnar Ulfung, and Morley Meredith; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, March 27, at 8: "Salome," with Gracy Bumbry, Gwynn Cornell, Robert Nagy, Timothy Jenkins, and Bernd Weikl; Andrew Davis. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 28, at 1:30: "La Traviata," with Ileana Cotrubas, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, Ariel Bybee, and Geraldine Decker; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 28, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Giuseppe Giacomini, Pablo Elvira, Renato Capecchi, and Philip Creech; James Levine.

New York City Opera—Wednesday evening, March 18: "Madame Butterfly," with Patricia Craig, Jane Shaulis, Riccardo Calleo, and Andrew Smith; conducted by David Effron. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 19: "Carmen," with Judith Forst, Inga Nielsen, Garry Grice, and Robert Hale; Brian Salesky. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 20: "Attila," with Marilyn Zschau, Samuel Ramey, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Richard Fredricks; Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 21: "The Merry Wives of Windsor," with Martha Sheil, RoseMarie Freni, Sheryl Woods, Jerry Hadley, and Robert McFarland; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 21: "Giulio Cesare," with Gianna Rolandi, Judith Forst, Diane Curry, Justino Díaz, and Donnie Ray Albert; Ralf Weikert. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, March 22: "Attila," with Marilyn Zschau, Samuel Ramey, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Richard Fredricks; Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, March 22: "Maria Stuarda," with Ashley Putnam, Marisa Galvany, Jane Shaulis, Barry McCauley, and William Justus; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 25: "Giulio Cesare," with June Anderson, Mimi Lerner, Justino Díaz, and Charles Roe; Ralf Weikert. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 26: "Maria Stuarda," with Ashley Putnam, Marisa Galvany, Jane Shaulis, Barry McCauley, and William Justus; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 27: "Falstaff" (in English), with Martha Sheil, Janice Hall, Spiro Malas, and Bruce Reed; Brian Salesky. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 28: "Madame Butterfly," with Suzanne Sonnenschein, Diane Curry, Riccardo Calleo, and Robert McFarland; David Effron. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 28: "Maria Stuarda," with Ashley Putnam, Marisa Galvany, Jane Shaulis, Barry McCauley, and William Justus; Imre Pallo. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, April 26.)

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John Brownlee Opera Theatre—Performances of Puccini's "Suor Angelica" and Orff's "Die Kluge." Conducted by Bruce Ferden and staged by Lou Galterio. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, March 19, and Saturday, March 21, at 8, and Sunday, March 22, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 749-2802.)

Bel Canto Opera—Henry Shek conducting performances of Rossini's "Otello," staged by Gary Filsinger. (Robert F. Wagner Junior High School Auditorium, 220 E. 76th St. Saturdays, March 21 and 28, at 7:30, and Sundays, March 22 and 29, at 3. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Erich Leinsdorf conducting a Schumann-Mozart-Ravel program Thursday through Saturday, March 19-21, at 8, and Tuesday, March 24, at 7:30 (all with Emanuel Ax, piano). . . . ¶ Rafael Kubelik conducting an all-Bartók program on Wednesday and Thursday, March 25-26, at 8; Friday, March 27, at 2; and Tuesday, March 31, at 7:30 (all with Tatiana Troyanos, mezzo-soprano, and Siegmund Nimsgern, baritone).

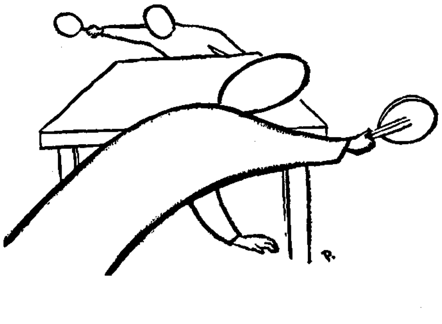
Czech Philharmonic Orchestra—At CARNEGIE HALL: Wednesday, March 18, at 8, Vaclav Neumann conducting a Smetana-Martinu-Dvořák program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 19, at 8, Zdenek Kosler conducting a Martinu-Tchaikovsky-Dvořák program, with André Laplante, piano. . . . CONCERT HALL: A repeat performance of the March 18 concert. (Lehman College, the Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, March 21, at 8.)

Orchestre du Capitole de Toulouse—Michel Plasson conducting an all-French program, with Philippe Entremont, piano. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 434-1900. Saturday, March 21, at 8.)

National Symphony Orchestra—Leonard Bernstein conducting a program of music by Brahms and by himself, with Claudine Carlson, mezzo-soprano; Michael Wager, narrator; the Choral Arts Society of Washington, D.C.; the Cathedral Boys Choir; and St. Mary's Boy Choir. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 22, at 7.)

Detroit Symphony Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Antal Dorati conducting—Monday, March 23, at 8: An all-Bartók program, with Gyorgy Sandor, piano; Katalin Kasza, soprano; Kolos Kovats, bass; and Samuel Pollak, narrator. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 25, at 8: Another all-Bartók program, this one with Yehudi Menuhin, violin. . . . ¶ Friday, March 27, at 8: A performance of Beethoven's First and Ninth Symphonies, with Linda Zoghby, soprano; Lorna Myers, mezzo-soprano; Curtis Rayam, tenor; Victor Von Halem, bass; and the University of Maryland Chorus.

Baltimore Symphony Orchestra—Sergiu Comissiona conducting, with Håkan Hagegård, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 26, at 8.)



Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting the last in a "Meet the Moderns" series of programs, this one devoted to music and dance. Schoenberg, Stravinsky, Ravel, Webern, Bartók, Robert Moran, and Irving Fine are the composers; Hanya Holm, Annabelle Gamson, Pearl Lang, Barbara Roan, and Phyllis Lamhut are the choreographers. With the Pearl Lang Dance Company, the Don Redlich Dance Company, and dancers Terry Creach, and the Misses Gamson, Roan, and Lamhut. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100 Thursday and Friday, March 19-20, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Veronica Jochum, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, March 21, at 8, and Sunday, March 22, at 3.)

Julius Grossman Orchestra—Mr. Grossman conducting a benefit concert, with Agustin Anievas, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 21, at 8.)

New York Sinfonia Orchestra—Dirk-Holger Bambeck conducting, with Michael Davis, flute. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Sunday, March 22, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Håkan Hagegård, baritone; Leo Goeke, tenor; and Barbara Conrad, mezzo-soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, March 21, at 8, and Sunday, March 22, at 5:30.)

Bach Society Orchestra of Harvard University—James Ross conducting. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Thursday, March 26, at 8:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Concert Royal—James Richman directing a chamber orchestra in the first of two programs of Bach cantatas, this one with Ann Monoyios, soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, alto; Charles Osborne, tenor; Andrew Schultze, bass; instrumental soloists; and the Choir of Men and Boys of St. Paul's, Westfield, N.J. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Friday, March 27, at 8. For information about tickets, call 662-8829.)

String Revival—Howard Shanet conducting a string orchestra, with the Primavera String Quartet. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, March 28, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia Chorus—Alexander Dashnaw directing, with Jeannette Walters, soprano, and the Brooklyn Philharmonia Chamber Orchestra. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, March 19, at 8.)

Barnard-Columbia Chamber Singers and the Swarthmore College Singers—A joint concert, with Peter Schubert and Peter G. Swing directing. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, March 21, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Twilight Interlude Organ Concerts—The second in a series of five one-hour concerts, this one played by Heinz Wunderlich. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 18, at 5:30.)

Håkan Hagegård—Baritone. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, March 18, at 8.)

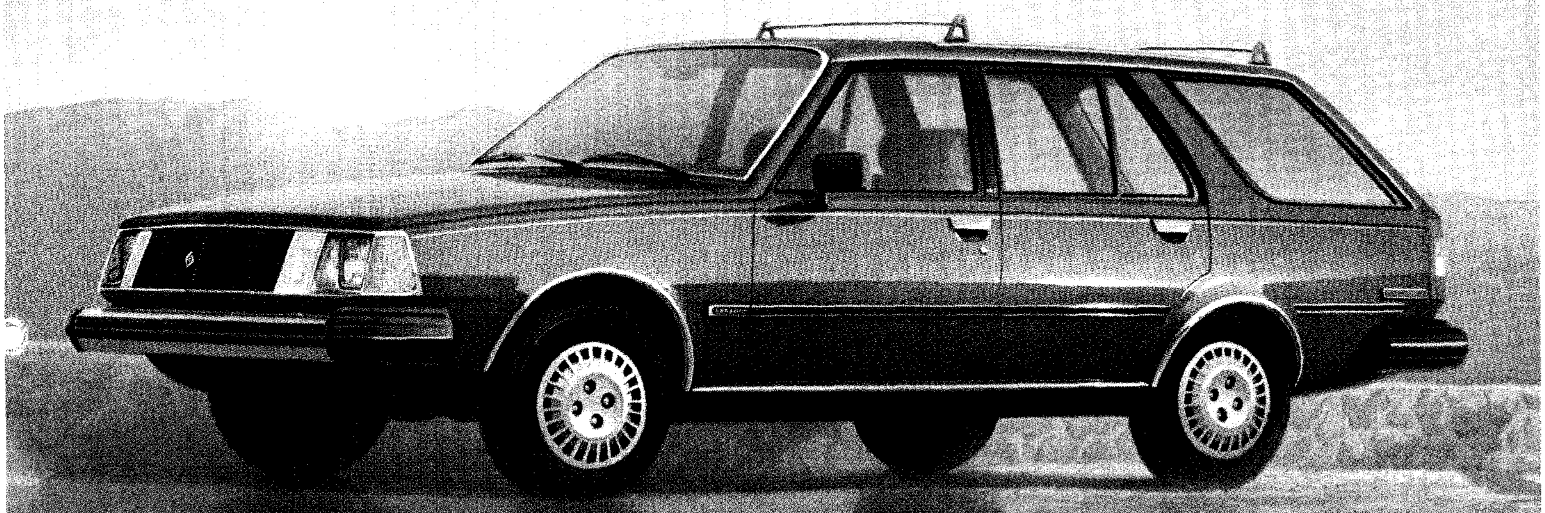
Andrew Bolotowsky—Flute. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, March 18, at 8.)

Louis Bagger—Harpsichord. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, March 18, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Giora Feidman—Clarinet. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, March 18, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—At ALICE TULLY HALL: Wednesday and Thursday, March 18-19, at 8, a chamber music program, with Alexis Weissenberg, piano, and Gary Karr, double bass. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 25, at 8, the second of two concerts presenting the Bartók quartets. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum: Friday, March 20, at 8, the fourth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle.

Garrick Ohlsson—Piano, in the second of three recitals, this one with Miriam Fried, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metro-



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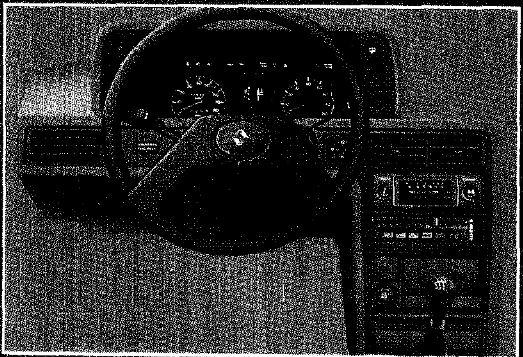

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politan Museum. Thursday, March 19, at 8.)

Composers' Guild for Performance—A program of twentieth-century music by Roger Sessions, Seymour Shifrin, Eric Chasalow, and others, performed by Steven R. Gerber and Robert Pollock, piano; Mr. Chasalow, flute; and the Atlantic String Quartet. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, March 19, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, and Luciano Pavarotti—Soprano, mezzo-soprano, and tenor. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, March 20, at 3, and Monday, March 23, at 8.)

Salute to Bartók—An all-Bartók program performed by June DeForest, violin; Daniel Morganstern, cello; Larry Guy, clarinet; and Bernard Rose, piano. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, March 20, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Andrew Appel—Harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 20, at 8.)

Minna Pöllänen—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 21, at 2:30.)

Marianna Ciraulo—Soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 21, at 5:45.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—James Buswell, violin; Yo-Yo Ma, cello; and Richard Goode, piano. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Saturday, March 21, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert. . . . ¶ Same program at Alice Tully Hall, on Sunday, March 22, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, March 23-24, at 7:30.)

Jerome Rose—Piano. (WQXR Auditorium, New York Times Building, 229 W. 43rd St. Saturday, March 21, at 8. A limited number of free tickets are available thirty minutes before concert time on a first-come, first-served basis, in the lobby of the New York Times Building.)

Apple Hill Chamber Players—In an all-Russian program. (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, March 21, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Chamber music. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, March 22, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 586-4680. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, March 26, at 8.)

Leontyne Price—Soprano, in a benefit recital. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 22, at 3.)

For the Love of Music—The fourth in a series of five concerts of chamber music, this one devoted to the music of Handel, Beethoven, Kodaly, Perkinson, and Fauré, performed by Renée Siebert, flute; Emily Mitchell, harp; Robert Vernon, viola; Frederick Zlotkin, cello; Carol Webb and Richard Sortomme, violin / viola; and Pamela Mia Paul, piano. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, March 22, at 3.)

Andres Segovia—Classical guitarist. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 22, at 8.)

Ophra Yerushalmi—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, March 22, at 8.)

Emerson String Quartet—Presenting the complete Bartók cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 22, at 8.)

Carroll Glenn—Violin. (Abraham Goodman House. Monday, March 23, at 8.)

Musical Offering—A chamber group from Los Angeles, appearing here for the first time. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, March 23, at 8.)

Mendelssohn String Quartet—Chamber music. (Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, March 24, at 1. No tickets necessary.)

Maurizio Pollini—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 24, at 8.)

Richard Stoltzman—Clarinet. The first in a series of four concerts played with a quartet, in this case the Tokyo String Quartet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, March 24, at 8.)

Peter Oundjian—Violin. (Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, March 24, at 8.)

Shura Cherkassky—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, March 25, at 8.)

Leigh Howard Stevens—Marimba, with Guillermo Figueroa, violin. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, March 25, at 8.)

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Eugene Gratovich—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, March 25, at 8.)

Tafelmusik—Four musicians performing a program of twentieth-century chamber music. With assisting artists. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Wednesday, March 25, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Carlos Barbosa Lima—Classical guitarist, with the Orford String Quartet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, March 26, at 8.)

Manhattan Brass Ensemble—Robert Nagel conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, March 26, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The first in a series of three concerts presenting the complete Bartók cycle as well as quartets by Brahms. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 28, at 3.)

Eunmee Lee—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 28, at 5:45.)

Martha Argerich—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 28, at 8.)

Judith Blegen—Soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, March 28, at 8.)

Rudolf Firkusny—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, March 28, at 8.)

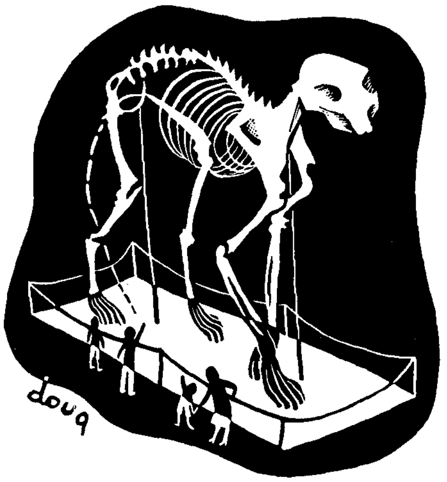
Sequoia String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 28, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

MISCELLANY

Opera Interviews—Placido Domingo being interviewed by Speight Jenkins. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Wednesday, March 18, at 6. Tickets at the box office one hour before the interview.)

Wall-to-Wall Bach & Sons—A free twelve-hour marathon, with, among others, Eugenia Zukerman, flute; Erick Friedman, violin; Judith Norell, harpsichord; Bert Lucarelli, oboe; Sheila Schonbrun, soprano; Richard Frisch, bass; and the American Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sergiu Comissiona, Kenneth Cooper, and Allan Miller. Amateur instrumentalists will be invited to sit in and play during orchestral sessions, and singers will be able to participate in the final work on the program—"The Magnificat." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Saturday, March 21, from 11 to 11. For additional information, call 865-2557.)

Roger Sessions Tribute—A program of his works, performed by Continuum, a group including Sheila Schonbrun, soprano; Curtis Macomber, violin; Chris Finckel, cello; Cheryl Seltzer and Joel Sachs, piano; and the Sine Nomine Singers. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 28, at 8.)



SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Cleveland, Saturday, March 21, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Boston, Tuesday, March 24, at 7:35. . . . **RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER:** Nets vs. Atlanta, Friday, March 20, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Milwaukee, Sunday, March 22, at 4:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Boston, Wednesday, March 25, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Knicks, Saturday, March 28, at 8:05. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 1-201 935-8888.)

Boxing—Golden Gloves New York City finals. Sponsored by the News Charities. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 20, at 7:30.)

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Wednesday, March 18, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Quebec Nordiques, Sunday, March 22, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Saturday, March 28, at 5:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.)

Karate—At Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden: All-American Open Karate Championships, Saturday, March 21, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Tournament of Champions, Sunday, March 22, at 2. (Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts.)

Racing—At Aqueduct: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 18. The Distaff Handicap, Saturday, March 21; the Bay Shore, Sunday, March 22; and the Westchester Handicap, Saturday, March 28.

Tennis—Avon Championships: Sylvia Hanika, Andrea Jaeger, Hana Mandlikova, Martina Navratilova, Barbara Potter, and three other players. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, March 25, at 10 A.M.; Thursday and Friday, March 26-27, at 6; semifinal singles matches and final doubles match, Saturday, March 28, at noon; and final singles matches, Sunday, March 29, at noon.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, April 4. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 8.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Galway Kinnell and Denise Levertov reading from their own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, March 23, at 8.) . . . ¶ William Maxwell and Toni Morrison reading from their own prose. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Monday, March 23, at 8.) . . . ¶ Robert Bly and Galway Kinnell reading from the poetry of James Wright. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, March 26, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 7:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, March 18, at 2: Jewelry. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 19, at 2: Old Master paintings. . . . **SOTHEBY'S YORK AVENUE GALLERIES,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 7:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, March 19, at 10:15 (continuing all day), and Friday, March 20, at 10:15 and 2: Furniture, rugs, and decorative works of art. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 26, at 10:15 (continuing all day): Decorative works of art. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 21. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Friday, March 20, at 2, and Saturday, March 21, at 10 and 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco pieces, including Tiffany lamps, furniture, glass, silver, and pottery. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, March 26-27, at 10 and 2: American prints, drawings, and watercolors, including works by James A. M. Whistler, Thomas Hart Benton, and Reginald Marsh. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 21. . . . **PHILLIPS,** 525 E. 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, March 26, at 11: Books, manuscripts, and autographs.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through March 22: "The Roads of Exile" (1978; directed by Claude Goretta; in French).
March 23: Theatre closed.
From March 24: "Bellissima" (†); and "The Lady Without Camelias" (1953; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Lucia Bosè.

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through March 26: "The Wobblies" (Stewart Bird and Deborah Shaffer).
March 27-28: "Joe and Maxi." (†)

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through March 19: "Windwalker" (Keith Merrill), with Trevor Howard; and "The Big Red One" (Samuel Fuller), with Lee Marvin and Mark Hamill.
March 20-26: "Altered States" (†); and "Motel Hell" (Kevin Connor), with Rory Calhoun.
From March 27: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Competition." (†)

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through March 26: "Resurrection." (†)
From March 27: "Thief" (Michael Mann), with James Caan and Tuesday Weld.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Back Roads" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and Tommy Lee Jones.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Fort Apache, the Bronx." (†)

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Raging Bull." (†)

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Back Roads" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and Tommy Lee Jones.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Eyewitness." (†)

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through March 19: "The Competition." (†)
From March 20: "The Last Metro" (François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Gérard Depardieu.

Manhattan 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through March 19: "The Dogs of War." (†)
From March 20: To be announced.

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
March 18: "Windwalker" (Keith Merrill), with Trevor Howard.
From March 19: "Image Before My Eyes" (Josh Waletsky), a documentary about pre-Second World War Jewish Poland.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Melvin and Howard." (†)

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through March 19: "The Last Metro" (François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Gérard Depardieu.
From March 20: "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson and Jessica Lange.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Great Santini." (†)

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.

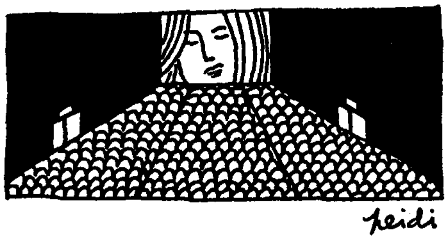
Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Modern Romance" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Kathryn Harrold.

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through March 19: "The Funhouse" (Tobe Hooper), with Elizabeth Berridge and Cooper Huckabee.
From March 20: "The Final Conflict" (Graham Baker), with Sam Neill.

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through March 26: "Altered States." (†)
From March 27: "Thief" (Michael Mann), with James Caan and Tuesday Weld.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through March 19: "Gloria" (John Cassavetes), with Gena Rowlands and John Adames.
From March 20: "Cutter and Bone" (Ivan Passer), with Jeff Bridges and John Heard.

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 20.

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"The Elephant Man." (†)

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"American Pop" (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles II." (†)

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"All Night Long." (†)

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through March 19: "The Competition." (†)
From March 20: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through March 19: "Inside Moves" (Richard Donner), with John Savage.
From March 20: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through March 19: "Windwalker" (Keith Merrill), with Trevor Howard.
From March 20: "The Devil and Max Devlin" (Steven Hilliard Stern), a Disney film, with Elliott Gould and Bill Cosby.

Loews Orpheum 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Howling" (Joe Dante), with Dee Wallace and Patrick Macnee.

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Fort Apache, the Bronx." (†)

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through March 26: "Raging Bull." (†)
From March 27: "Thief" (Michael Mann), with James Caan and Tuesday Weld.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through March 19: "Nine to Five." (†) From March 20: "The Final Conflict" (Graham Baker), with Sam Neill.
Theatre 2: "The Funhouse" (Tobe Hooper), with Elizabeth Berridge and Cooper Huckabee.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Howling" (directed by Joe Dante), with Dee Wallace and Patrick Macnee.

Greenwich Playhouse 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"American Pop" (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film.

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"La Cage aux Folles II." (†)

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through March 19: "The Elephant Man." (†) From March 20: "Cutter and Bone" (Ivan Passer), with Jeff Bridges and John Heard.
Theatre 2: "Ordinary People." (†)
Theatre 3: "Nine to Five." (†)
Theatre 4: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (John Sayles).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Oblomov" (Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian), with Oleg Tabakov and Yelena Solovei.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Fantasia." (†)

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Resurrection." (†)

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"La Cage aux Folles II." (†)

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Tess." (†)

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nicole Garcia.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Ordinary People." (†)

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through the afternoon of March 19: "Raging Bull." (†)
From March 20: "Cutter and Bone" (Ivan Passer), with Jeff Bridges and John Heard.

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Confidence" (István Szabó; in Hungarian), with Péter Andorai and Ildikó Bánsági.

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Nine Months" (Márta Mészáros; in Hungarian), with Lili Monori and Jan Nowicki.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Ordinary People." (†)
Theatre 2: "Oblomov" (Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian), with Oleg Tabakov and Yelena Solovei.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through March 19: "The Competition." (†) From March 20: "Altered States." (†)
Theatre 2: "The Devil and Max Devlin" (Steven Hilliard Stern), a Disney film, with Elliott Gould and Bill Cosby.
Theatre 3: "Nine to Five." (†)
Theatre 4: "American Pop" (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film.

New Yorker 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"The Howling" (Joe Dante), with Dee Wallace and Patrick Macnee.

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Through March 19: "The Dogs of War." (†)
From March 20: "The Man Who Fell to Earth." (†)

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Nine to Five." (†)
Theatre 2: Through March 19: "Windwalker" (Keith Merrill), with Trevor Howard. From March 20: "Altered States." (†)
Theatre 3: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (John Sayles).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Through March 19: "Back Roads" (directed by Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and Tommy Lee Jones. From March 20: "The Final Conflict" (Graham Baker), with Sam Neill.
Theatre 2: "Fort Apache, the Bronx." (†)
Theatre 3: Through March 19: "Nine to Five." (†) From March 20: "Back Roads" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and Tommy Lee Jones.
Theatre 4: "Raging Bull." (†)
Theatre 5: "The Jazz Singer" (Richard Fleischer), with Neil Diamond and Laurence Olivier.
Theatre 6: "Eyewitness." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Ordinary People." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The Elephant Man." (†)
Theatre 3: "The Dogs of War." (†)
Theatre 4: "The Competition." (†)

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"The Devil and Max Devlin" (Steven Hilliard Stern), a Disney film, with Elliott Gould and Bill Cosby.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Altered States." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Through March 19: "All Night Long." (†)
From March 20: "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson and Jessica Lange.

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
Through March 19: "Snake Fist Fighter," with Jackie Chan.
From March 20: To be announced.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Stir Crazy" (Sidney Poitier), with Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"The Funhouse" (Tobe Hooper), with Elizabeth Berridge and Cooper Huckabee.

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"The Howling" (Joe Dante), with Dee Wallace and Patrick Macnee.

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through March 26: "American Pop" (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film.
From March 27: "Thief" (Michael Mann), with James Caan and Tuesday Weld

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
March 18: "J'Accuse" (1937; directed by Abel Gance; in French), with Victor Francen, Jean-Max, and Renée Devillers.
March 19: "The Master and Margarita" (1972) and "It Rains on My Village" (1969), both Yugoslav films, directed by Aleksander Petrovic.
March 20: "The Wild Child" (1970; in French), directed by, and with, François Truffaut; and "Mississippi Mermaid" (1970; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Catherine Deneuve.
March 21: "Let It Be" (1970; Michael Lindsay-Hogg), with the Beatles; and "Yellow Submarine" (1968; George Dunning), a full-length animated cartoon of the Beatles.
March 22: "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke; and "Shane" (1953; George Stevens), with Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, Brandon deWilde, Van Heflin, and Jack Palance.
March 23: "Shock Corridor" (†); and "The Prowler" (1951; Joseph Losey), with Van Heflin, Evelyn Keyes, and John Maxwell.
March 24: "The Seven Samurai" (1954; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).
March 25: "Unmade Beds" (1976) and "The Foreigner" (1977), both directed by Amos Poe.
March 26: "Ashes and Diamonds" (1958; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish), with Zbigniew Cybulski; and "Kanal." (†)
March 27: "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (1972) and "Bananas" (1971), both films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.
March 28: "Rude Boy" (1980), with the Clash.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
March 18: "War and Peace" (1956; King Vidor), with Audrey Hepburn, Henry Fonda, and Mel Ferrer; and "Sally of the Sawdust" (1925; directed by D. W. Griffith; a silent film), with Carol Dempster, W. C. Fields, and Alfred Lunt.
March 19: "Let There Be Light" (1945; John Huston), a documentary; and "Paths of Glory" (1957; Stanley Kubrick), with Kirk Douglas.
March 20: "Mata Hari" (1932; George Fitzmaurice), with Greta Garbo, Ramon Novarro, and Lionel Barrymore; and "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau.
March 21: "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953; Jean Negulesco), with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall; and "Bus Stop" (1956; Joshua Logan), with Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray, Arthur O'Connell, Betty Field, and Eileen Heckart.
March 22: "The Magic Flute" (1975; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).
March 23: "Limelight" (1952; Charlie Chaplin), with Chaplin and Claire Bloom; and "The Gold Rush" (1925; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin, Mack Swain, and Georgia Hale.
March 24: "The Earrings of Madame De . . ." (1953; Max Ophuls; in French), with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica; and "La Ronde." (†)
From March 25: A seven-day festival of thirteen films that used the music of Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart: "Evergreen" (1935; Victor Saville), with Jessie Matthews and Sonnie Hale; "On Your Toes" (1939; Ray Enright), with Zorina, Eddie Albert, and Donald O'Connor; "Love Me Tonight" (1932; Rouben Mamoulian), with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald; "Words and Music" (1948; Norman Taurog), with Tom Drake and Mickey Rooney; "Dancing Lady" (1933; Robert Z. Leonard), with Fred Astaire, Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, and Clark Gable; "I Married an Angel" (1942; W. S. Van Dyke), with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, and Binnie Barnes; "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum" (1933; Lewis Milestone), with Al Jolson and Harry Langdon; "Pal Joey" (1957; George Sidney), with Rita Hayworth, Frank Sinatra, and Kim Novak; "Mississippi" (1935; Edward Sutherland), with W. C. Fields, Bing Crosby, Joan Bennett, and Gail Patrick; "Jumbo" (1962; Charles Walters), with Doris Day, Stephen Boyd, and Jimmy Durante; "Babes in Arms" (1939; Busby Berkeley), with Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney; "Too Many Girls" (1940; George Abbott), with Lucille Ball, Richard Carlson, Ann Miller, and Desi Arnaz; and "The Boys from Syracuse" (1940; Edward Sutherland), with Allan Jones, Joe Penner, Charles Butterworth, and Rosemary Lane. They will be shown in different daily combinations of five or six. Call theatre for schedule of day and times.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through March 19: "The Pom Pom Girls" (1976; Joseph Ruben), with Robert Carradine and Jennifer Ashley; "The Van" (1977; Sam Grossman), with Stuart Getz, Deborah White, and Harry Moses; and "Malibu Beach" (1978; Robert J. Rosenthal), with Kim Lankfork, James Daughton, and Susan Player Jarreau.
March 20-21: "What's New Pussycat?" (1965; Clive Donner), with Peter O'Toole, Peter Sellers, Romy Schneider, Paula Prentiss, and Capucine; and "Casino Royale" (1967), with Peter Sellers, Ursula Andress, David Niven, and Woody Allen.
March 22-23: Three films directed by David Cronenberg: "They Came from Within" (1976), with Paul Hampton; "Rabid" (1977), with Marilyn Chambers and Frank Moore; and "The Brood" (1979), with Oliver Reed and Samantha Eggar.
March 24: "La Strada" (†) and "Umberto D." (†)
March 25-26: "Red Desert" (1965; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris; and "L'Avventura" (1959; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vitti, Gabriele Ferzetti, and Lea Massari.
March 27-28: "Play It Again, Sam" (1972; Herbert Ross), with Woody Allen; and "The Front" (1976; Martin Ritt), with Woody Allen, Zero Mostel, and Herschel Bernardi.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
March 18: "The New Land" (1973; Jan Troell; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Liv Ullmann, Eddie Axberg, and Monica Zetterlund; and "Bread and Chocolate" (1974; Franco Brusati; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina.

March 19-21: "O Lucky Man!" (1973; Lindsay Anderson), with Malcolm McDowell; and "Midnight Express" (1978; Alan Parker), with Brad Davis, Randy Quaid, John Hurt, and Mike Kellin.
March 22-23: "Chinatown" (†); and "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda.
March 24-25: "Halloween" (1978; John Carpenter), with Donald Pleasence, Jamie Lee Curtis, and P. J. Soles; and "Eyes of Laura Mars" (1978; Irvin Kershner), with Faye Dunaway and Tommy Lee Jones.
March 26-28: "Apocalypse Now" (1979; Francis Coppola), with Marlon Brando, Robert Duvall, and Martin Sheen; and "The Last Wave." (†)

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813)
Through March 19: "Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon" (1970; Otto Preminger), with Liza Minnelli, Ken Howard, and Robert Moore; and "The Sterile Cuckoo" (1969; Alan J. Pakula), with Liza Minnelli and Wendell Burton.
March 20-22: "Rosemary's Baby" (1968; Roman Polanski), with Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon; and "Deep End" (1971; Jerzy Skolimowski), with Jane Asher and John Moulder-Brown.
March 23-25: "Love Story" (1970; Arthur Miller), with Ali MacGraw and Ryan O'Neal; and "Goodbye, Columbus." (†)
March 26-28: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "The Last Tycoon." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
March 18: "All Fall Down" (1962; John Frankenheimer), with Eva Maria Saint, Warren Beatty, Karl Malden, Angela Lansbury, and Brandon deWilde; and "Home from the Hill" (1960; Vincente Minnelli), with Robert Mitchum, Eleanor Parker, George Hamilton, and George Peppard.
March 19-21: "Red-Headed Woman" (1932; Jack Conway), with Jean Harlow, Chester Morris, and Charles Boyer; and "The Women" (1939; George Cukor), with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard.
March 22-23: "Tom Thumb" (1958; George Pal), with Russ Tamblyn, Alan Young, Terry-Thomas, and Peter Sellers; and "The Wizard of Oz" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley.
March 24-25: "Interrupted Melody" (†); and "The Great Caruso" (1951; Richard Thorpe), with Mario Lanza, Dorothy Kirsten, and Ann Blyth.
March 26-28: "The Shop Around the Corner" (1940; Ernst Lubitsch), with Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart; and "Woman of the Year" (1942; George Stevens), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Fay Bainter, Reginald Owen, and William Bendix.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
March 18: "La Dolce Vita" (1960; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.
March 19: "The Men" (1950; Fred Zinnemann), with Marlon Brando, Teresa Wright, Jack Webb, and Everett Sloane; and "High Noon" (1952; Fred Zinnemann), with Gary Cooper, Thomas Mitchell, Grace Kelly, Lloyd Bridges, and Katy Jurado.
March 20-21: "Madame Rosa" (1978; Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret; and "Eboli" (1980; Francesco Rosi; in Italian), with Gian Maria Volonte.
March 22-24: "You Are Not Alone" (1979; Lasse Nielsen; in Danish); and "The Consequence" (1977; Wolfgang Petersen; in German), with Jurgen Prochnow and Ernst Hannawald.
March 25-26: "You Are Not Alone;" and "If . . ." (1969; Lindsay Anderson), with Malcolm McDowell.
March 27-28: "You Are Not Alone;" and "Zero for Conduct" (1933; Jean Vigo; in French).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
March 18: "Jungle Book" (1942; Zoltán Korda), with Sabu, Joseph Calleia, and Patricia O'Rourke; and "Cobra Woman"

(1944; Robert Siodmak), with Jon Hall, Maria Montez and Sabu.

March 19: "Moby Dick" (1930; Lloyd Bacon), with John Barrymore and Joan Bennett; and "Svengali" (1931; Archie Mayo), with John Barrymore, Mae Marsh, Bramwell Fletcher, and Donald Crisp.

March 20: "The Cocoanuts" (1929) and "Horse Feathers" (1932), both films with the Marx Brothers.

March 21-22: "Citizen Kane" (1941; Orson Welles), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "Touch of Evil" (1958; Orson Welles), with Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh.

March 23: "Richard III" (1956; Laurence Olivier), with Olivier, Claire Bloom, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and Cedric Hardwicke.

March 24: "Footlight Parade" (1933; Lloyd Bacon), with James Cagney, Joan Blondell, Dick Powell, and Ruby Keeler; and "Gold Diggers of 1935" (Busby Berkeley), with Alice Brady, Hugh Herbert, Dick Powell, and Gloria Stuart.

March 25: "Twentieth Century" (†); and "It Happened One Night" (1934; Frank Capra), with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, and Alan Hale.

March 26: "You Can't Take It with You" (†); and "The More the Merrier" (1943; George Stevens), with Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, and Charles Coburn.

March 27-28: "Ministry of Fear" (1945; Fritz Lang), with Ray Milland, Marjorie Reynolds, and Dan Duryea; and "The Fallen Idol" (1949; Carol Reed), with Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—A program of films made by the BBC: March 19 at 2:30: "Delius: A Song of Summer" (1968; directed by Ken Russell), with Max Adrian, Christopher Gable, and Maureen Pryor; and "Elgar" (1962; Ken Russell), with Sammy Miller and Carole Walker. . . . March 19 at 6: "Isadora" (1966; Ken Russell), with Vivian Pickles. . . . March 19 at 8:30 and March 20 at 2:30: "Dante's Inferno" (1967; Ken Russell), with Oliver Reed. . . . March 20 at 6: "The Spongers" (1978; Roland Joffé), with Christine Hargreaves, Grace Allen, and Gary Todd. . . . March 21 at 2:30: "On Giant's Shoulders" (1979; Anthony Simmons), with Terry Wiles, Judi Dench, and Bryan Pringle. . . . March 21 at 5: "Delius: A Song of Summer" and "Elgar." . . . March 22 at 2:30: "Shadows on Our Skin" (1980; Jim O'Brien), with McCrae Clarke, May Friel, Joe McPartland, and Lise-Ann McLaughlin. . . . March 22 at 5: "Spend, Spend, Spend" (1977; John Goldschmidt), with Susan Littler and John Duttine. . . . March 23 at noon: "Isadora." . . . March 23 at 2:30: "Shadows on Our Skin." . . . March 24 at noon: "Licking Hitler" (1978; David Hare), with Kate Nelligan, Hugh Fraser, and Bill Patterson. . . . March 24 at 2:30: "Spend, Spend, Spend." . . . March 24 at 6: "On Giant's Shoulders." . . . ¶ The first programs in a series of documentary films produced at the National Film Board of Canada: March 26 at 2:30: "Self-Portrait" (1961), excerpts from forty-one films made between 1939 and 1960 at the NFBC. . . . March 26 at 6: "Volcano: An Inquiry Into the Life and Death of Malcolm Lowry" (1976; Donald Brittain). Mr. Brittain may be present. . . . March 26 at 8:30: "Grierson" (1973; Roger Blais) and "Bethune" (1964; Donald Brittain). . . . March 27 at 2:30: "Volcano: An Inquiry Into the Life and Death of Malcolm Lowry." . . . March 27 at 6: "Self-Portrait." . . . March 28 at noon: "I'll Find a Way" (1977; Beverly Shaffer), "My Name Is Susan Yee" (1977; Beverly Shaffer), "Saskatchewan—45° Below" (1971; Larry Kent), and "The Manhattan Odyssey" (1970; Bernard Gosselin). . . . March 28 at 2:30: "Grierson" and "Bethune." . . . March 28 at 5: "Never a Backward Step" (1966; Donald Brittain, Arthur Hammond, and John Spotton) and "Van's Camp" (1974; Les Rose and Donald Brittain). . . . ¶ Other, non-BBC and NFBC, films scheduled during this period: March 21 and 22 at noon: A program of short films by Benjamin Goldstein. . . . March 23 at 6: "The Roman Numeral Series, I-IX" (1980; Stan Brakhage; a silent film). (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (288-9601)—A series of programs composed of films and video works made during the past two years. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—March 18 at 8: "Songs 24-30" (1966-69; Stan Brakhage). . . . ¶ March 19 at 3: A video program by Stephen Beck and Woody and Steina Vasulka. . . . ¶ March 19 at 8: "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne" (1944; Robert Bresson; in French, no English subtitles). . . . ¶ March 20 at 8: A program of films by Robert Nelson and Gunvor Nelson. . . . ¶ March 21 at 2: A video program by Liz Phillips. . . . ¶ March 21 at 8: "Un Condamné à Mort S'Est Echappé" (1956; Robert Bresson; in French, no English subtitles). . . . ¶ March 22 at 8: "Pickpocket" (1959; Robert Bresson; in French, no English subtitles). . . . ¶ March 24 at 8: A benefit program by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ March 25 at 3: A video program. . . . ¶ March 25 at 8: "Au Hasard Balthazar" (1966; Robert Bresson; in French, no English subtitles). . . . ¶ March 26 at 8: A program of six films by Ernie Gehr. . . . ¶ March 27 at 8: A program of films by Willie Varela. . . . ¶ March 28 at 2: A video program by Juan Downey. . . . ¶ March 28 at 8: "Mouchette" (1967; Robert Bresson; in French, no English subtitles).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

All Night Long—This sophisticated slapstick romance starring Gene Hackman and Barbra Streisand is a happy surprise. Hackman, doing the kind of comic acting that rings true on every note, plays a Los Angeles business executive who gives up the phony obligations he has accumulated, drops out, and tries to find a way to do what he enjoys. Streisand plays a soft-spoken bleached blonde—intuitive and cuddly—who joins him. Directed by Jean-Claude Tramont and written by W. D. (Rick) Richter, it has a distinctive comic sensibility; at times it suggests Tati, at other times W. C. Fields, and then, maybe, Lubitsch or Max Ophuls. With Dennis Quaid as Hackman's muscular, inarticulate son; Diane Ladd as Hackman's wife; Kevin Dobson as Streisand's husband; and William Daniels as a lawyer. The poignant tango that is heard is José Padilla's "La Violetera," which was also heard in Chaplin's "City Lights." (Reviewed in our issue of 3/9/81.) (Loews Tower East. . . . ¶ Loews State 1; through March 19.)

Altered States—An aggressively silly head-horror movie, the result of the misalliance of two wildly different hyperbolic talents—the director Ken Russell and the writer Paddy Chayefsky. The picture deals with the efforts of a psychophysiologist (William Hurt), who has lost his belief in God, to find the source and meaning of life by immersing himself in an isolation tank and ingesting a brew of blood and sacred mushrooms. Chayefsky's dialogue is like a series of position papers. Russell uses a lot of tricks to spare you the misery of hearing the words declaimed straight, but no matter how hopped up the delivery is, you can't help feeling that you're in a lecture hall and that the characters should all have pointers. There are some effectively scary Jekyll-and-Hyde devices, and Hurt, making his movie début, brings a cool, quivering untrustworthiness to his revved-up mad-scientist role; this young scientist is neurasthenic, charismatic, and ready to try anything. But Russell clomps from one scene to the next, the psychedelic visions come at you like choppy slide shows, and the picture has a dismal, tired humanistic ending. With Bob Balaban and Charles Haid, and with Blair Brown in an updated version of the thankless role of the worrying, hand-wringing wife. She's an anthropologist with a job at Harvard, but all she does is fret. (1/19/81) (Loews Astor Plaza. . . . ¶ Gemini 2; through March 26. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; March 20-26. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad, and Olympia; starting March 20.)

Bellissima (1951)—It is said that this Luchino Visconti film (it was his third) was conceived when the director was looking for a child actress for a different production and found himself surrounded by four thousand mothers, each shouting "Mine is *bellissima!*" The film is a satirical view of the movie-studio world of Cinecittà, and is also perhaps Visconti's warmest comedy. It's full of contradictory impulses, and is marred by a too pat ending glorifying the wisdom of the common people, but at its center is the great Anna Magnani as a screen-struck mother, determined to make a star of her plain little five-year-old (Tina Apicella). Magnani enters the child in a contest to find "the prettiest child in Rome;" there is a devastating sequence when the mother, who has finagled her way into the screening room where her daughter's screen test is being run, is listening to the laughter. Magnani is at her most extraordinary. With Alessandro Blasetti, a highly respected director and a precursor of neo-realism, playing himself, but with overtones of Visconti. And also Walter Chiari as Magnani's husband. From a script by Suso Cecchi d'Amico, Francesco Rosi, and Visconti, based on a story by Cesare Zavattini. The assistant directors were Rosi and Franco Zeffirelli. In Italian. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting March 24.)

La Cage aux Folles II—With Ugo Tognazzi and Michel Serrault, directed by Edouard Molinaro. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (68th St. Playhouse, Greenwich Playhouse 2, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

Chinatown (1974)—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert. (8th St. Playhouse; March 22-23.)

The Competition—Amy Irving and Richard Dreyfuss are two of the six finalists in an international piano competition being held in San Francisco. When they fall in love, will Amy, who is rich, sure of herself, and only twenty-one, throw the contest to Richard, who is poor, distraught because of the financial strain he has caused his dying father, and almost thirty? And if Amy doesn't, and *she* wins, will she lose Richard? The picture doesn't rise above this daytime-soap-opera level, and between them Irving and Dreyfuss have acquired enough bad acting habits for a different kind of competition. As Irving's teacher, Lee Remick delivers some stunted, pathetic little howlers about life and art; as the vain, lecherous, silver-haired maestro of the symphony orchestra that performs with the finalists, Sam Wanamaker (who looks startlingly like Leonard Bernstein here) gives a polished, old-pro's satirical performance, and struts away with the picture. Directed by Joel Oliansky, from his own screenplay (based on a story he conceived with the producer, William Sackheim). (1/19/81) (Gramercy, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Plaza, 72nd Street East, and Loews 83rd Quad; through March 19.)

The Dogs of War—With Christopher Walken, Tom Berenger, and Colin Blakely; directed by John Irvin. (Reviewed in this issue.)

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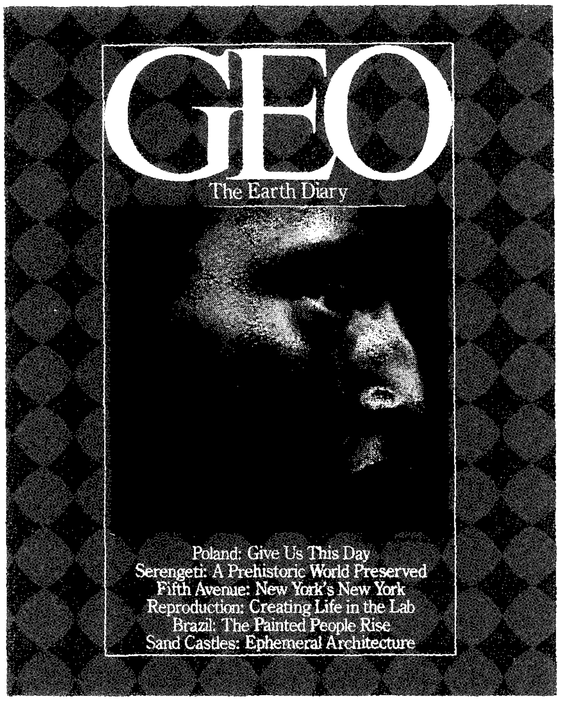
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(Embassy. . . . ¶ Manhattan 1, and New Yorker 2; through March 19.)

The Elephant Man—A very pleasurable surprise. The by now well-known story of John Merrick, the grievously eminent Victorian who is sometimes said to have been the ugliest man who ever lived, is told by the young director David Lynch with such grace and imagination that it becomes a tale of a terrible enchantment. Inside Merrick's misshapen body is an astonishingly sweet-souled gentleman of his era. John Hurt plays Merrick, and Anthony Hopkins is Frederick Treves, the doctor who rescues him from the world of sideshows. With John Gielgud, Wendy Hiller, and Hannah Gordon, and less effective performances by Anne Bancroft, as the actress Mrs. Kendal, and Freddie Jones as the drunken Bytes. Lighted by Freddie Francis, this film is perhaps the most beautiful example of black-and-white cinematography in the last fifteen years. Script by Christopher DeVore, Eric Bergren, and Lynch. (10/27/80) (Loews New York 1, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through March 19.)

Eyewitness—With William Hurt, Sigourney Weaver, Christopher Plummer, and James Woods; directed by Peter Yates. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gotham Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (among them Stokowski, who did it voluntarily, and Stravinsky, who was brought in involuntarily), and this grab bag of ambitious animated shorts—an attempt to combine high art and mass culture—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. Disney's animators provided visual interpretations of Bach's "Toccata and Fugue in D Minor" (in Stokowski's transcription, which is a precursor of the musical processing in "2001") and of hyped-up excerpts from "The Nutcracker Suite," "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," "The Rite of Spring," the "Pastoral Symphony," "The Dance of the Hours," and "A Night on Bald Mountain" (which somehow leads into the "Ave Maria"). Volcanoes erupt and dinosaurs battle during "The Rite of Spring," garlanded girl centaurs cavort during Beethoven's "Pastoral." Initially, the film was a box-office failure, but it proved successful in revivals, especially in the early seventies, when it became a popular head film because of such ingredients as the abstract first section, the mushroom dance during "The Nutcracker Suite" (one of the liveliest sequences), and the overly bright—somewhat psychedelic—color. "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," featuring Mickey Mouse, and parts of other sequences are first-rate Disney, but the total effect is grotesquely kitschy. (Ziegfeld.)

Fort Apache, the Bronx—It takes a long time for an actor to develop the assurance that the trim, silver-haired Paul Newman has acquired, and there's a bloom on everything he does in the role of Murphy, the veteran of eighteen years on the New York police force, who has spent most of those years in the rotting Forty-first Precinct, in the South Bronx—the most shattered, crime-ridden section of the city. Murphy and his young partner, Corelli (dark-haired, loose-limbed Ken Wahl), do the best they can in dealing with muggers, arsonists, pimps, pushers, and killers—one of them a fellow-officer, Morgan (Danny Aiello), who throws a Puerto Rican teen-ager off a roof. The film is an attempt to show urban crisis *in extremis*, and it's an expression of disgust at racism. But the director, Daniel Petrie, glides over the action, levelling things out, shooting on the hellhole Bronx locations as if he were making a travelogue. Heywood Gould's script, which is based on the accounts of two policemen (Thomas Mulhearn and Pete Tessitore), is an intricately designed mixture of street vaudeville and drama of conscience. The film has many of the ingredients of a shocking, memorable movie, but it's shallow and earnest. Its point is that Murphy's faith in the police is undermined by Morgan's racist action; Murphy can't understand how a cop could do such a horrible thing. For the movie to be really good he would have to understand all too well. It's a mess, with glimmerings of talent and with Newman's near-great performance. With Rachel Ticotin as a Hispanic nurse, Pam Grier as a stoned hooker, Ed Asner in the tired role of the martinet who takes over as commanding officer at the precinct, Miguel Piñero as a drug dealer, and Kathleen Beller as Corelli's girlfriend. (2/23/81) (34th St. East, Loews Orpheum 2, and Criterion Center.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

Goodbye, Columbus (1969)—Richard Benjamin as the sensitive young librarian and Ali MacGraw as the spoiled *nouveau-riche* college girl in Larry Peerce's updated version of Philip Roth's Jewish summer romance. (Mini Cinema; March 23-25.)

The Great Santini (called "The Ace" on Home Box Office)—This slice-of-family-life melodrama features Robert Duvall in the Bruce Dern role (the military-psychopath father) and Michael O'Keefe in the Richard Thomas role (the sensitive, thoughtful teen-age son). Adapted from Pat Conroy's autobiographical novel "The Great Santini," the movie is set in 1962 in Beaufort, South Carolina, where Conroy grew up, but (as written for the screen and directed by Lewis John Carlino) it takes place in the TV land of predictability—the plain of dowdy realism where a boy finds his manhood by developing the courage to stick to his principles and stand up to his father. With Blythe Danner, who comes close to creating a believable woman out of an idealized mother figure, and also with Lisa Jane Persky as the family comic, Theresa Merritt as the housekeeper, David Keefe as a redneck, and Paul Mantee. (9/1/80) (D. W. Griffith.)

Interrupted Melody (1955)—The interruption is poliomyelitis, and the melody runs from "Madame Butterfly" to "Isolde," at untold length. Eleanor Parker plays a terrifically famous opera singer (Marjorie Lawrence) stricken down in the midst of life. Miss Parker mouths the voice and Eileen Farrell yells it. Eleanor Parker's husband in the film is luckily a doctor. Directed by Curtis Bernhardt; with Glenn Ford, Roger Moore, Cecil Kellaway, and Stephen Bekassy. (Regency; March 24-25.)

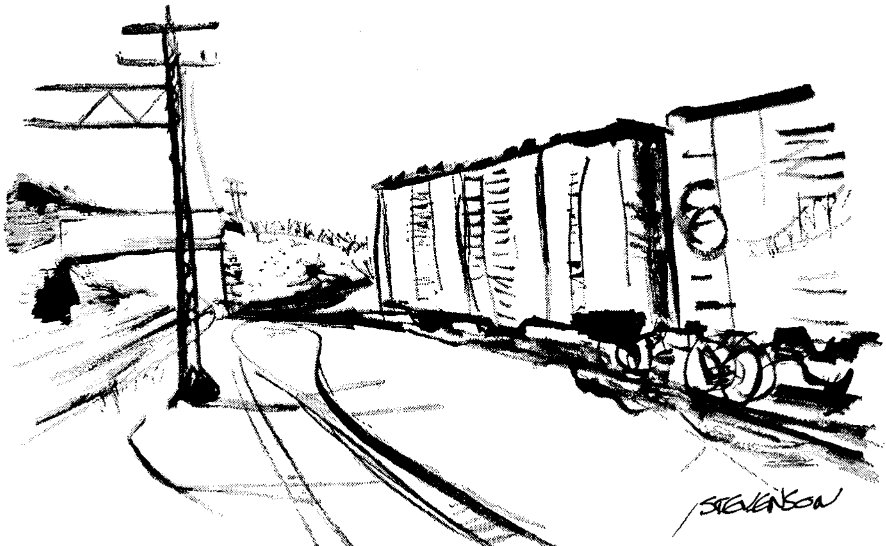
Joe and Maxi (1980)—A disturbing, imperfect documentary about Joe Cohen, a caustic, self-made, self-driven, big-bellied New Jersey shorefront entrepreneur, and his relationships with his grown-up children—a daughter and two sons—at a time when it is discovered that he is dying of cancer. The picture, which was made by Joel Gold and Maxi Cohen (Joe's daughter, a professional film-and-video artist), is upsetting because of its intrusions on several lives during a time of intractable difficulties, but it is also moving and absorbing because of its willingness to deal with the hard and irresolute material of daily existence. (3/24/80) (Art; March 27-28.)

Kanal (1956)—The second in Andrzej Wajda's trilogy about the Second World War generation in Warsaw, and one of the most eloquent and dense political records on film, made with wonderful sensibility. There is an amazing account of the time that some of the young patriots spent in the sewers under their loved capital as it was razed to the ground, with Sheybal, as a young composer, playing a flute with a sound that echoes against the tiles. In Polish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 26.)

The Last Tycoon (1976)—Harold Pinter adapted Fitzgerald's unfinished novel about Hollywood, and Elia Kazan directed the picture, which was produced by Sam Spiegel and stars Robert De Niro as Monroe Stahr. The result is so enervated that it's like a vampire movie after the vampires have left. With Jack Nicholson, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Ray Milland, Donald Pleasence, and Dana Andrews. (Mini Cinema; March 26-28.)

The Last Wave (1978)—The plot of this Australian film is a throwback to the B movies of the thirties and early forties, and the dialogue—by the young director Peter Weir and his two co-scriptwriters, Tony Morphett and Peter Popescu—is vintage R.K.O. and Universal. Weir provides frog noises in the night, apparitions holding sacred stones, shadows in slow motion, and the kind of haunted-house acting that many of us have a certain affection for. But it's hokum without the fun of hokum; despite all the scare-movie apparatus, this film fairly aches to be called profound. The occult manifestations are linked to the white Australians' guilt over their treatment of the aborigines. The decadent white race is represented by a sickly paleface corporate lawyer (Richard Chamberlain), and the aborigines by a lithe, graceful young man (Gulpilil) and a dignified, wily shaman (Nandjiwarra Amagula). The aborigine actors, with their deep-set eyes, are by far the most vital element, yet they're kept on the margins and used as supernatural forces. Weir, who has apparently studied Nicolas Roeg's films, knows how to create an allusive, ominous atmosphere. But the film is overdeliberate and sluggish, and Chamberlain can't stop quivering his lips to connote sensitivity and contracting his nostrils for apprehensiveness and pulling in his cheek muscles for ineffable sorrow. With Olivia Hamnett as the lawyer's wife. (8th St. Playhouse; March 26-28.)

The Man Who Fell to Earth (1976)—Nicolas Roeg directs a rather chilly, beautifully composed sci-fi picture about a cat-eyed man (David Bowie) who comes to earth from another planet in search of water for his drought-ridden world. Rip Torn is good as a



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

burned-out professor of chemistry. (New Yorker 2; starting March 20.)

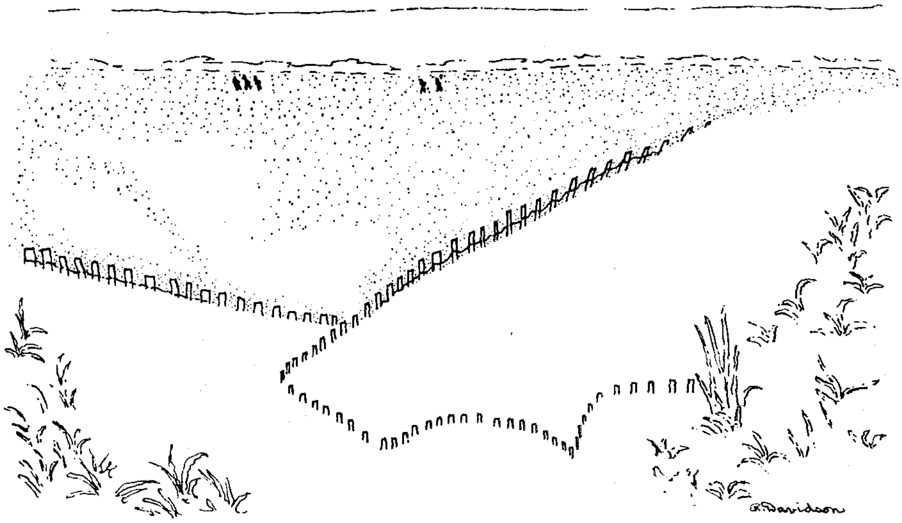
Melvin and Howard—This lyrical comedy, directed by Jonathan Demme, from a script by Bo Goldman, is an almost flawless act of sympathetic imagination. Demme and Goldman have entered into the soul of American blue-collar suckerdom; they have taken for their hero a chucklehead who is hooked on TV game shows, and they have made us understand how it happened that when something big—something legendary—touched his life, nobody could believe it. Paul Le Mat plays big, beefy Melvin Dummar, a sometime milkman, sometime worker at a magnesium-oxide plant, sometime gas-station operator, and hopeful songwriter—the representative debt-ridden American for whom game shows were created. Jason Robards plays Howard Hughes, who is lying in the freezing desert at night when Melvin spots him—a pile of rags and bones, with a dirty beard and straggly long gray hair. Melvin, thinking him a desert rat, helps him into his pickup truck but is bothered by his mean expression; in order to cheer him up (and give himself some company), he insists that the old geezer sing with him or get out and walk. When Robards' Howard Hughes responds to Melvin's amiable prodding and begins to enjoy himself on a simple level and sings "Bye, Bye, Blackbird," it's a great moment. With Mary Steenburgen, who has a pearly aura as Melvin's go-go-dancer first wife, Lynda; Pamela Reed as Melvin's down-to-earth second wife; Elizabeth Cheshire as the child Darcy; Jack Kehoe as the dairy foreman; and the real Melvin Dummar as the lunch-counter man at the Reno bus depot. This picture has the same beautiful dippy warmth as its characters; it's what might have happened if Jean Renoir had directed a comedy script by Preston Sturges. Cinematography by Tak Fujimoto. (10/13/80) (Baronet.)

Nine to Five—A feminist revenge fantasy in which three office workers—Lily Tomlin, Dolly Parton (in her film début), and Jane Fonda—each with a complaint against the lecherous petty-tyrant boss (Dabney Coleman), kidnap him, get the business humming, and institute reforms, such as equal pay for equal work, flexible hours, hiring the handicapped, and providing day-care services. Tomlin confirms herself as a star whenever she gets the material, and Dolly Parton's dolliness is very winning, but it's easy to forget that Jane Fonda is around—she seems to get lost in the woodwork. The director, Colin Higgins, is a young fossil who sets up flaccid, hand-me-down gags as if they were hilarious, and damned if the audience doesn't laugh. Written by Patricia Resnick and then reworked by Higgins. (3/9/81) (Quad Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and Olympia. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St., and Criterion Center; through March 19.)

Ordinary People—Autumn leaves and wintry emotions. This is an academic exercise in catharsis; it's earnest, it means to improve people, and it lasts a lifetime. The story is about the Jarretts—Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, and, as their son, Timothy Hutton—a Protestant family living in an imposing brick house in a wealthy suburb of Chicago. There is so little communication in this uptight family that the three Jarretts sit in virtual silence at the perfectly set dinner table in the perfectly boring big dining room. The movie is about the harm that repression can do, but it is just as repressive and sanitized as the way of life it means to expose, and it backs away from anything messier than standard TV-style psychiatric explanations. Making his début as a film director, Robert Redford shows talent with the actors, the younger ones especially. Alvin Sargent adapted the popular Judith Guest novel. With Judd Hirsch, Elizabeth McGovern, and Meg Mundy. (10/13/80) (Quad Cinema, Cinema 3, Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy 1.)

Raging Bull—Martin Scorsese's film based on the life of the former middleweight champ Jake La Motta (played by Robert De Niro) is a biography of the prizefight genre; it's also about movies and about violence, it's about gritty visual rhythm, it's about Brando, it's about the two "Godfather" pictures—it's about Scorsese's and De Niro's trying to top what they've done and what everybody else has done. Scorsese puts his unmediated obsessions on the screen, trying to turn raw, pulp power into art by removing it from the particulars of observation and narrative. He loses the low-life entertainment values of prizefight films; he aestheticizes pulp and kills it. De Niro put on more than fifty pounds to play the older, drunken La Motta; he seems a swollen puppet. With Cathy Moriarty, whose Vickie La Motta is a beautiful icon—a big, lacquered virgin-doll of the forties—and Joe Pesci as Joey La Motta. (12/8/80) (Eastside Cinema, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Paramount; through the afternoon of March 19. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; through March 26.)

Resurrection—Ellen Burstyn dies, has an "out of body" experience, then returns with the gift of healing through the power of love. The picture is even and smoothly tasteful—a vat of nondenominational caramel custard. Lewis John Carlino was commissioned to write the script for Burstyn, and he shaped it to her; she bestrides the movie, glowing with love and wholesome humor. (Her simulation of beatific ordinariness is a little frightening.) The director, Daniel Petrie, does some very polished, fluid work, but you're always aware of the planning and the calculation. Mysticism doesn't come easy to him. Carlino's script, which attempts to combine holistic healing and feminism, is an amazing fusion of old corn and modern cant. With Sam Shepard, who brings the film some sexy tension as a hell-raising kid whom Burstyn heals after he has been stabbed in a drunken fight, and Richard Farnsworth, Roberts Blossom, Lois Smith, Madeleine Thornton-Sherwood, and Pamela Payton-Wright. And as Burstyn's grandmother, Eva Le Gallienne wrinkles her nose and lifts her head so she can look out of her half-blind eyes, and she spouts homilies as if she'd lived her whole life onstage. Cinematography by Mario Tosi; Maurice Jarre did the music. (12/22/80)



(Festival. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; through March 26.)

La Ronde (1950)—Love makes the world go 'round in Max Ophuls' romantic, intricate, and rather tired version of the Schnitzler play, and the actors who move from one affair to the next include Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, Jean-Louis Barrault, Daniel Gélin, and Simone Simon. This 1950 film had censorship trouble and was cut in the heyday of its art-house fame; this version includes the cut footage. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 24.)

Shock Corridor (1963)—An action-packed film, written and directed by Samuel Fuller, that has acquired a considerable reputation. The hero is a reporter who has himself committed to a mental institution so he can investigate a murder there; his experiences include being attacked by a gang of nymphomaniacs, being put in a straitjacket, losing the power of speech, being subjected to shock therapy, etc. He gets a Pulitzer Prize, and he goes mad. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 23.)

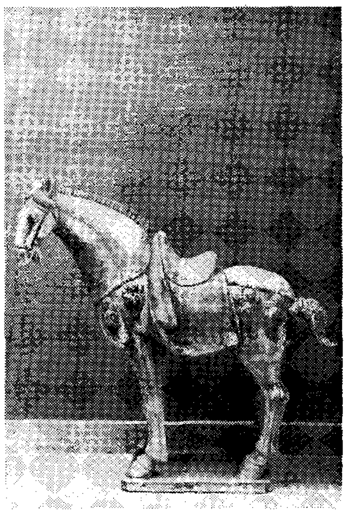
La Strada (1954)—The theme of Federico Fellini's spiritual fable is that everyone has a purpose in the universe. It is acted out by three symbolic characters. Giulietta Masina is the waif Gelsomina (soul, innocence, spirit, dreams); Anthony Quinn is the strong man Zampanò (brute physical strength, man as animal); Richard Basehart is an artist-fool (mind). Though the background of the film is neorealist poverty, it is transformed by the romanticism of the conception. Giulietta Masina's performance has been compared variously to Chaplin, Harry Langdon, Stan Laurel, Barrault, and Marceau, and the comparisons are just—maybe too just. Basehart's performance as the fool, which is not like the work of other performers, is possibly more exciting. Even if one rejects the concepts of this movie, its mood and the details of scenes stay with one; a year or two later, a gesture or a situation suddenly brings it all back. Winner of at least fifty prizes, including the Academy Award for Best Foreign Film. In Italian. (Cinema Village; March 24.)

Tess—Roman Polanski's version of Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is textured and smooth and even, with lateral compositions subtly flowing into each other; the sequences are beautifully structured, and the craftsmanship is hypnotic. But the picture is tame. There's a visual passion in Hardy when he describes the Wessex countryside; Polanski's tastefully cropped compositions and unvaried pacing make nature proper. For a reader, the shock of the 1891 book is that Tess isn't simply a woman at the mercy of men, society, and nature; she's also at the mercy of her own passions. Polanski's Tess (the lovely young Nastassia Kinski, seventeen when she played the role) is strictly a victim of men and social conventions. The film takes a sympathetic, feminist position toward her—in a narrow and demeaning sense. She isn't a protagonist; she is merely a hapless, frail creature, buffeted by circumstances. And Kinski—a soft, European gamine—isn't rooted in the earth of England or any other country; she's a hothouse flower who manages the West Country sounds in a small, uninflected schoolgirl voice. She's affecting and sensitive, but she's in the wrong movie. With fine performances by Leigh Lawson as Alec and Peter Firth as Angel Clare, and amazingly sharp, clear performances by John Collin as the drunken Durbeyfield, Tony Church as Parson Tringham, and by just about everyone else in the supporting cast. Made in English; shot in France, with cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth and Ghislain Cloquet. (2/2/81) (Little Carnegie.)

Twentieth Century (1934)—A first-rate hard-boiled farce about theatrical personalities. John Barrymore was a great farceur, and his performance as the egomaniac producer Oscar Jaffe is a roaring caricature of theatrical drive and temperament. It was Carole Lombard's performance as Jaffe's protégée, Lily Garland (née Mildred Plotka), who has become a movie star, that established her as a comedienne. Lombard's talents here are not of the highest, but her spirits are, and in her skintight satins she incarnates the giddy glamour of thirties comedy. Most of the action takes place on the crack train of the title—the Twentieth Century, going from Chicago to New York—which represented the latest thing in speed and luxury. The script, by Hecht and MacArthur from their play (which was a reworking of Bruce Milholland's play "Napoleon on Broadway"), is freely, carelessly irreverent, with affectionate, corny ethnic humor and wisecracks about religion. Howard Hawks directed in a fast, entertaining style—punching up the lines. With Ralph Forbes, and a batch of character actors whose faces were once as familiar to audiences as the faces with great names: Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, Charles Levison, Etienne Girardot, Edgar Kennedy, Edward Gargan, and Herman Bing. (The material was recycled in the 1978 Broadway musical "On the Twentieth Century.") (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 25.)

Umberto D. (1952)—Vittorio De Sica's Umberto D. is a stubborn old gentleman with bourgeois standards and no means, isolated in an impersonal modern city, unable to communicate with anyone. His alienation has such pride and spirit that he is not unworthy to stand as a symbol of man's fate. But men do not necessarily want to view their fate: this great, pure, and compassionate work has been seen by relatively few people. Yet for those few—and their numbers grow each year—it may be a rare, transforming experience. Script by Cesare Zavattini. In Italian. (Cinema Village; March 24.)

You Can't Take It with You (1938)—Jean Arthur, Lionel Barrymore, Edward Arnold, and James Stewart in a rather cumbersome adaptation of the light and fanciful Kaufman-Hart play. Directed by Frank Capra. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 26.)



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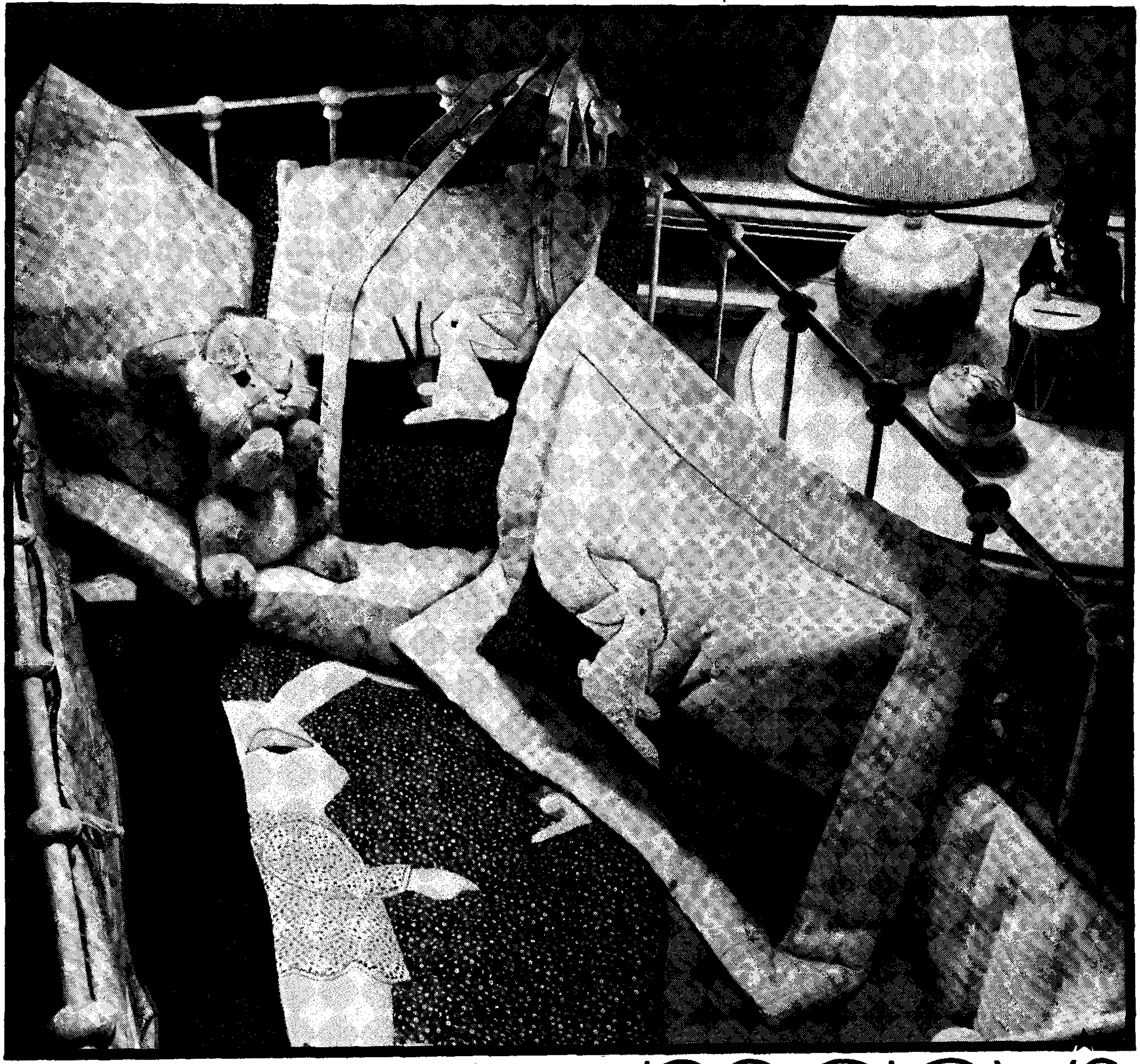

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND whose daughter lives in a cabin on Cape Cod has forwarded a recent communiqué from her:

It's been a hellish winter up here. *Really* cold. I have a wood stove, but my neighbor stole all my wood. I would have gone to get more, but my car didn't work. The starter broke around Christmas. I finally got paid for some work I did renovating a house, and I bought a new starter, but the first time I drove the car the exhaust system fell off. There's a space heater in the cabin, but you have to keep your eye on it. It does things. The flames change color, and every so often it goes WHOOOF! The dog and I both ran out of the house last night when it went WHOOOF!, but this morning it is O.K. Don't worry—a guy who knows about these things came and looked at it last October and said it's fine. He knows what he's talking about; he used to drive an oil truck. I was opening bay scallops full time until December, when the harbor froze over. It stayed that way for two months. All the scallop fishermen were going crazy. They'd walk out to their boats and sit in them for a while and walk back. Then they'd get drunk. A friend of mine got desperate and brought a boat around from the ocean side with the idea of smashing through the ice. He gunned it and raced full throttle to the edge of the ice. The boat went up onto the ice, slid two hundred yards, and stayed there till February. There is a ratty-looking white pigeon sitting on my windowsill staring in at me. It turned up yesterday, acting sick, its head tucked into its shoulder, and not moving. I gave it three slices of pumpernickel. Today, it is strutting around glaring at me impatiently, wanting a pumpernickel fix.

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Superstoves

WE went to New Orleans the other week to find out something for ourself about heating with wood. The Wood Heating Alliance was having its International Trade Show & Seminar, and Mayor Ernest N. Morial, of New Orleans, had proclaimed it Wood Heating Week. The temperature was in the high seventies. The show was in the Louisiana Superdome. From the outside, the Superdome looks like a truncated, squat nuclear-reactor cooling tower with a volcanic lava dome rising through its center. It's about twenty-seven stories high. Inside, in the arena in which Oakland won the Superbowl, several hundred wood stoves were on display, and a man was splitting logs on a gold carpet at just about the spot where home plate will be in another season. The AstroTurf (in New Orleans they call it Mardi Grass) had been unzipped and rolled up for the show. The Superdome doesn't heat with wood. It uses natural gas to operate its nine thousand tons of air-conditioning equipment, which can pump out three million cubic feet of air per minute into the arena. The dome proper is spray-painted on the outside with Hypalon (chlorosulfonated polyethylene), which is springy, like AstroTurf, and the rest of the building is sheathed in anodized-aluminum siding. (When you get into wood stoves, you start noticing how buildings are put together. Heat loss is on your mind.)

We went to a workshop to see another wood-splitter demonstrate his twist technique—sort of like throwing a curveball, we imagined as we moved a good distance away from his double-edged, razor-sharp axe. "We don't really split wood," he remarked. "We bust it." Then we watched a gory slide show on chain-saw safety. (*Never* carry a chain saw on your shoulder.) Everybody at the trade show was talking about "what's coming down the pike." People said that these things are coming down the pike: an energy revolution; the growth of wood-stove science; consumer-safety legislation; new emission-control techniques; and a solution to dangerous creosote buildup in chimneys. The biggest thing in wood stoves right now is the catalytic combustor, a pollution-control device something like the catalytic converters that people are fond of ripping out of their cars. Another big item is the fireplace insert. The romantic idea of an open fireplace is dead, they say, since most of the heat goes up the chimney, along with the air in the house. Now you've got to plug up your fireplace with a wood-burning insert, which will send the heat out into the house.

The Superdome was packed with fireplace inserts and wood stoves of

Anne Burgess

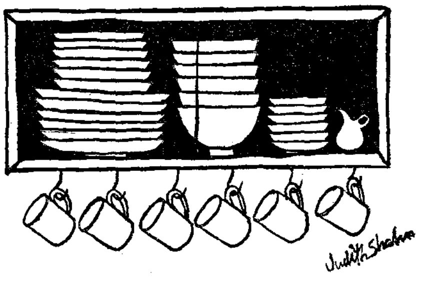
every size, color, shape, and style: ornate parlor stoves, antique reproductions, no-nonsense black boxes, potbellies. We heard about some fancy heating techniques: heat exchangers, automatic controls, baffle systems, hot-air vents, squirrel-cage fans, spiral flame paths, downdraft designs, and so forth. We saw some ornamental stoves on pedestals which looked like glorified barbecue grills, and we saw a barbecue grill (the Grate Outdoors) that looked like an old-fashioned wood stove. It had cast-aluminum ends picturing a leaping deer. It is claimed to cook a turkey faster than a microwave oven can. A stove called the Blaze King, standing on a velvet cushion and revolving on a pedestal, was draped in a royal robe of maroon velvet, with a king's gold-trimmed dome on top. On its door the Blaze King had a ceramic tile depicting flames.

Our favorite stove was the Little Cod, for camps and boats. It's eleven and a half inches high and has a grill on top for outdoor cooking. John Napper, a sales representative for the company that makes it, said, "We've been making this stove over a hundred years. We have an order pending now for ten thousand of these little stoves from the government of Algeria. I can't imagine why. I think they must be going to give them to the people." We were also fond of a snappy blue Scandinavian stove with a sculptured bas-relief of Thor, the god of thunder. Stoves have names like Defiant, Volcano, Eagle, Apache, Majestic, Baron, Hurricane, Provider, FireKing, GlowMaster, Mighty-Max, and Smoke Dragon (nicknamed Sir Snuffy). And then there's the Grizzly Family: the Grizzly, the Big Grizz, and the Coal Cub. And, inexplicably, Aunt Sarah. Aunt Sarah has optional features: a heat-exchanger bonnet and a crock pot.

We asked a young woman in a fringed Indian outfit who was passing out leaflets for Apache stoves why her stoves were called Apaches, but she didn't know. She asked someone else in the exhibit booth, who asked someone else. Tom Phillips, marketing director, had the answer. "There was already a Cherokee," he said. He was a remarkably friendly man, who laughed a lot. "Besides, we were looking for something bold. We didn't want a name like Frederick, say. When people think of Indians, they think of Apaches or Comanches. It's good for advertising. Up in the Mohawk Valley, when we show up they say, 'The Apaches are coming.' "

Wood stoves attract their own baggage. We saw log carriers, trailers for hauling wood, firewood boxes, a Top Hat chimney cap, chimney-fire extinguishers, stove polish, chimney deodorant, chimney-cleaning kits, a Log Dog, a Thermie bed warmer, made of Space Age Astrotex, and a fire lighter called Great Balls of Fire. For gas fireplaces, you can buy fake oak logs, fake pine cones, fake oak twigs, fake manzanita stumps, and natural volcanic ash and rocks. But the best thing was a soapstone bed warmer. This is a four-pound slab of soapstone with a silk-screened design and an engraved message: "Take me to bed, I will keep you warm." You heat it up on the stove, then put it inside a quilted bag and take it to bed with you.

The loneliest man at the show must have been William Kolker. He had come from Canada, but his Sheffield wood stove hadn't arrived yet. He was sitting with his brochures and a sign: "Display Delayed by Commercial Freight." With time on his hands, he was willing to help us with a problem we had been wondering about. On a cold day, how many wood stoves would it take to heat the Superdome—a hundred and twenty-five million cubic feet? Kolker whipped out his pocket calculator and gave us an answer in a jiffy: six thousand two hundred and fifty wood stoves. "An average wood stove heats about twenty thousand cubic feet," he said. "But there are so many variables that this answer is misleading. You'd have to consider the lights, the number of people present, the insulation, and heat loss through cracks in the building. You probably wouldn't need half that many stoves. You'd turn the place into a sauna! That's because a wood stove is radiant heat, which is much more efficient than gas. A gas hot-air system heats the air, but a wood stove heats the people. Radiant heat heats masses, regardless of distance. It's like the sun shining on your face. It would be hard to say, but I bet you wouldn't need more than a hundred and eighty wood stoves to heat the Superdome."

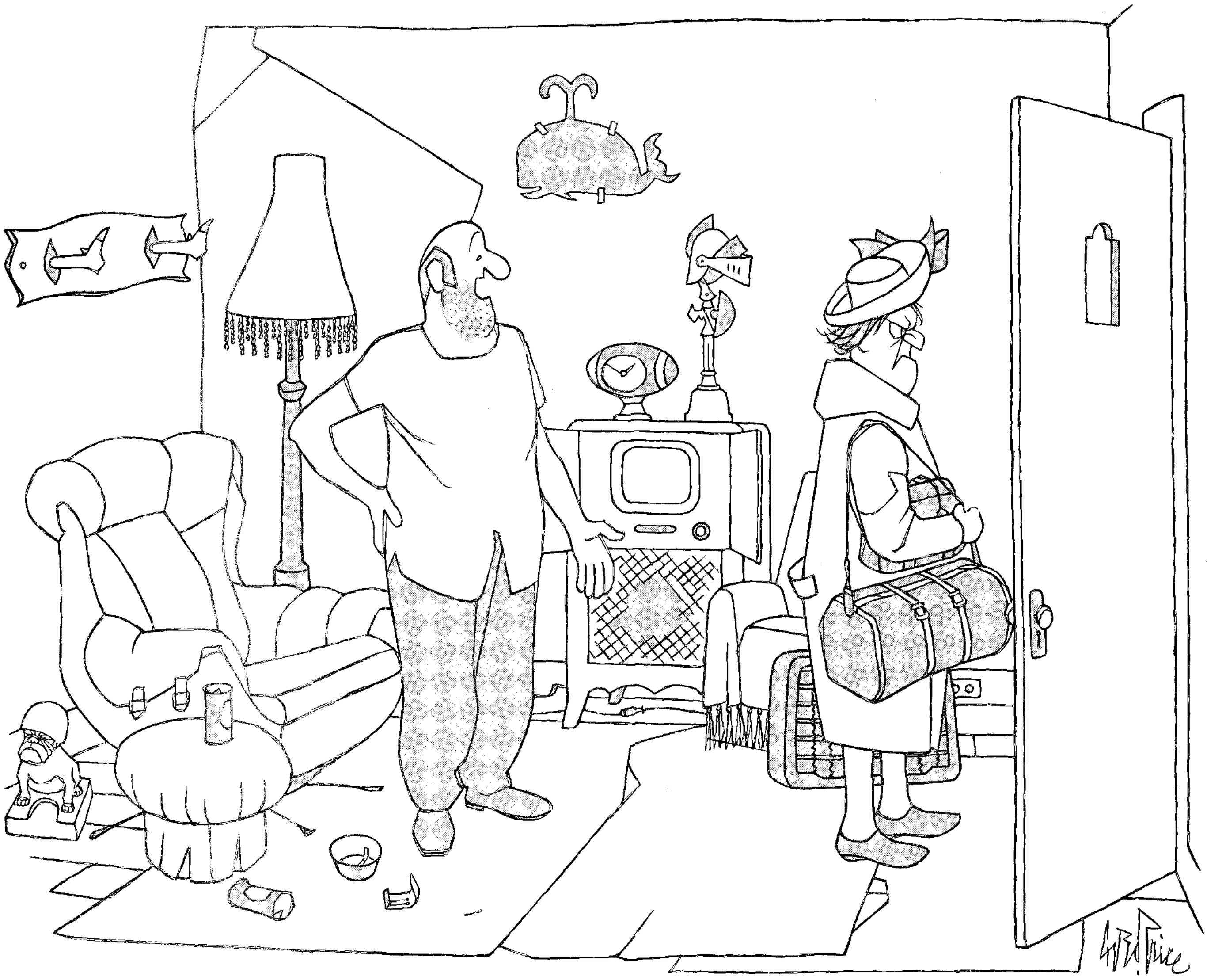


The Madness

WHEN we were in New Orleans, it was still days to go until Mardi Gras, but on our way to the French Quarter our cab had to wait for a parade to pass. A marching band was stomping by. This band was terrific. The members wore gold gladiator helmets, black uniforms with gold trimming, and white bucks, and they had about sixteen shiny white tubas. The taxi-driver said, "Let me tell you about parades. In New Orleans, it's illegal to cross a parade. If you get caught in a parade on the way to work, you can call up and say, 'Hey, I got caught in a parade,' and you'll still get paid. On Mardi Gras Day, a parade can last from 9 A.M. to 8 P.M. Some people manage to get caught in parades for a week. It doesn't matter. They just say, 'Hey, I got caught in a parade.' There are parades every day for two weeks through Mardi Gras. They call the season 'the madness.' You'll see businessmen going out on the streets in their jackets and ties—and underwear, or diapers. You're liable to see anything."

When we got out at Jackson Square, we saw a horse in giant sunglasses with green rims and wearing large red plastic blooms on his head. In the middle of the street, a plump man in a chartreuse shirt with Henri Rousseau jungle flowers on it was singing a creditable imitation of Muddy Waters' "Hoochie Coochie Man." At a corner of the park, a man hiding among the dried stalks of a subtropical plant played "I Left My Heart in San Francisco" on the harmonica. At Tujague's Restaurant, our waiter, who had moved to New Orleans last year, said, "You hear about Mardi Gras, but there are a thousand parties—a *million* parties—all year round. The parades are incredible. They're into *organization* down here. They're into *performing*. They're celebrating something constantly. I don't know why. But the bartender says if the weather's still like this on the third there are going to be a lot of naked people in the streets."

It wasn't long before we found ourself in the Mardi Gras Center, looking at nose putty, face paint, Horrible Hands, Fuzzy Puss eye-and-nose glasses, cat-eye masks, and bunny ears. The owner of the shop, Ron Garland, told



"Couldn't you just hang me in effigy, as has been your custom?"

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us his family had been in the costume business for two generations. He had a few flecks of gold glitter on his face, rubbed off from some costumes he had been handling. He told us, "All the costume shops originated on Dryades Street, where I have another store, but now they've moved to the suburbs and the French Quarter. Many of the parades have moved to the suburbs—it's safer. Our most popular costumes are angels, Arabs, Indians, clowns, monks, convicts, and gorillas. We make these in sizes two to fifty. You might as well say we custom-make them." He showed us snapshots of himself as Dracula, a convict, a pirate, a ghost, and Darth Vader.

Just then, two men dashed into the shop, and one said, "I called up about the feet and hands?"

Ron Garland brought out a set of huge gorilla paws.

"He's going as himself," the man's companion explained.

Garland suggested a monk's robe to go with the paws, but the customer decided against it. "I'll find something—an old graduation gown, maybe."

Another customer was having a difficult time deciding on a mask. He tried on a gray latex half mask known as The Bum, which had a cigarette hanging out of the mouth. "It's the real me," he said, looking in a mirror. But he was torn between The Bum and a pink hog snout, another latex half mask. He tried it on and, with a sigh, said, "I don't know. I just don't know." He left, still mulling over his decision.

That evening, as we entered a hotel, we recognized the marching band from the parade gliding up an escalator. We fell into step behind the tubas and rode up with them to the mezzanine, where the band marched to the beat of its drums into the ballroom and began to play a rousing Sousa. On the mezzanine, a man was lining up lords and ladies for a ceremonial procession into the ballroom. He blew a whistle and said, "Lords and ladies first, then officers and wives."

The lords and ladies had on phantasmagoric mock-regal outfits, with so many ostrich plumes waving that for a moment we thought we were in an immense swamp of pampas grasses. One lady had the Confederate flag sequinned on her gown, a Scarlett O'Hara hoopdress, and she wore a hat with about fifty gray ostrich plumes sticking out of the top. Another lady was having a dreadful time with her costume. She was dressed up as the moon, or so it seemed. Attached to each hip was a two-foot silver crescent with a black feather duster sprouting from its tip. Her gown was heavy and had a four-foot train decorated with black moons and silver sequins. Her headdress was a spray of silver moonbeams emerging from a black skullcap. The moonbeams were topped with a bouquet of white plumes. The headdress wobbled, the train kept getting stepped on, and the silver crescents threatened to fall off her hips.

"I can't turn around," wailed a lady with a five-foot wingspan—orange wings frilled with ostrich plumes and fitted onto her shoulders like a hang-glider.

The queen, at the rear of the procession with the king, said, "The cleaners stretched out my gown."

The king, who was wearing white tights and white ostrich plumes, said, "Here we go!"

The moonbeam lady looked miserable.

The band, having finished its Sousa, filed out and disappeared down the escalator. The lords and ladies began their slow procession into the ballroom.

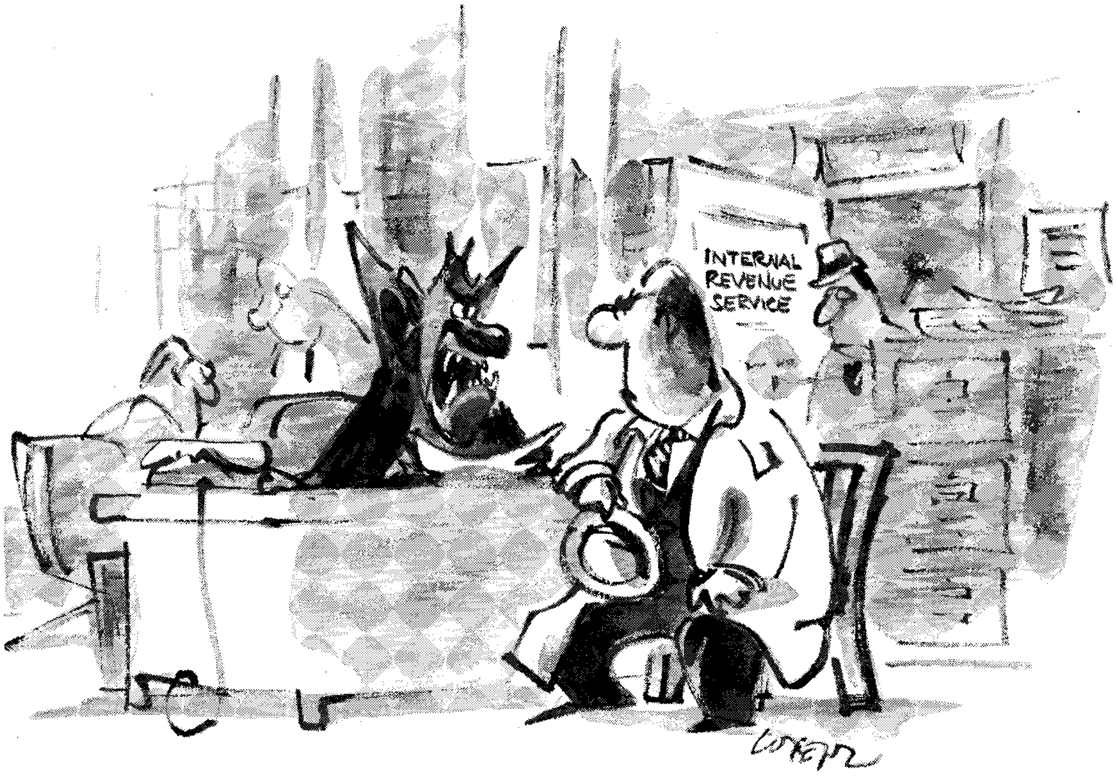
Filmmaker

John Sayles is the thirty-year-old moviemaker who wrote, edited, and directed "Return of the Secaucus Seven," a free-form comedy of manners about the reunion of seven young political activists, which opened here last summer and is now back for a brief run at the Quad. He made the movie in twenty-five days, for sixty thousand dollars—which he had earned from writing fiction (two novels, titled "Pride of the Bimbos" and "Union Dues," and a book of stories, "The Anarchists' Convention") and from writing horror-movie scripts. To help pay the editing and laboratory costs of "Secaucus Seven," he rewrote the script for "The Howling," a werewolf movie that opened last week. The other day, he came into town from Hoboken, where he lives, and, in a restaurant near the Port Authority bus terminal, he answered some of our questions about independent filmmaking and horror:

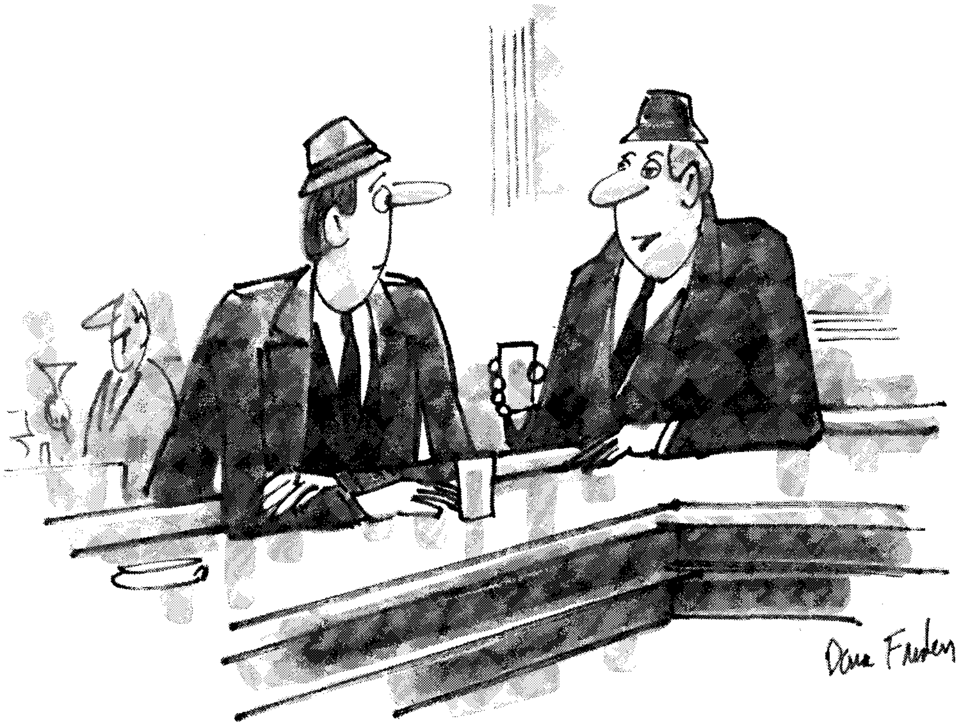
I made the seven characters in "Secaucus Seven" people who went on those peace marches and are now trying to be a little more practical, because there isn't a major political movement for them to plug into with that much energy anymore. Once I'd decided who they were, I didn't want to contrive a story around them. I said, "O.K., we've got these people together for a weekend—they're not going to end up waving guns at each other or committing suicide." If I'd done it for a studio, that's what I probably would have ended up with.

I had directed plays in summer stock—I'd directed a couple in North Conway, New Hampshire, where we shot the movie—and I had acted a lot, but I had never looked through a movie camera before. The crew had never worked on a feature before, so they weren't intimidating. They were interested in the characters as well as in the technical part of it, and I was able to tell them virtually, "This is what I want to see and hear," and they were able to get it. The sound in "Secaucus Seven" is better than the sound you'll hear in a five-million-dollar movie. Wayne Wadhams did the sound. The guy's real good—he's also a record producer. We were almost never able to move the camera the way I would have liked and we weren't always able to light as well as we might have, because that takes time, but I did take the time for the actors and for the sound, because if it was tinny or sounded as if they were in another room you'd lose the immediacy of the people. New Hampshire is supposed to be bucolic and quiet, but planes were passing overhead, and there was construction everywhere, so we had to sneak takes in between jackhammers going.

I had no pressure but from myself, and a responsibility to the actors—that they look good. If you're an actor in a film, you don't have an audience to tell you whether it's working; you only have a bunch of technicians—who are worrying about focus and stuff—and the director. I'm the only net they have. So I told them, "Any time you feel you have a better take in you, tell me. I will always use the best acting take when I start editing. If it's not the best technical take, that doesn't matter." Because the important thing about this film—it isn't true of horror movies, *necessarily*—is that you believe in the people. It helped that we were living together in a ski lodge and that they had to cook together and play volleyball together. I was paying them about eighty dollars a week and room and board, which is about what they had been getting in summer stock. I said, "If this movie makes any money, which I doubt, you'll get up to



"Look, fella, I don't make policy—I just implement it."



"I was kind of hoping Prince Charles would marry Linda Ronstadt, but don't ask me why."

Screen Actors Guild minimum for the year." The same with the technicians.

Editing is the best part. You are just there with the film, making the story out of the film. You learn what you covered wrong. You learn things about writing, because you realize that a scene plays without all this dialogue or that you need more dialogue here or some sound in the background. I rented a flatbed editing machine and spent a night going through this damn manual—it was like Christmas Eve and trying to figure out how to put a bicycle together. I cut for one or two hours a day; I was doing all this screenwriting to pay for the editing machine—five hundred dollars a month. With a couple of sequences that are pure editing—a basketball sequence and some diving—I was able to play around. Most of it was salvaging. The time transitions are in the lines, because I knew I wasn't going to be able to shoot a lot of footage and carve a movie out of it. Film stock—on most budgets it's a tiny fraction of the budget, on ours it was a third. In Poland and India, they shoot about four to one—they just don't have much Kodak film. In Poland, they're on the state, so there's no overtime; they just rehearse the hell out of things, with the camera but without pulling the trigger and exposing the film, and when they're ready to go they shoot it. So very often they get great stuff in one take. But it would cost a fortune to do that here.

The main thing I don't like about the film business is that you do too much work that doesn't have anything to do with filmmaking. It's like Karl Wallenda saying that when he's on the wire he's alive and the rest is waiting. When you're writing or directing a film, you're alive, and the rest is advertising. "Secaucus Seven" is going to make its money back, and then if we sell it to cable it'll make a profit. Not enough to make another movie on, though. We have to figure that we get from twenty-five to thirty cents out of every dollar. Prints and advertising come off the top. Prints cost fifteen hundred dollars apiece. It can cost you fifteen thousand dollars to open in Washington, D.C., thirty thousand in New York. Then the exhibitors take theirs, and we split fifty-fifty with the distributor. Independent filmmaking is not a way to get rich quick, even if the movie gets seen by a lot of people.

The first screenplay I ever wrote was about the Black Sox scandal of 1919. That's the kind of thing I couldn't make independently, because it has so many people in it. I tend to have a lot of characters. I'm interested in the way people work on each other—how that shows the inner workings of the mind more than getting inside somebody's head. These guys who make horror movies are always saying, "What is this? You've got sixty-five speaking parts here; give us a break, we've got to cast this."

Horror movies are a lot of fun to write. At least, the ones that I've written were, because you were given the premise and could do what you wanted—make the people what you want to make them. I wrote "Piranha," which Joe Dante directed. He started out being a writer for those little horror-movie magazines. When he was thirteen or fourteen, he wrote an article called "Dante's Inferno," about the fifty worst horror movies of all time. He became an editor at Roger Corman's New World Pictures, and then Roger let him direct. You work for Roger until he can't afford you anymore. Joe got "The Howling" after turning down "Motel Hell" and a couple of other chain-saw-massacre comedies. The main problem with the story they had for "The Howling" was that there wasn't any consistency in what the werewolves could and couldn't do, so in one afternoon Joe and I wrote down the rules for werewolves. We found that they had nothing to do with the full moon. Werewolves were like witches—they were shape-changers. And they usually did it to get people and eat them up and blame it on wolves. They were pretty decadent characters, so we decided to use that instead of making them be these people who couldn't help themselves. There was some responsibility involved in it.

The effects are pretty good—you haven't seen them before. It's tough for Dee Wallace to stay pinned against a wall for five minutes while a guy turns into a werewolf. It's very tough, when you've been in makeup for three hours so you'll look as if your throat's been torn away, to come out with everyone laughing at you and do a scene, even if it's just screaming. Dee Wallace does some nice things where she doesn't scream. People don't always scream when they see something horrible. That's when the Tingler grows. Did you ever see "The Tingler"? It's about a big, long worm thing that comes alive in your spine until you scream or get your fear out. But I don't like going to scary movies much, and I don't wake up in the morning saying I have to write about piranhas.

THE SWISS ARMY FORK

1797. The Confederation's fractious cantons seem determined to insure that the dream of a Swiss Army fork remains thirteen different dreams of thirteen different Swiss Army forks (*Fig. 1*).

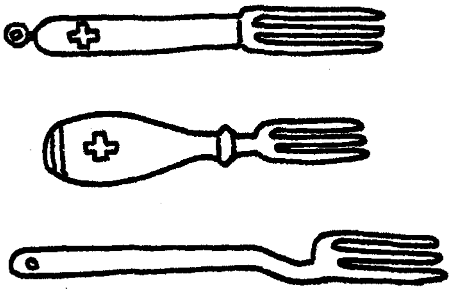


Fig. 1—Forks of some cantonal regiments. (Top to bottom): Thurgau, Uri, Neuchâtel.

1812. The ink is barely dry on his appointment as the Army's first Inspector General of Flatware when Marshal Bovril issues his sweeping Decree of 4 June. Every "free forker" in the Army is rooted out and dismissed. Not even Bovril's old comrade Theo is spared.

1813. The first Swiss Army fork is issued, albeit as the "Universal Hand Dredge," a Bovrilism that will hang on until the Hummer era (*Fig. 2*).

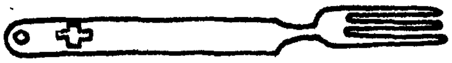


Fig. 2—Universal Hand Dredge, C. 1815.

1820. Certain mountain regiments continue to prefer eating with their fingers. Forks of most mountain regiments will remain purely ceremonial (*Fig. 3*) and seldom be carried in the field.

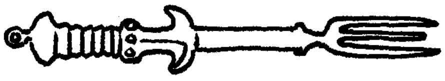


Fig. 3—Ceremonial fork of a mountain regiment, probably the Zug Irregulars.

1826. The fork of the Swiss Guards (*Fig. 4*) is made standard issue. Officers' version boasts four tines; enlisted men's, three.

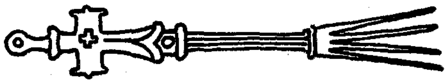


Fig. 4—Swiss Guards fork (officers').

1830. Humiliation at the hands of Navy trenchermen in the prestigious Interservice Table Games.

1833. Formation of the Commissariat Engineer Corps under Lusina, and successful field testing of the Type-D folding safety fork (*Fig. 5*).

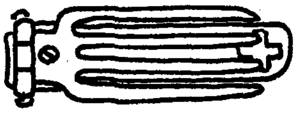


Fig. 5—Type-D folding safety fork, folded.

1854. The Type-H retractable fork (*Fig. 6*) enters service. The concept of fork protected from elements, and soldier protected from fork, is fixed—now and for all time.

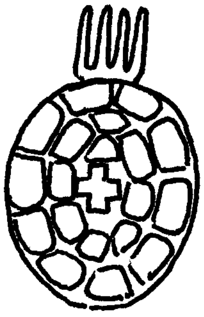


Fig. 6—Type-H retractable fork, semi-retracted.

1856. Faith in the ostrich-leg hinge mechanism is justified: thrown into open competition against all the world's martial cutlery at the Prague Ironmongery Fair, the new Type-J (*Fig. 7*) takes a double gold.

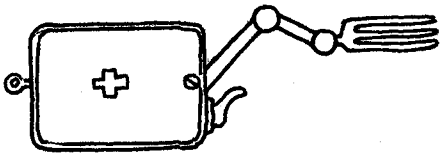


Fig. 7—Type-J, showing ostrich-leg hinge.

1874. The roulette wheel of rotating Technical Directorships puts Flofels in command, just when the visiting French observers' sneers about "comical" Swiss Army-fork technology scandalize the Federal Assembly. Flofels overreacts. His *Dampfkraftgabel*, or steam-powered fork (*Fig. 8*), is rushed to completion in time for winter maneuvers. It needs ten minutes to get up steam; by the time the fork is fully extended, the meal is cold. Worse, its tiny boiler turns the thin tin outer casing red-hot—and it is against regulations for Swiss Army soldiers to eat with their mittens on. The Army learns that a fork is not a technological toy. (Lest it ever forget, a contrite Flofels orders that the casing of every Swiss Army fork from now onward be colored cherry red.)

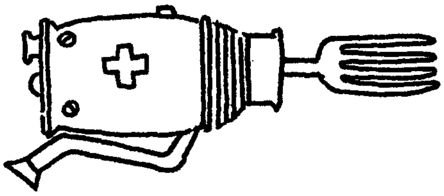


Fig. 8—Dampfkraftgabel.

1887. A lieutenant of the Zurich Fusiliers spends ninety thousand francs on a ten-tine monstrosity with inlaid mother-of-pearl grip and secret napkin compartment. Heretofore politically inactive, General Pips throws in his hand with the Radical Presbyterians. The Officers' Fork Allowance is abolished. The madness ends.

1890. Début of the stylish trigger-operated Automatique (*Fig. 9*). It is overengineered and in an amateur's hands can be lethal, as the unfortunate Duke of Olay soon demonstrates. But it shows that a rugged field fork need be neither heavy nor slow to deploy. "Give me more such magnificent disasters!" cries Zax.

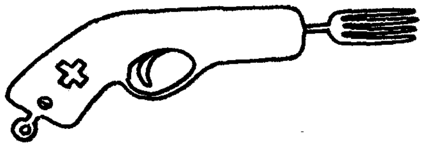


Fig. 9—Trigger-operated Automatique (Schnitli et Fils, gunsmiths of Geneva).

1897. Watchmaking and military tableware meet at last. The epochal "ticking fork" (*Fig. 10*) makes its appearance, dangling from a dashing young major's cummerbund at the Bellinzona Caserne Ball. Ironically, the *Regimental Gazette's* report on the ball describes the fork as "a nose bomb, in the Russian style."

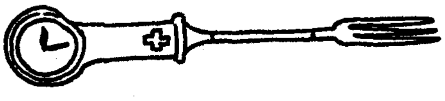


Fig. 10—"Ticking fork." Now in the Museum of the Commissariat of the Swiss Army, Bern.

1901. Affectionately nicknamed Big Felix by the troops, the key-wound, spring-powered fork becomes standard issue. It is immortalized in an anonymous canteen hymnic "Ach, Felix, Ach!" ("Oh, Felix, Oh!"), still sung by Army rookies today.

1904. Big Felix is succeeded by Little Felix. Its unorthodox elliptical mainspring (*Fig. 11*) becomes the first military secret in the history of the Swiss Army.

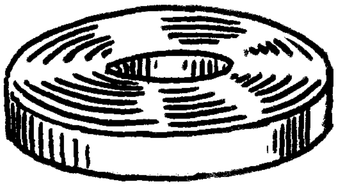


Fig. 11—Elliptical mainspring of Little Felix.

1910. The "Snowball War" erupts in the Tyrol.

1911. What the front-line troops have learned at bitter cost is finally admitted by the Commissariat when Little Felix is officially withdrawn from combat issue and restricted to banquet parade. The toll in uneaten veal cutlets may never be accurately known. (It will be 1923 before Little Felix is equipped with the chain that secures winding key to fork; by then, of course, the age of the key-wound mechanized Swiss Army fork will have long been over.)

1919. Sergeant Anton Blute, of the 16th Tunnellers, watches a toothpick fall from between his teeth, wedging in the works of the Type-M fork he is cleaning.

1921. Swiss Army fork with retractable toothpick, present and available for duty (*Fig. 12*).

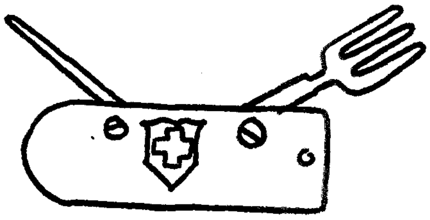


Fig. 12—Swiss Army fork with retractable toothpick.

1928. Desertions plague the ranks of storesmen in the Quartermaster Corps. Blute's runaway creative imagination has now produced 214 variations on the Swiss Army fork in fewer than seven years. In November, when he presents a prototype that includes a railway semaphore and a butterfly net, the Equipment Committee turns him down flat.

1930. Apogee of Excess. Blute's final flourish, the eighty-two-function fork code-named Ozymandias (*Fig. 13*), belatedly lumbers into Army service. It is the only fork in the Swiss, or any, military service to require a crew.

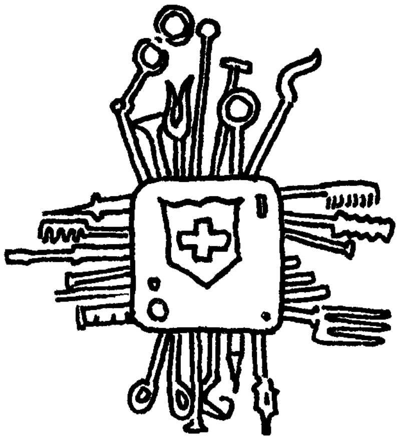


Fig. 13—Ozymandias. "Look on my forks, ye Mighty . . ."

1936. Kleinhans develops a wooden salad fork (*Fig. 14*) for use in tropical service. It costs him his career.

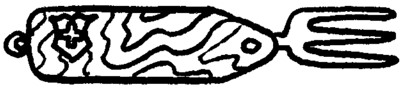


Fig. 14—Tropical salad fork.

1938. Gaspard's blindfold fork test throws the Staff College into an uproar. The superiority of the Swiss Army fork is proved to be a myth—but after bruised pride comes a research-and-development budget, and out of the work that follows comes the X-Fork (*Fig. 15*).

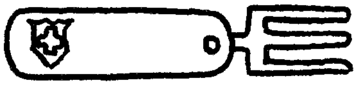


Fig. 15—Prototype of X-Fork.

1944. Minus the potato-peeler attachment, the X-Fork, a.k.a. the Gaspard fork, becomes the Model-K Swiss Army fork. Blute's abandoned Lausanne factory is leased, and production begins (*Fig. 16*).

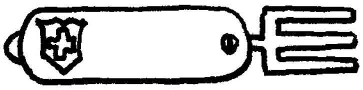


Fig. 16—Model-K Swiss Army fork.

1946. Charges and countercharges fly, but nothing can alter the Quartermaster General's finding that supplies are now sufficient to equip every member of the Swiss Army with fifteen thousand forks.

1948. Shades of old Bovril: any officer or man refusing to sell forks door to door is summarily dismissed from the service (*Fig. 17*).

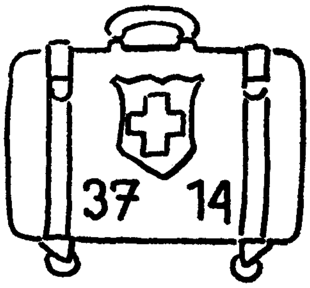


Fig. 17—Swiss Army-fork sample case.

1949. The potato peeler returns; cigar cutter, awl, and golf tee are added, and the emblem is doubled in size. Selected cutlers and silversmiths augment soldiers in the selling force.

1950. The last tungsten Swiss Army fork. The chromium age arrives. Ground is broken for the new Bern factory.

1956. Löffelbein forms the Marketing Corps. The five-tined pie fork with fish-fork attachment is in the stores by Christmas (*Fig. 18*).

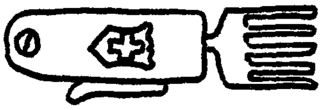


Fig. 18—Five-tined Swiss Army pie fork with fish-fork attachment (not seen in this view).

1957. It is Löffelbein's adjutant, Thibault, who must read the midnight cable aloud, in a room where one could hear a fork drop. Triumph! The terms are acceptable. The Hoffritz order is confirmed.

—Bruce McCall

A HOUSE ABROAD

WHEN I was a child I imagined houses, one after the other, in which I lived and had lived in other ages. They were mine, and yet I did not own them. I did not have to believe anything about them. They disappeared, and returned if I remembered them, which seemed as natural as the going and coming of day.

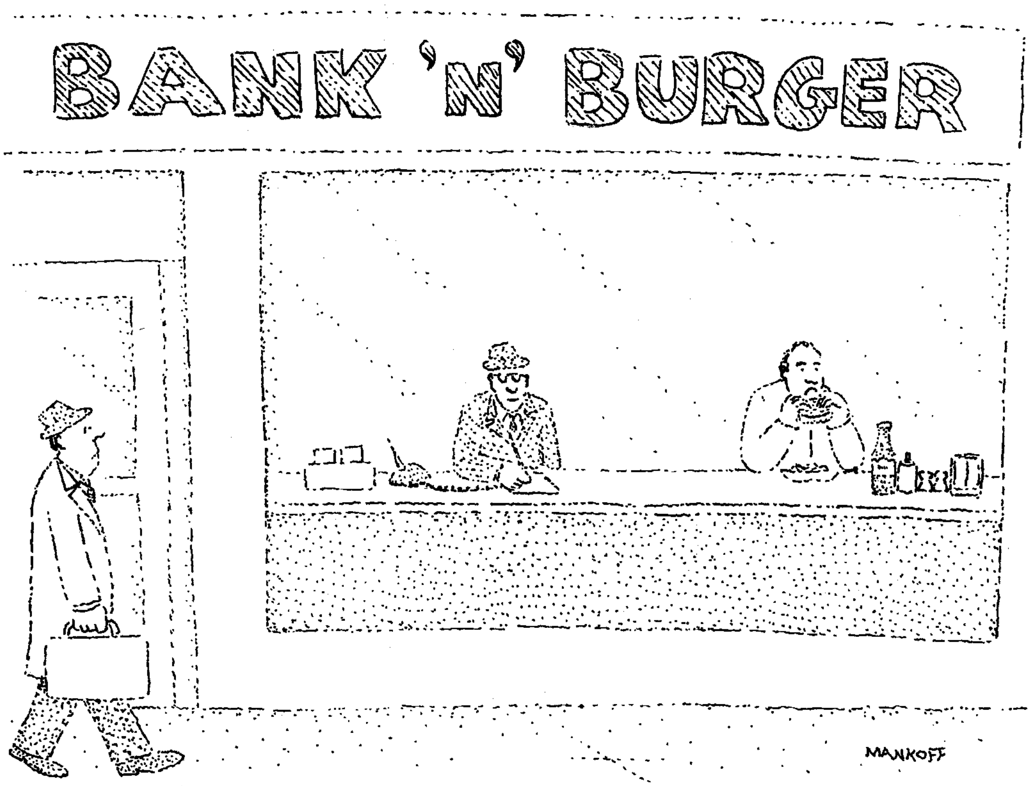
But halfway through my twenties I found that, without having altered the precarious economy that had been mine since college, I had become the owner of a house, in disrepair, but built of stone. In France. On a high ridge, looking out over the valley of a river. With some land and trees and barns. The surprise of having it never altogether left me, whatever I learned about it and remembered of how I had come to it.

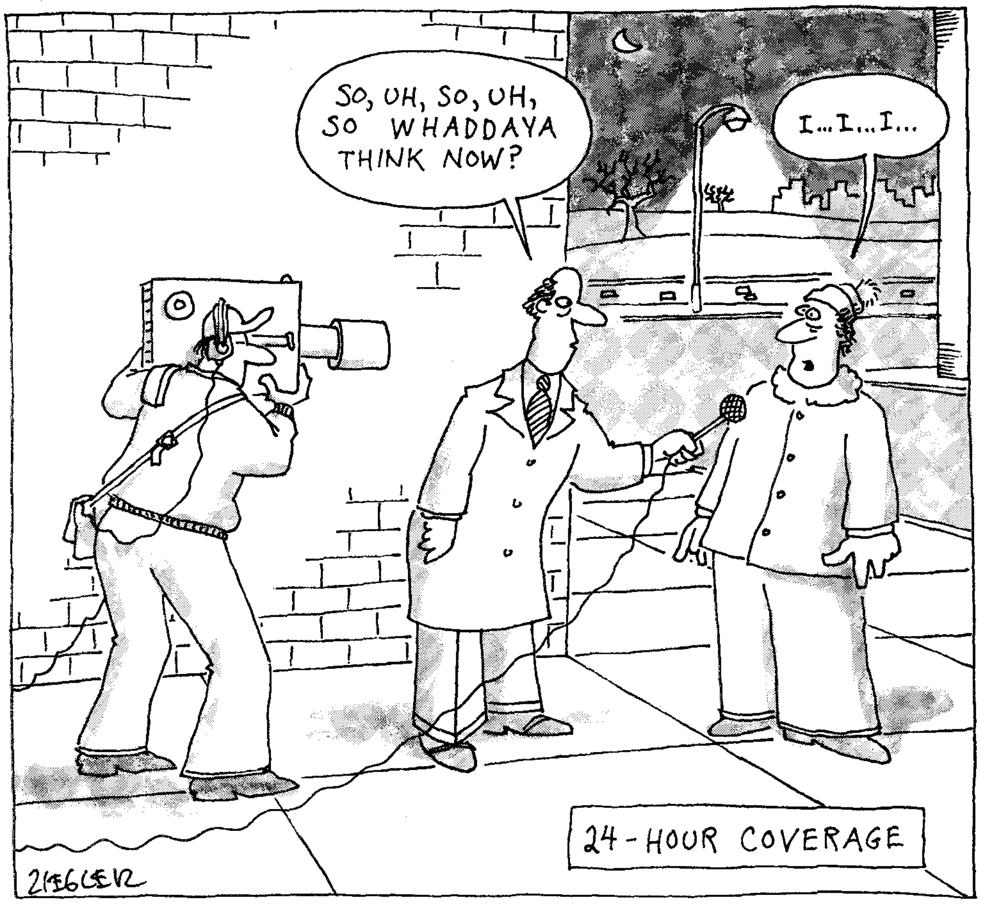
In ancestry of that acquisition, I think first, always, of Margie, my mother's cousin, one of the few members of my mother's family whom I ever met. Margie, a generation older than my mother, had taught school for most of her life. She visited us at intervals and spent part of one winter with us, when I was ten. She was tall, straight, handsome—my mother said she was statuesque. A woman of measured words and imposing character. While she was with us she supervised my sister and me at our homework, with special attention given to my unreliable arithmetic. She left long before spring, for Florida, where she spent her last years, and I never saw her again. The year after the end of the Second World War she died, and to my mother's astonishment no less than mine her will named me as her sole heir. To a few silver spoons, one trunk full of clothes, and—after the expenses had all been paid—something over twelve hundred dollars. I was nineteen. My mother put the money into savings bonds. She said I did not need it at that point, and she was right.

Then there was a friend in college, a French boy whose father, a journalist, had been killed in France, in the Resistance, toward the end of the war. His companion on his final mission, an American, undertook to keep an eye on the man's widow and two children, which was how my friend happened to be at an American university. The year I graduated, his American mentor needed a tutor for his own nephew, who had missed a year in school. Through my friend's recommendation I got the job, and the following summer it again took me to France, and led to other posts of the same kind, which paid little but occupied only the mornings.

Having got to Europe, I contrived to stay there, tutoring, translating, writing for the English radio, earning a scant living and saving nothing, but managing it on my own time. And after exactly five years abroad I was in southwest France one July, with a car so old that bets were made about it. That part of the country was still referred to by its inhabitants (and seldom, yet, by the Tourist Bureau) as the Quercy, after a tribe of Gauls whom the Romans called the Cadurci. It is a region of rivers that flow, for long curving stretches, beneath pale cliffs dropping from upland plateaus. Small, rapid streams, like the forested Corrèze and Vézère to the north, and then broader currents, great shining emanations of the whole terrain—of the caverns underground as well as of the hills and pastures and woods under the sky. These rivers—the Dordogne, the Lot, and the Tarn—flow westward from the extinct volcanic peaks of the Auvergne to join the Garonne and the Gironde near the Bordeaux vineyards, and then empty into the Atlantic.

I was staying in a village on the south shore of the Dordogne, a river that flows from a peak in the Monts Dore, the Golden Mountains. The pension-hotel had been a castle and an abbey. The walls enveloped an ancient church with a famous tympanum carved from local marble. Fénelon had lived in the building and is supposed to have written about the island in the river just below. It was a rainy summer, and the lush woods near the water hung over the road, green, dark, full of green light and bowing green dusk, with openings framing sights of sloping bright pastures shining from inside themselves, red-brown cows with long horns grazing belly-deep in grass and wild flowers. Walls of ruined stone buildings loomed through the foliage: remains of shepherds' huts, vineyard *cabanes*, pigeon towers, farmhouses, barns. The nearest large city, Limoges, was seventy miles to the north over steep, narrow mountain roads. In




SO, UH, SO, UH, SO WHADDAYA THINK NOW?
I...I...I...
24-HOUR COVERAGE
ZIEGLER

the region itself only the few main arteries were paved. Even along the river a dirt-and-gravel surface wound through water meadows and woods, with holes and wash-outs in steep places. The hotel put up picnics so that the days were free for exploring.

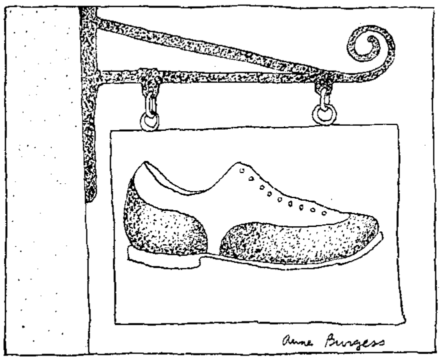
The old car trundled me through the valley and embodied my own strangeness in that time and country. There were few other cars, and most of them were as old as mine, veterans from the thirties that had spent the war jacked up on blocks in sheep barns and garages in market towns, next to phaetons and carts. When I stopped by fields, under trees, there was no sound of motors anywhere but only the whisper of the river; rustling of leaves and grass; birdsong; the sounds of dogs and cows in the distance. In the afternoons flocks of sheep and family-sized herds of cows—fours, fives, sixes—took the road in their good time, browsing the rich foliage over the ditches, moved along by children or by old men or women with long sticks. When the rain stopped for over a day there was haying in the meadows: cows with long crocheted face masks to protect them from flies waited, yoked in pairs to two-wheeled blue hay wagons with slanting racks fore and aft, for the load to be built behind them, and they started home as the shadows stretched out across the newly shorn stubble. They had the right-of-way of the winding roads, which they blocked completely. On the hills the cows leaned into each other, shoulder to shoulder. Bunches of hay hung in the trees that bent over the road. Later, when the cows were in their barns being milked, young owls appeared on the shadowy road and stood staring along it, as the nightingales began, late in their season.

The smell of barns drifted even through the market towns that were themselves not much larger than villages, and in the evenings cows swayed through the streets guided by peasants with the same long sticks. Pigs grunted behind arched cellar doors, and were butchered in back alleys, with groups of experts standing around, and the cobbles running blood. The farm dogs appeared to be a random mixture, but many of them had one pale and one dark eye. They knew their jobs. They ate soup. The language on the farms was a patois descended from a Languedoc tongue older than the French of Tours and Paris. But the word "peasant," with its heritage of poverty and of scorn from other classes that still sap and abuse the peasantry, had been replaced, in courteous use, by the phrase "country people." They dominated the fairs as well as the farms. Even in town they sat at table with their berets on, and the men held the huge wheels of bread to their chests and cut them with the clasp knives from their pockets, pulling the blades toward them. Bread swelled in the soup, and when they had finished they sluiced out the bowls with wine and drank it off. They were proud of what they called their *polyculture:* they grew everything, from the corn and wheat, and giant forage rutabagas for their animals, to their own black wine and their firewood. Their cash crops were milk and walnuts, wool and lambs, plums, tobacco. The year turned through their harvests. It was common for families to have land scattered here and there—plowland and pasture and woods—and several houses, one of which might be used for drying tobacco and storing corn and potatoes and old furniture. They had survived the German Occupation without servility or shame. In the Middle Ages the quality that was said to distinguish the Quercynois was *douceur*—something more than gentleness and closer to its literal rendering: sweetness.

ACROSS the river, in a village just raised above the valley plain, a gaunt white-bearded Englishman of seventy, who looked as D. H. Lawrence might have looked if he had attained that age, lived in a long old farmhouse that he had bought after some years of managing an estate elsewhere in France, before the war. He had been involved, in his own way, in the English organic-farming-and-gardening movement, and he cultivated his large vegetable garden and his fruit trees with absorbed devotion, as the fulfillment of a faith. He regarded the region as a last promised land, and revered the old ways of the peasants with their soil and their animals, with their food, and with each other. At the beginning, he said, he had fixed up his house but he had no furniture to put in it, and he mentioned the matter to his neighbors. Soon afterward the town crier, in the village square, after a roll on the drum, had announced that those who had old furniture they didn't want would do well to bring it out to show to the bearded Englishman; and he had furnished his house that way, for a sum he could afford. Solid pieces carved from walnut and cherry which had reflected the kitchen fires of generations—some of them fresh from more recent use as rabbit hutches. Now there were two houses in the vicinity that he had agreed to try to sell for their owners.

I went to see them. It seemed far from credible that I could buy—could own—a house in the French countryside, even though the prices then were low. They were very low. Partly, I discovered, because there were empty houses everywhere, in various stages of disrepair, and most of the owners had never thought of selling them and found it hard to believe that anyone from outside the region might want to live in one of those old places. Would I? I was not at all sure, and neither of the ones that the Englishman had to offer presented a temptation. But by the time I had seen them I had begun to play at looking for a house, and I went on playing at it—somebody always knew of another one. It was a pretext for getting to talk with the people and see the villages and the farms and the insides of the buildings. The architecture had changed little, it was said, between the time of the Black Prince and the First World War, and almost nothing had been built since then. Pretending I wanted a house there allowed me to imagine living there, rather than being a tourist, and I had no trouble persuading myself that it was a relatively harmless fantasy. Thoreau said he had had the refusal of several farms, which was all he wanted of them—and perhaps it was, finally.

The search, and my own more general curiosity, led up out of the valley onto the plateau above it, the *causse*. The valley life had risen from the deep soil of the river plain and had some of its softness. The soil of the *causse*, in most places, was a thin layer of red clay, hard, and full of chunks of limestone, over a bed of pure limestone that stretched south some thirty miles to the valley of the Lot, and was the roof of a network of caverns, underground rivers, and tunnels, as intricate as the inside of a loaf of bread. The stone was everywhere, and everything was built of it. Freshly turned up by the plow, it was stained by the rusty shades of the soil. The rain washed it pale gray or yellowish white. Broken, it had the bluish stare of cracked bones in a butcher shop. It weathered to darker grays like long-dead branches, or to a lighter golden gray, and lichen, moss, ivy grew over it. Walls, and the ruins of walls, knee-high, waist-high, shoulder-high, ran everywhere, embraced the smallest field and pasture, pig run and patch of garden, skirted huge walnut trees, vanished into oak woods. There were so many stones that what appeared to be buildings in some of the fields turned out to be structures of solid dry masonry, reared in order to get the stones out of the plowland. Some of the barnyards were slabs of solid rock, sloping to pools with a little stagnant water in them where ducks waded. The heat shimmered like the leaves, and the middle of the day resounded with cicadas and the tonkle of distant sheep bells, and smelled of box and hay.


Anne Burgess

LISTENING BY A WOODPILE, NIGHT OF MOON AFTER SNOW

Having done all I can for now
to these trees,
I almost hear the cold
drive a crackling star
through one face of a log
and out the other,

almost think I see
a shadow flick
into some hallway of oak
where the cat Blackie
sniffs, her tail flexing
the question of field mice.

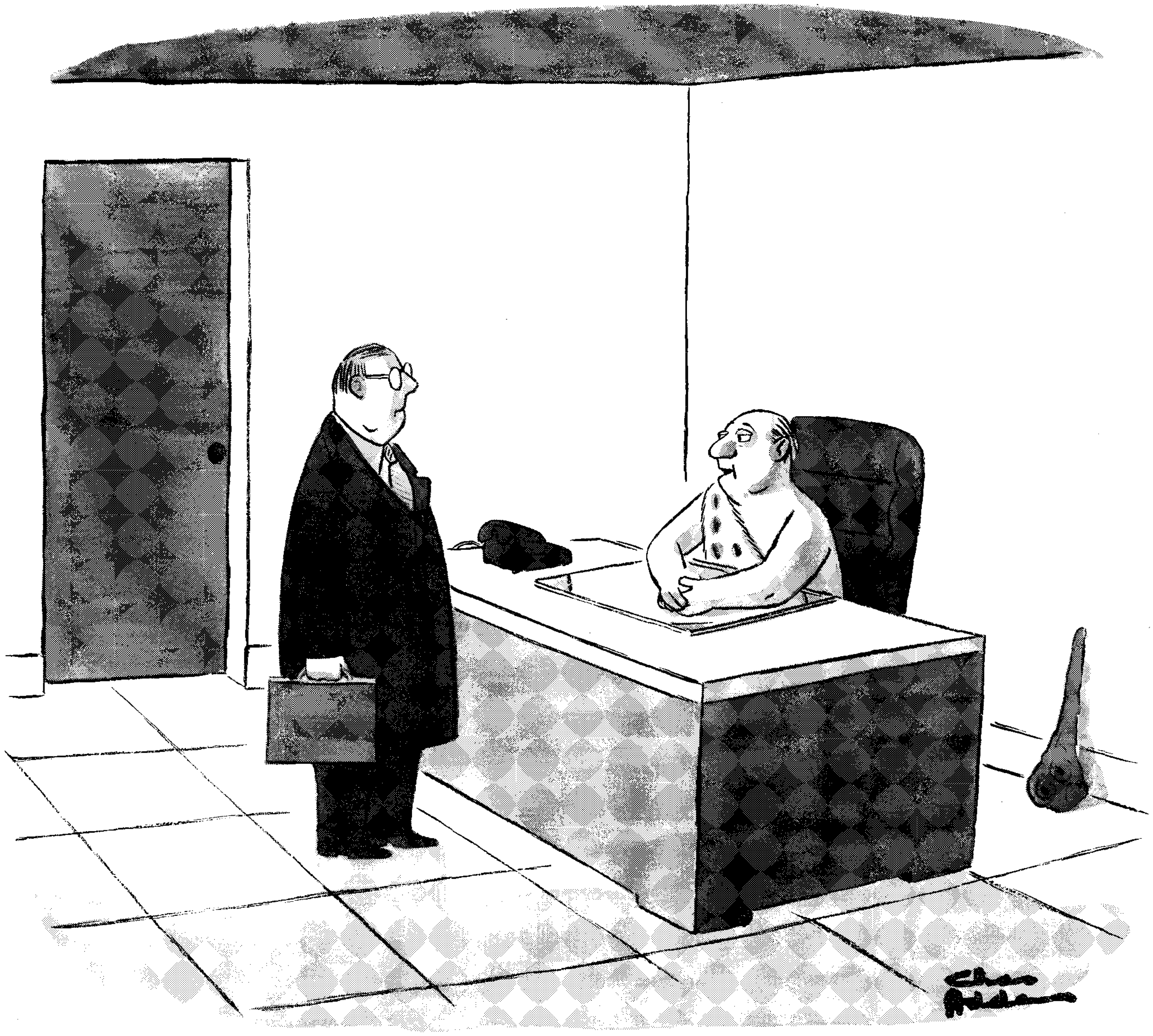
I think of a snake's suit
hung on this bark
last September, and all of them
sleeping down there
in the dark, rolled tight as
the insides of baseballs.

In a few weeks I'll listen here
for killdeer off the river,
watch for their formal collars,
their rumps like moments of sundown
caught in iced cow prints
in the field across the way.

Then these mushroom-covered
chunks, which remind me
of oyster-bearing rocks,
will break to the fragrant
abiding scripture of the trees.

—BRENDAN GALVIN

• •



"Oh, nothing much, Frank. What's new with you?"

• •

A potholed lane passing under the limbs of two rows of old walnut trees led toward empty sky. On the way, off to the left, across fields, I could make out a few dark-red and slate-gray roofs of a hamlet. I stopped before I reached it, pulled the car off the lane, and left it in deep grass, by a wall. The hamlet lay along the edge of the *causse*, overlooking a vast expanse of valley. Hundreds of feet below was the river, and on a hill out in the plain a castle of red stone. Just in front of me, set back from the lane and its walnut trees and tumbled wall, two long stone barns on the break of the slope, each flanked by a small square tower, eclipsed the valley. Beyond them, toward the village, thickets of brambles half again as high as a door almost hid the roofs of a cluster of farm buildings. Last of all I saw, below the lane, the roof of the one that was the house.

Brambles and ivy had grown far up the dark tiles, some of which had fallen away. The side of the building facing uphill toward the lane was invisible, sunk in a dense tangle of brambles and black bryony. A smaller lane led down past it, and from the set of the roof I could see that the house looked out above the tops of unkempt plum and walnut trees to the broad valley spread out like a reflection below. A dead stick helped part the brambles, some of the stems as thick as a thumb. I pushed through to the door, weathered darker than the gold-gray stone. Beside it an opening in the wall had been bricked up, except for a small square, through which I peered and saw pieces of fallen wood, a cracked plaster partition, planks of a flight of stairs to a loft, gaps in the floor, and a corner of window opening, under an arch on the far side, where the light came through a curtain of ivy. Making my way back through the brambles, I looked up. Standing in the long dry grass between the barns and the lane was an old man, watching me. Straw hat, round lined face, Gaulish mustache,

sloped shoulders in a black jacket faded to shadow color, blue shirt open at the collar, baggy gray trousers, a sash like a bandage, an expression neither hostile nor welcoming. The noon sunlight of the *causse* bleaches the colors from everything, but in my mind he stands out from the surroundings, clear and sharp. He died over a year ago.

He was polite, without giving anything away. He said that he was a neighbor, and that he did not see any harm in looking at the house. He did not volunteer information, but he went on standing there and answered questions while he looked me over. No one had lived in the house for thirty-five years. It had last been used, a while back, for drying tobacco. At one time it had been the village school. That was where he had learned to read and write, in that house. A nun had taught there, a sister. Maybe that was why there were crosses on the ends of the roof, or maybe they were there just because somebody put them there. He had the use of the barns for hay, and for his animals in the winter. The place belonged to a woman who had grown up there and now lived in a small nearby town, with her husband, who was retired.

IN the next days, through the haying weather, I came again several times to the wall by the barns, ate lunch under the walnut trees, and floundered through the brambles to the hole in the patch of brickwork. There were birds everywhere: black-capped and white-throated warblers; redstarts, wrens, robins, and swallows; nuthatches; blue, great, long-tailed, and coal tits; green woodpeckers, blackbirds, shrikes. Nightingales sang close at hand in the middle of the day. I explored elsewhere. I met people who took me to other houses, some of which were beautiful, and I talked with some of the owners, but the game was still a game. The abandoned farmhouse looking out over the valley was the one that kept coming to mind most often, and I thought I should at least see whether I could talk with the owner, if only in the hope of seeing it from inside.

The neighbors' directions led to another lane off the narrow *causse* road, and a modernized, stuccoed house surrounded by bits of lawn and ornamental garden. I learned at once, from the trim, energetic, gray-haired woman I had come looking for, that she and her husband, the Colonel, had lived in the colonies throughout his career, and that since his retirement he had been working as an official selling tickets at one of the famous caverns where tourists descended in an elevator and stepped into boats for a trip along an underground river. She watched through her smile, but she appeared to accept and approve of my interest in the house, to welcome it, though with a slight surprise. And she told me where to get the key, from a retired railroad employee who lived at the crossroads near the hamlet and picked the plums in the early summer and gathered the walnuts in the autumn.

He was sitting out on the half-moon stones of his doorstep, a few feet off the road: a short man of wonderful rotundity and labored breath, with a black patent-leather-visored railroad employee's cap on the back of his head. A strawberry nose presided over his face. Full round lips sunk behind cheeks that almost swelled his eyes shut, so that it was no distance to smile. The last wet half inch of a home-rolled cigarette moved from his lower lip to his fingers and back again as though it were lit. He heaved himself up, quaking with good will. He said he was in retirement. He laughed at everything either of us said, wheezed amiably, and said he would be happy to accompany me to the house. He settled into the car, for the half-mile ride, with visible satisfaction. He held the big key in his fist like a sceptre. He talked, pausing only to pull in another breath; his voice was a deep nasal croak. He wanted me to admire the place he was in charge of. He said he grew his potatoes there.

He wanted me to be impressed also with the fact that he did not have the soul of a peasant but was a genuine petit bourgeois. That was the faith in which he lived and planned to die. He fetched a sickle to hack at the brambles. I had wondered how he could bend over to pick up the walnuts from the grass. I was surprised to see him puff and grunt but manage to open something of a path through the heavy growth. He had been using a sickle all his life. His accent and his way with it were so rich that I missed half of what he said, and he was hard of hearing, so that despite his talk I learned less than I wanted to.

The inside of the house would not have been alluring except that it was the inside of that house. Three rooms, each with a fireplace, though only the central one was old and massive, with a huge beam for a mantel. And each room with large, treacherous holes in the floor. There was a tiny window in the main fireplace. He called that room the kitchen. The cooking had been done on the open fire, and the stone arch had once been the place for washing dishes; there was a stone drain at the foot of the wall. From the window opening I looked out through the ivy and across to the ridge on the far side of the valley, miles away, and down through the walnut leaves to the river.

Parts of the brick-and-plaster partitions had fallen. I climbed to the loft and skirted more gaps in the floor, fringed with rotted wood. A gable window, and once more the view of the valley and the river. On the basis of what I had learned in recent conversations with owners, most of the beams appeared to be sound. And the walls—stone, two feet thick—seemed solid, as my guide assured me they were. Outside once more, he told me what good potatoes he grew there, and—winking—that there was a fine cellar under the whole house, but too overgrown to get into at the moment. In the autumn he made eau-de-vie

bounce
bounce
bounce
bounce
bounce
cheer
cheer
cheer
Dash
Dash
Dash
Wisk
Wisk
Wisk
Wisk
Fresh Start
Fresh Start

from the plums, he said, and he promised me a drop.

SEVERAL days after that visit, I went back to see Mme. the Colonel and the Colonel himself, toward the end of the afternoon, and sat on a modern chair and was served homemade ratafia, thick and gold, and store cookies. Yellow panes in the windows colored the light. Orange flowers glowed on the curtains and upholstery. The Colonel was tall, white-haired, soft-voiced, gentle. We talked of the region. I could hear that what they said of it they had said many times before. Perhaps both of them were used to talking to tourists who came to take the boat ride in the caverns. We touched on the salient facts of our lives, reassuring each other cliché by cliché. They insisted that I have more ratafia, more cookies. I supposed that the Colonel would be prudent and cautious, and that she might be tightfisted, and I saw that it mattered to me, though I still could not imagine that they would sell the house for any sum that I could hope to offer. I had wondered whether she would be willing to sell it separately from the barns, or even apart from all the other buildings, just as it was, but I decided to leave that proposal for later on. They were pleased that I had liked the house upon closer inspection, as though they had made it ready for me. She spoke of the guardian with a shrug of deprecation and a laugh, and of the neighbors with an automatic scorn. They were backward, she said, and it was due to nothing but their own lack of drive. That was the way they were. I asked her at last whether she would consider selling the place. The Colonel turned to her, to make it clear that the decision was entirely up to her.

She said that the house had come to her from her own mother and that she herself had been born there and had grown up there; her eyes filled. But she said she had thought of selling it, for someone to take care of it. Once she had almost sold it to a lady, and then the lady had changed her mind. That had been some years before. She would not sell it to someone who wanted to resell it and make money on it. But she would consider selling it to someone who wanted it to live in. I assured her that I had neither the wish nor the capacity to speculate, and that if the house were to become mine I would hope to live in it. She nodded, inspecting me again, no doubt trying to imagine me living there. I asked her how much she would sell it for. She said that she was not interested in making a big profit on it, and that if she sold it, it would be for the same sum she had agreed on with that lady, the other time. She named a figure that I recognized as exactly the amount, in francs, that Margie had left me. We looked at each other for a moment and then shook hands.

IN time I came to know the particular ritual and moral importance of the handshake on the *causse*. At fairs in the market towns, on cold foggy mornings in late autumn, peasant men in thick corduroys and the wide new-looking berets worn on Sundays and at weddings and funerals, smoke from hand-rolled cigarettes drifting past their creased faces, would clamber over the sides of pens and wade through the gray, heaving, bleating eddies of ewes and lambs—the old *caussenard* breed, with long legs and Roman noses—clutching at a backbone here and there to judge how dense the meat was along the spine. Bids and rejections would fly back and forth, and at some point in the bargaining one of the participants would try to snatch another's hand in the course of some emphatic gesture, while the other, if unwilling to conclude the bargain right there, would avoid the grip and fold his hands safely in each other, behind his back. A clasped hand meant a bargain struck firmly and irrevocably, whether the one whose hand was seized meant it to be so or not.

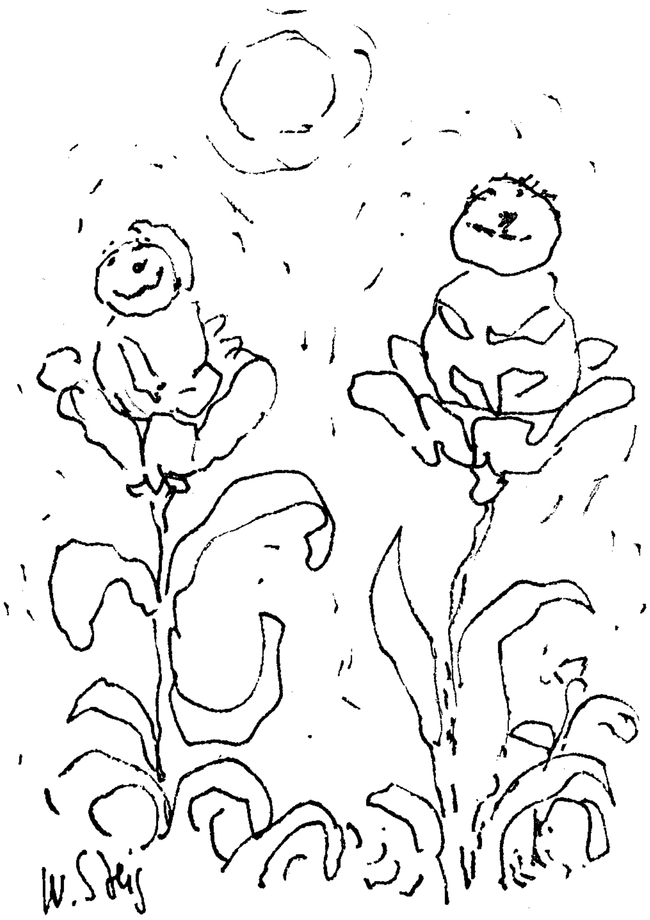
And once Mme. the Colonel and I had agreed on the main concern, she and her husband were at pains to help the details fall into place as comfortably as possible. Of course I would stay to dinner, to celebrate. They led me on a tour of the cement-lined cellar, from which they emerged laden with jars of homemade pâtés and preserved goose and mushrooms—the big rich *cèpes* from the chestnut woods—and snails and truffles and bottles of old wine with which to toast every hope awakened by the transfer. The sum she had named was the price for the whole property: the house, the barns, the other outbuildings, the land around them—all of the old farm except its remaining fields and woods and pastures, which were rented out. The conversation moved back and forth from practical plans for concluding the sale, through what I could look forward to in living there, to the vicissitudes of their long career in the colonies. Mme. initiated me into the ways of finding and preparing snails under what she called my own plum trees, and the mysteries of making eau-de-vie and ratafia. She recounted the tropical diseases from which she had suffered, and became eloquent in telling of the worms that had multiplied in her body and travelled through it extensively, succumbing at last only to drastic medical treatment; their bodies were still there. They were dead, but they went on moving through her very slowly, year by year, and she would carry them with her to her grave. "You can feel them yourself," she told me, and held out her thin aging arm. "Right here," she insisted. "Feel."

Even so, the house was still a long way from belonging to me, or seeming to. Or, rather, though the sale went through easily, I remained a long way from having a live sense that the house was mine. That was not just because of the inevitable pendulum swing back and away from the excitement of finding it and the original fantasies of being there, or because I had to leave almost as soon as the first papers were signed and go back to London to earn a living and some money for basic repairs. Almost from the start the house and the commitments it assumed to France, to rural France, to Europe, began to stir up their opposites in me. I had been away from America for five years and I was homesick. I knew that I did not have enough money to go home and live without forfeiting the self-employed state, the relative independence of the years in Europe. Yet I missed the States, or my own images of the States, in a way that clearly surprised many European friends at the time. I wanted to see what my own country and I had become since I had left. I resisted the tie to Europe even as I made it and elaborated it. That winter I arranged to have the roof of the house, and the floors, repaired, and a rainwater cistern and septic tank built. And the following summer I went back and stayed briefly at a hotel in the valley, visiting the house during the day, to plan the next stage. But I was not caught up, either by the place or by the work. It was duty, most of it. Something I had let myself in for. If I had had a chance, during the couple of weeks I was there, to sell the house for what I had put into it, I would have done so, with some regret but also, I think, with relief: a sense of freedom reclaimed. The next year I did not go there at all. In the spring I was awarded a small fellowship that took me, that summer, to Boston.

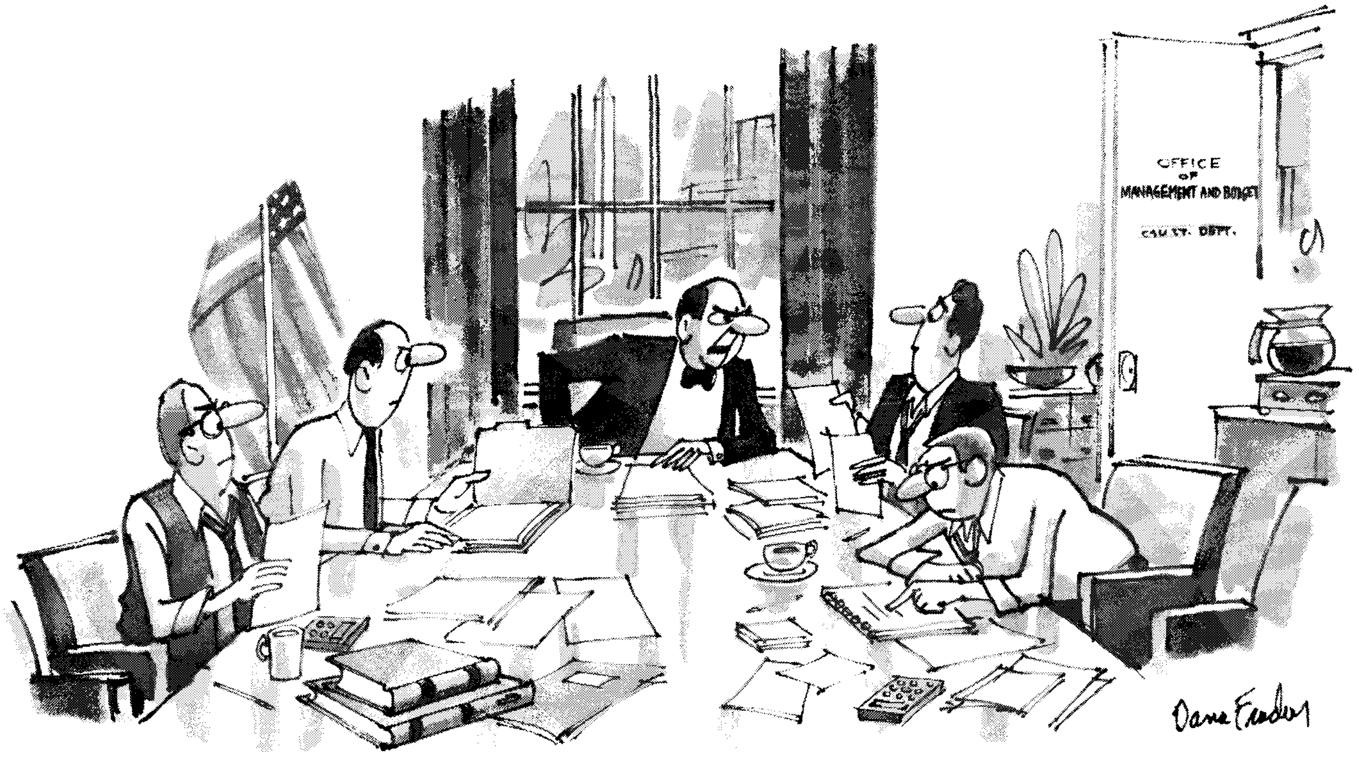
The neglected house was not the only unfinished thing in my life that eventually drew me back, reluctantly, and with all the old reservations and misgivings intact, to Europe. It had been almost four years since Mme. the Colonel and I had shaken hands in agreement when I returned to France, planning to stay in the house until the frost. I had an exhausted closed Bedford delivery van painted dull blue with yellow wheels, a somnolent, sullen hulk that required prolonged cranking through a hole in the front bumper before it could be persuaded, suddenly, to lurch into its routine of bangs and shudders. At its best, on a smooth road, it sounded like a despondent coffee grinder. It was loaded to the sinking point, and I had been driving since daybreak when I made the turn at the crossroads once again in the first twilight and, with a joy that startled me, recognized at the western end of the lines of walnut trees the piece of empty sky. I eased the behemoth through the long grass inside the walls along the lane and down the slope to the space—cleared of brambles—in front of the door, and let myself in with the long iron key.

House scent of lime and wood aged in shadow. There was no glass in the windows. The floors were covered with rubble from the partition that had been taken down to transform two of the rooms into a single large one with two fireplaces. Swallows had nested above a green tin hanging lampshade, converting it into an atoll of white droppings. Bats whispered in the beams. I unlashed a rusted cot from the roof of the truck and made my bed between the main door and the big fireplace, in the middle of the main room. The hum of the day on the road drained away. The breeze through the windows smelled of rain and leaves and evening. As the light went, the blackbirds called, and then the first long notes of the nightingales began.

I lay in the dark, listening to the cowbells in the pastures, owls, the flight of bats like a flapping of tongues, the creaks of the old building accustomed to communing with itself. It was the first night, for me, under that roof. I was alone in the cool darkness of the upland, afloat among the farms and woods. The good of lying there in the night air and the night smells and night sounds of the *causse* and in the immeasurable antiquity of the place was something I had not even imagined. The fluttering of the unseen bats receded as they



Early Blossoms



"Will you please stop saying 'Ouch!' every time we chop something out of the budget?"

• •

left through one of the empty window frames. Already I was displacing them. I had driven hundreds of miles to that particular patch of old splintered floor covered with dust and rubble. Every decision of mine had been leading to that half-finished structure, its shadows, its darkness, its smells of must and wood and night, the clear sounds of those bells, the notes of those nightingales. At the back of my eyes the road kept appearing and then fading, like an early film that broke for longer and longer intervals, while the ivy and the elder leaves rustled against the stones of the walls about which I knew what amounted to nothing.

I wanted it to stay like that. I did not want to start trying to find furniture, not even if I were to be as lucky as the old Englishman had been with the crier, in his village down across the valley, miles and years away. At the same time that schemes for repairs and conversions and amenities rose and flickered, I knew I did not at all want to clear the floor and put panes in the windows, paint the walls, move object after object in through the door and set each in place so as to be convenient and comfortable and pleasing. I did not want to surround myself with all that credibility and to believe in it. I wanted to be there without any of what I had come to put there, and to stay just as I was at that moment in the night of the foreign room that my claim and presence had only begun to alter.

In the morning, as the sunlight came through the opening above the door, I heard the grass swish outside, and a light rap on the parched wood. I raised the latch, to be greeted by the old man who had stared at my first visit to the house, those years before, come now to make me welcome to the village, to show me where he had scythed the grass to the entrance when he had heard I was coming, to offer me tools and hospitality, and to begin to teach me, in a language not my own, what a neighbor is. To tell me, first, as something which he had no trouble accepting, that in the house where he had gone to school I was at home.

—W. S. Merwin

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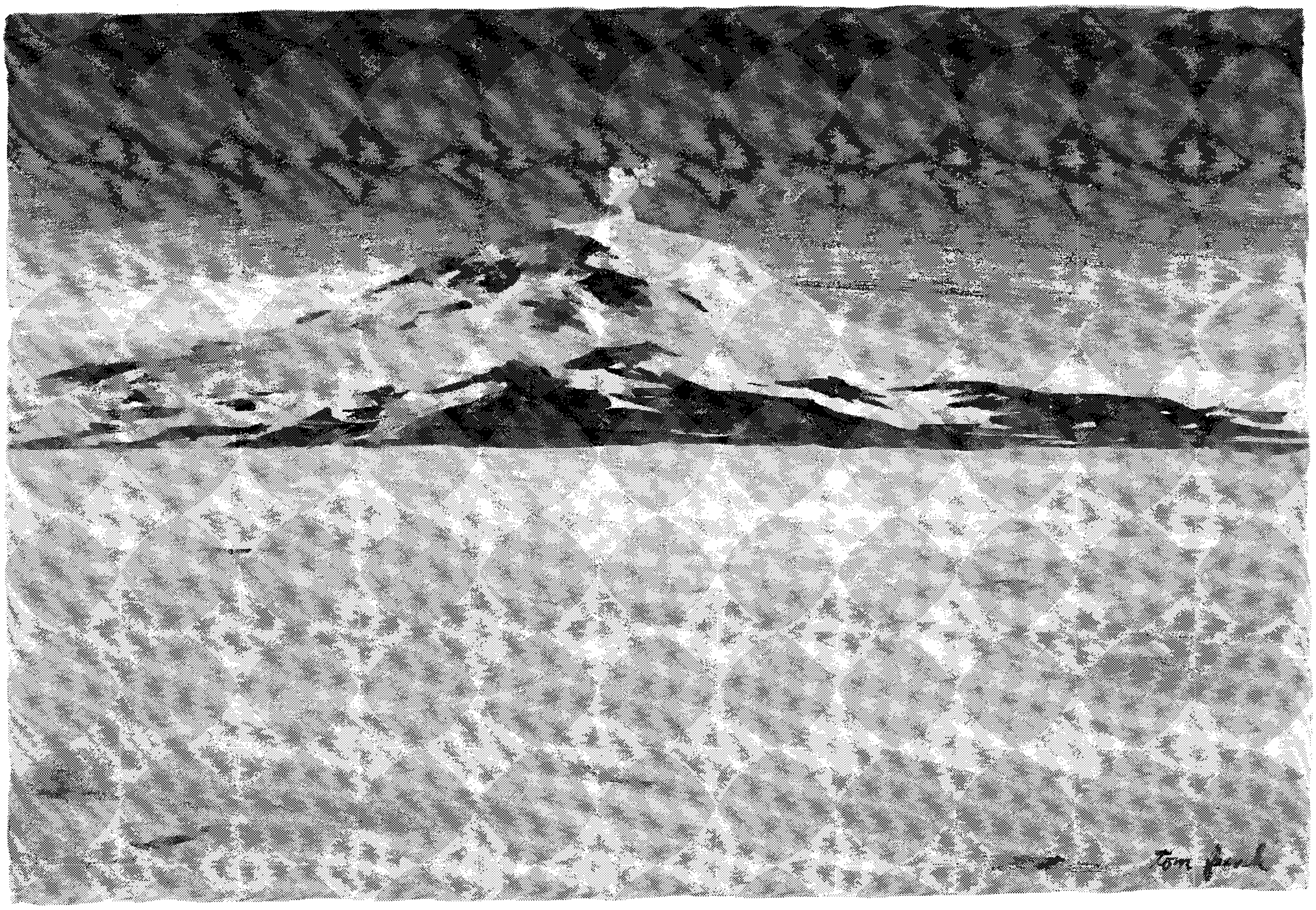
RAIN ON 67TH

The rain smells like good fish swimming off
Long Island, and the lightning does not
apologize; it splits into a couple of clouds.
The roll of thunder collides (though it
doesn't hear it) with screeching powpow
voices of TV programs. But never mind;
the weather is not prejudiced, in spite of
the fact that I am; the unleashed banks
of water whirl past the buildings, and what
blessed pellets of immaculate dew hit somebody's pet Oriental rug. Let us be elated when
gods are sniffing our portals. Big concrete holdouts can't help but let the rain
barrel in and support a tempest, noise, and
wonder, reimbursing no opinion—like thunder
that loves to forget what first it said.

—Jane Mayhall

A REPORTER AT LARGE

SOUTH OF 60 DEGREES SOUTH



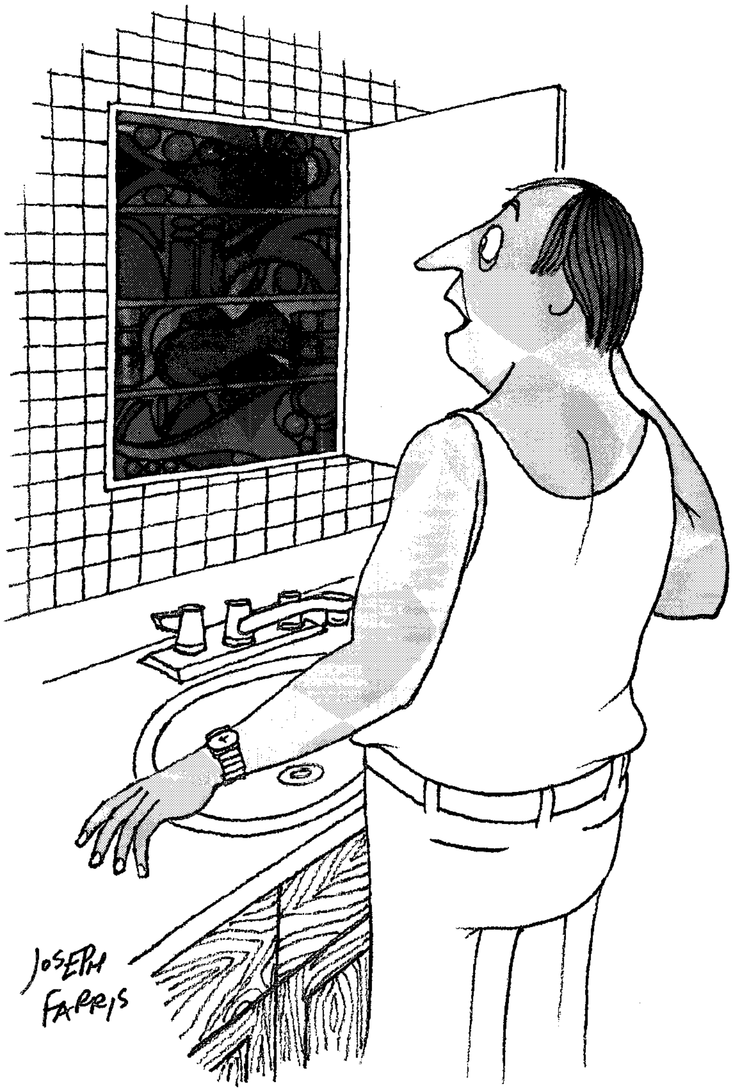
THE American station at McMurdo Sound, Antarctica, started out as a temporary camp, in 1955, and since then it has grown and taken hold, like lichen on a rock. Today, a hundred or so buildings—mostly hospital-green boxes and olive-drab, canvas-covered huts—nestle in the hills that border the frozen sound. From two miles out on the ice, the buildings are invisible against the bare, black slopes of late spring. And the hills themselves are dwarfed by a twelve-thousand-four-hundred-and-fifty-foot ice-covered active volcano that looms above them. Sir James Clark Ross, who discovered McMurdo Sound, in 1841, called this volcano Erebus, after one of his two ships. (The other was called the Terror, and so is a second volcano, nearby.) Erebus is the passage to Hades in Greek mythology. To the beleaguered explorers of the interior in the century that followed, Ross's choice of names must have often seemed apt.

McMurdo is one of four permanent scientific stations that the United States runs in Antarctica. It is the oldest, the largest, and the ugliest. Pipes, wires, and sewer lines crisscross everywhere in the half square mile of town—aboveground, so as not to melt the permafrost. A diesel generator drones twenty-four hours a day, and a steady stream of diesel fuel trickles across the town's main road. The streets are unpaved (asphalt would crack and heave) and consist of iced-over puddles and dust in the early spring and mud later on. The administration building is a graceful ski-chalet design, but the other structures are, without exception, merely functional. The ones used year round have steel walls and sealed windows and foot-thick fibre-glass insulation on the floors. They stand on blocks, to prevent drifting, and also so that they won't melt the permafrost and sag into the softened ground, and they're clamped together with "hold-down anchors"—steel-plate-and-bolt constructions that can withstand winds of two hundred miles an hour. The doors are latched with a foot-long steel swing bolt or a freezer-door handle. They open inward, so that one doesn't have to push or pull them against the wind or snow, and, as a safety precaution, they're never locked. At the airfield maintained by the United States Navy six miles out on an ice shelf that never melts, the buildings have not only freezer-door handles but freezer doors and walls as well. Waiting for a bus in Christchurch, New Zealand, the last stop before Antarctica, I met a disgruntled enlisted man—an airplane mechanic—who complained that he lived in a meat locker on the ice runway. When I got to Antarctica, I realized that he wasn't exaggerating.

Fifty miles across the ice of McMurdo Sound lie the shimmering, astonishingly beautiful mountains of the Royal Society Range. Visible from every part of town, like the cathedral in a medieval city, they draw the eye from the muck underfoot. Sometimes there are two Royal Society Ranges, one on top of the other—a common McMurdo mirage. Other mirages, visible across the enormous expanse of ice on the sound, include objects beyond the horizon which are somehow brought forward—a line of cliffs that seem to be at the base of the mountains, a black hill that appears on the ice just beyond the point of land where the British explorer Robert F. Scott wintered in 1903, a Super Constellation that crashed near the airfield in 1970. The Super Constellation appears from time to time on the ice edge just out of town and stays for a couple of hours.

Seven hundred and fifty people live in McMurdo in the summertime. Of these, nearly half are Navy men (and a few women), many of whom live in a sprawling building that also houses the galley, a "ship's store" (Antarctica is considered sea duty), and a radio-and-TV station run by the Navy. Home for this detachment is Port Hueneme, near Los Angeles. The men spend six months of the year in Southern California and six months in Antarctica, arriving in early October. Officially designated the United States Naval Support Force, Antarctica, they are also known as Operation Deep Freeze, and are there to provide logistical support for the scientific work. Of the civilian population, which is overwhelmingly white and male, about half are employees of the civilian contractor responsible for, among other things, the design and construction of all the buildings in McMurdo as well as the design, construction, and maintenance of the outlying stations and field camps. When I was there, the contractor was Holmes & Narver, a California-based firm. Six months later, at the beginning of the Antarctic winter, I.T.T./Antarctic Services was awarded a five-year contract. A great many Holmes & Narver employees, after some initial resentment at what they saw as the rather abrupt dismissal of Holmes & Narver, signed on with I.T.T. Their first loyalties lay with Antarctica. Most of the male Holmes & Narver employees at the time of my visit were in their middle to late twenties, long-haired veterans of the Alaska pipeline or of raft trips or of jobs on oil rigs in places like Saudi Arabia. They lived in the canvas-covered huts—insulated collapsible structures called Jamesways, which were developed by the Army in 1948. There were sixteen female Holmes & Narver workers, who lived on the second floor of a dormitory called the Mammoth Mountain Inn, in company with fifteen or so other civilian women in McMurdo. Some Holmes & Narver women drove trucks and operated forklifts, some were apprentice carpenters, one worked in the field-party processing center, and one was an apprentice sheet-metal worker. The remaining civilians were scientists—many of them ten- or twenty-year veterans of Antarctica. Their presence was the justification for everyone else's. Some were working in McMurdo, and some were in transit to outlying stations. All were there under grants from the National Science Foundation, which since 1956 has sponsored the scientific programs at the various American stations in Antarctica, under an administrative body known as the United States Antarctic Research Program, or USARP.

Just about every American who goes to Antarctica goes under the auspices of the National Science Foundation. Most arrive in early November, the beginning of the austral summer, and stay for a month or two. The departure point for McMurdo is California. One goes first to New Zealand, and until this year one travelled with the Air Force, in a C-141 cargo jet. The route was indirect, including stops in Hawaii and American Samoa for refuelling, and the air time was seventeen hours. Now the trip is made by commercial plane—it's not much shorter, but it's certainly more comfortable. In Christchurch, one stops off at USARP headquarters to be outfitted with cold-weather gear—big bright-red parka, lined wind pants, down vest, four pairs of gloves, two kinds of boots (lace-up triple-lined canvas mukluks and Mickey Mouse-style white rubber "bunny boots"), balaclava, insulated orange jump suit (for those who will be exposed to prolonged severe cold), hats, scarves, suspenders, wool shirt, layers of waffle-weave long johns—all of which is to be returned on the trip home. The next day, wearing most of this clothing and carrying the rest in orange canvas duffelbags, one boards a



"What's this Louise Nevelson doing in my medicine chest?"

Navy transport plane, a ski-equipped Hercules C-130, for the seven-hour trip to McMurdo.

The temperature is the first thing one notices in Antarctica, and it's also the first thing one comes to take for granted. It's cold or it's colder. According to a 1978 Navy-National Science Foundation memorandum, there are three categories of Antarctic weather: Condition III ("Normal—Severe weather greater than three hours away"), Condition II ("Caution—Visibility less than ½ mile, or sustained wind 30-45 knots, or wind chill temperature lower than −75° F. but higher than −100° F."), and Condition I ("Danger—Visibility zero, or sustained wind over 45 knots, or wind chill temperature lower than −100° F."). A weather bulletin is posted daily in the dorms. If one wakes up and it's Condition I, one walks the several hundred yards to breakfast in a group, holding hands. The most treacherous weather phenomenon is something known as a whiteout, in which light is reflected from a thick cloud cover and back up from the snow, obscuring the horizon and surface definition, and surrounding one with a dazzling whiteness. Someone flying a helicopter during a whiteout can't tell up from down; pilots have been known to drop smoke grenades to determine their altitude only to find that they were a few feet above the ground. Others have flown at full power directly into the ice. What one can see is distorted—a discarded matchbox may look like a tent or a vehicle.

In spite of the capricious and potentially fatal extremes of weather, Antarctica in the summertime generally feels hospitable. Perhaps it is because of the light. Twenty-four hours a day, the sun shines brighter than it does on a midsummer afternoon on Cape Cod. The midnight sun of northern Scandinavia seems unremarkable once one has experienced the Antarctic summer night. In the north, the light is absorbed by the earth's colors and muted by the shadows of buildings and hills and trees. In Antarctica, the sun shines on a flat, treeless, almost entirely white landscape. From October to February, it never sets. At the South Pole, it doesn't so much as dip, circling overhead for six months.

NEARLY every summer morning, Jeanette Thomas, a biologist, and Valerian Kuechle, an electrical engineer, both from the University of Minnesota, drive ten miles out from McMurdo to Hutton Cliffs, in a track vehicle or a truck. One morning, they took along some visitors. "There are four species of seal unique to Antarctica," Thomas explained as we swerved to avoid a large tidal crack in the ice and finally rumbled over it where it narrowed. We were trying to follow a makeshift road on the ice. "The crabeater has one underwater call. The Ross seal has four or five. The leopard seal has four. But the Weddell seal has about thirty-five calls. We're interested in why it has so many—what the calls mean, what you can tell about the animals from the calls." She pointed to something that might have been a large brown slug basking on the ice. "There's one over there," she said.

At Hutton Cliffs, Larry Kuechle, who had been driving, and who was officially the head of the project, went into a hut that had been dragged out to the site earlier in the season. Thomas walked a few hundred yards across the ice to the Weddell seals. There were about sixty—mostly females and pups—lying about near a tidal crack, look-

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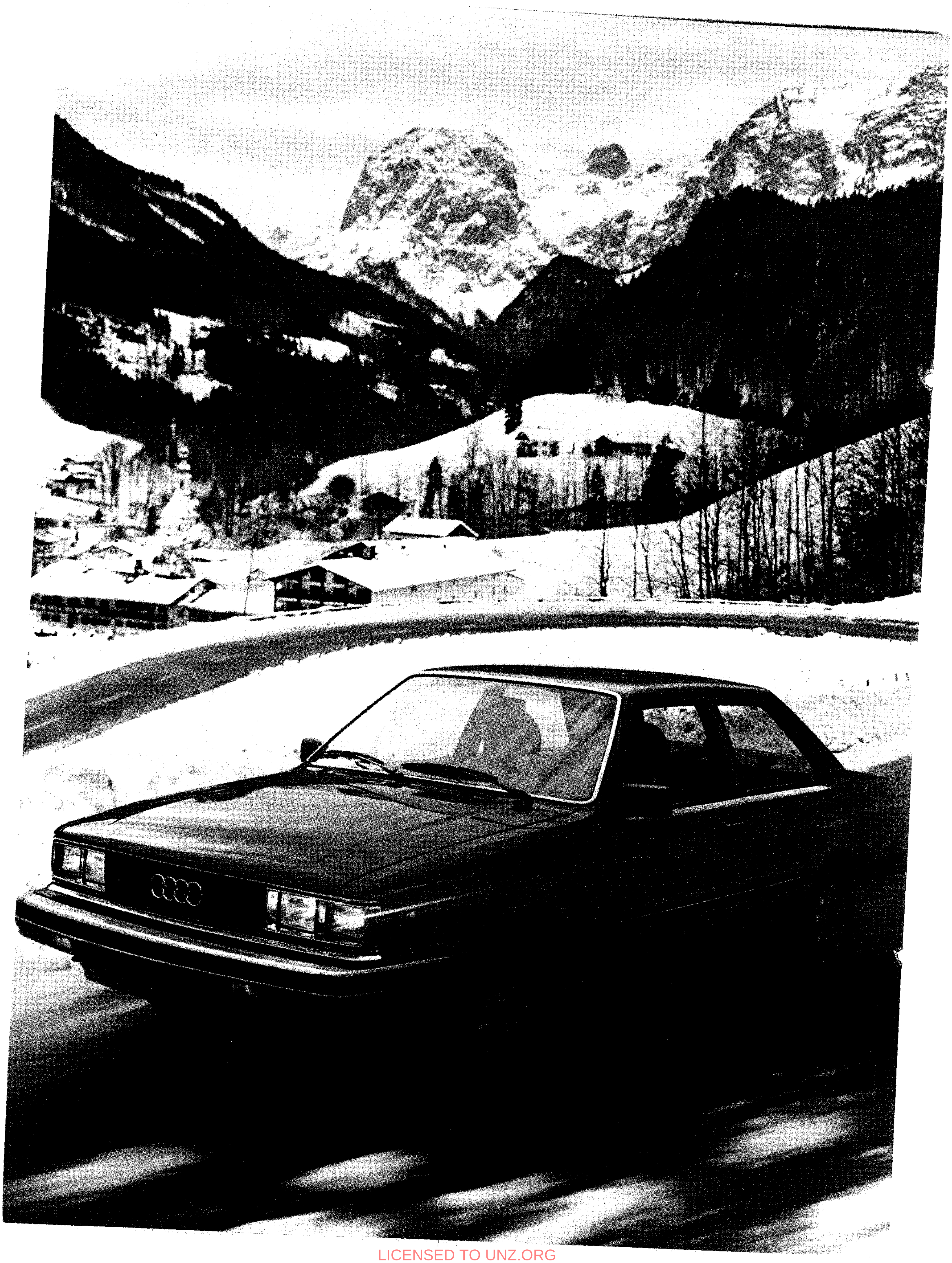

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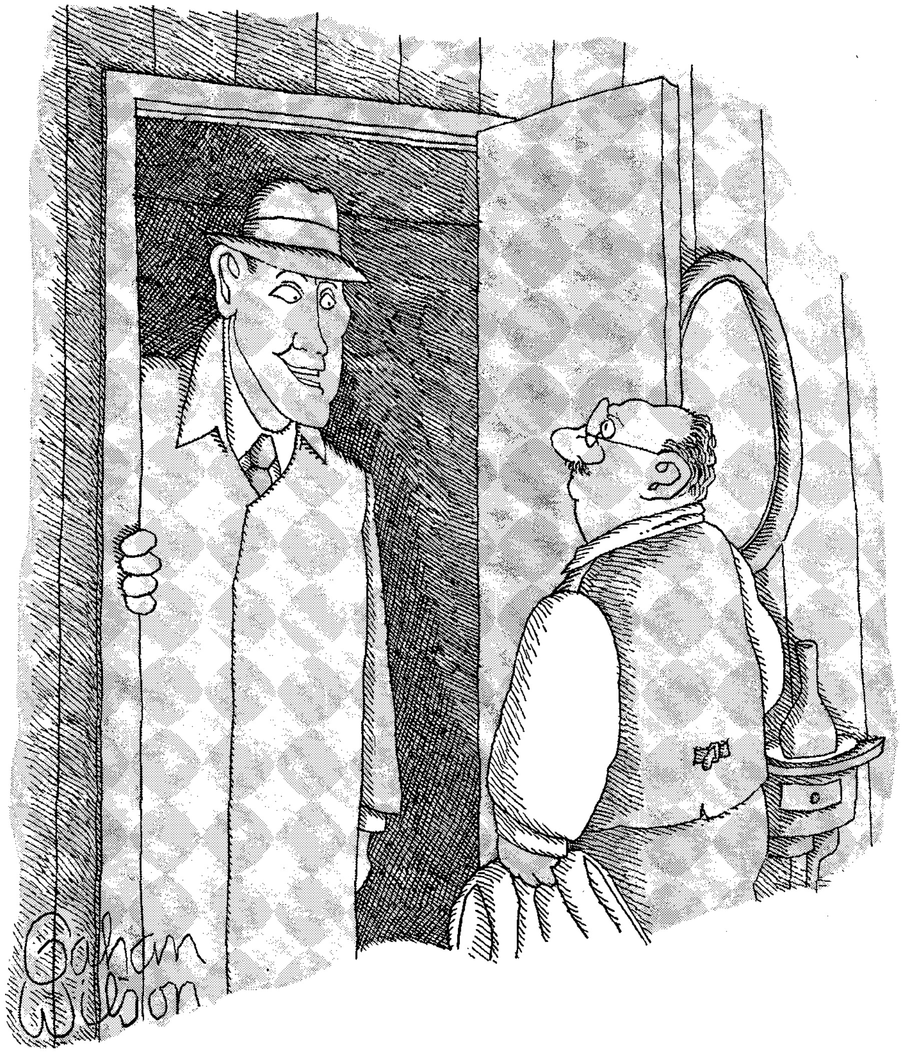

"I'm Special Agent Kerrington, of the F.B.I., Mr. Ently, and I just wanted you to know that we've checked you out and you're a good citizen."

• •

ing like brown velvet sofas waiting for a cocktail party. Close up, we could see that they were huge. "The adults weigh about eight hundred pounds," Thomas said as we walked among them. "The babies weigh about two hundred and fifty right now. They stay on the ice almost until they're weaned. Then the mothers take off and leave them on their own. You can see them learning to swim—learning how to use their flippers." Occasionally, an adult moved, humping along like a fat inchworm. The babies, mottled brown and gray, were slightly more agile.

"This is a threatening call," Thomas said, stepping up to a female, who obliged by raising her head and letting out a long, loud protest. Nearby, a mother gave the same call to another adult seal—a male, presumably—who had got too close to her pup. Thomas indicated a twosome that were exchanging bellows and touching noses. "That's pretty clearly mother-pup recognition behavior," she said. "Most of the calls are underwater. If you stand over here, you may be able to hear them." We gathered around the tidal crack. Through the ice, we heard a resonant trill, then a low-pitched extended chirrup, an occasional chug, and a long, descending whistle, like a jet coming in for a landing. One could almost feel the calls, rather than hear them. "These are exclusively male calls," Thomas said. "Some are a kind of territorial advertisement, some are aggressive, some we think are submissive. Some—well, we just don't have any idea what they are." As if to dramatize this lecture, a male seal poked his head up through the water in the crack, snuffled, bobbed up and down a few times, and disappeared.

It was windy out on the ice, and cold in spite of the brilliant sun, and we were sniffling and wiping our noses on the backs of our gloves, so we started back to the hut. Every Sunday, Thomas said as we walked in, volunteers come out from McMurdo to help count and tag the seals. "That's the only way we know what day of the week it is," she said. Navy pilots, construction workers, other scientists who have the day off or are waiting for their projects to get going all take part, under the supervision of Kuechle and Thomas. One person pulls a canvas bag over the seal's head and then straddles the animal like a rodeo cowboy while Kuechle or Thomas attaches a tag to each of its rear flippers. Then the two of them hoist the seal up on a winch and weigh it. "Bag, tag, and weigh," it's called in McMurdo. "I guess we'll find that there are about four hundred pups and seven hundred and fifty adults in this eighty-mile-square area," Thomas said. "We know that there are twice as many adult females as males." She went on to explain that equal numbers of both sexes are born but the males kill one another off fighting for territory. This combat usually takes place underwater, where the seals also mate, but sometimes there are aboveground battles. Here and there, we could see bloody patches on the snow.

Inside the hut, Thomas poured some hot coffee. She has blond hair and fair skin, and her cheeks and nose were sunburned. Her husband is a biologist, too, she told us. "Douglas DeMaster. He works in the Arctic. He used to work in the Antarctic as well. One year, he was in long johns for nine months straight."

Kuechle, curly-haired and in his early forties, monitors the underwater activity of the seals. He flipped on a twelve-inch television screen connected to a live camera under the ice. At first, the picture was gray fuzz. Then something shot across the screen, diving and twisting. It was a Weddell seal, surprisingly graceful. Kuechle looked pleased—it had arrived right on cue. "We're starting to do some experiments to see if seals use their calls to echo-locate," he said, turning on a videotape recorder. "We know that some whales and dolphins do, but apparently seals don't." On a second screen was a vaguely defined fish dangling on a heavy line. "This is something we did last week. We put down a crude piece of bait—a fish that looks like the skuas got to it—and set

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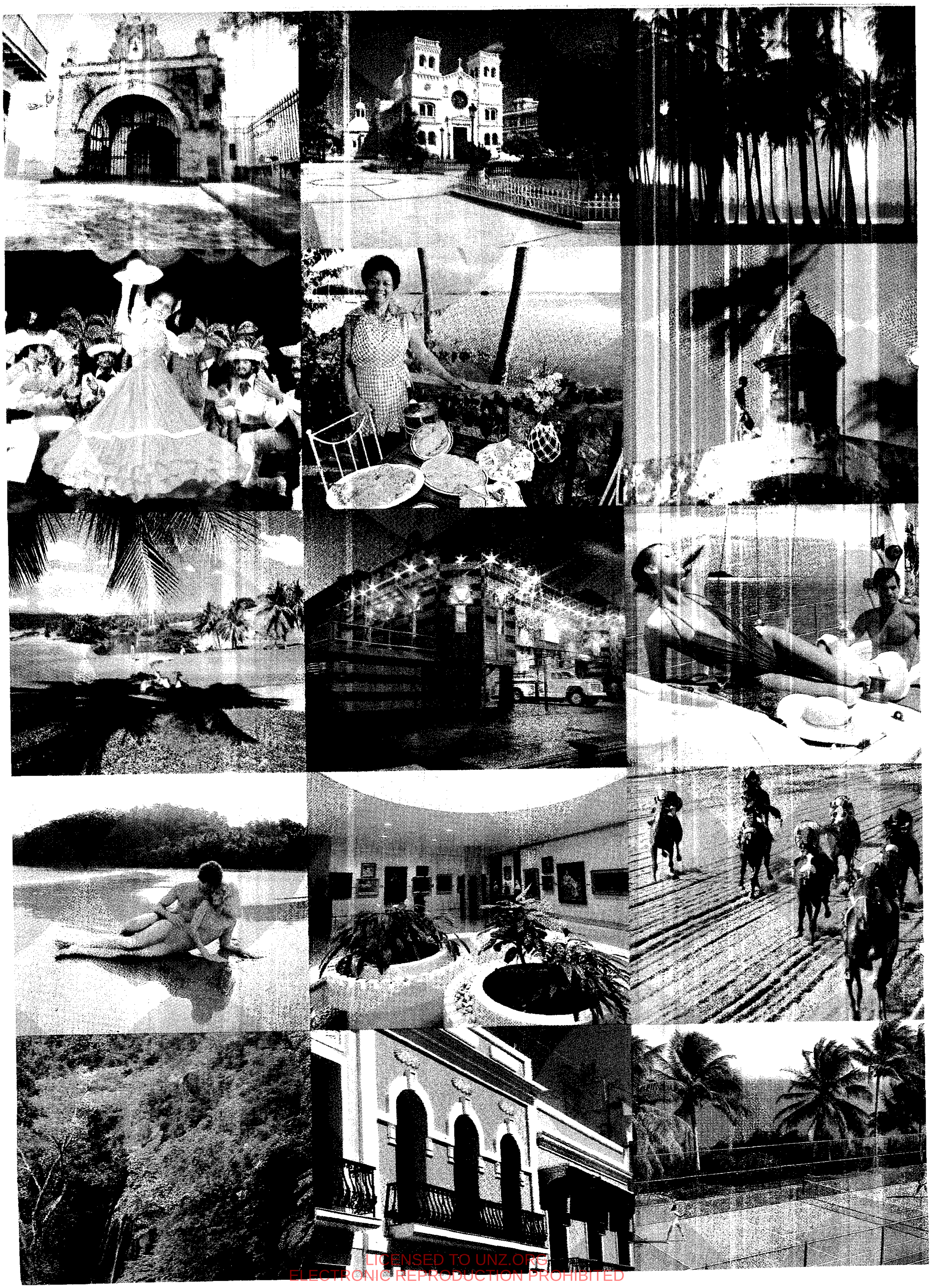

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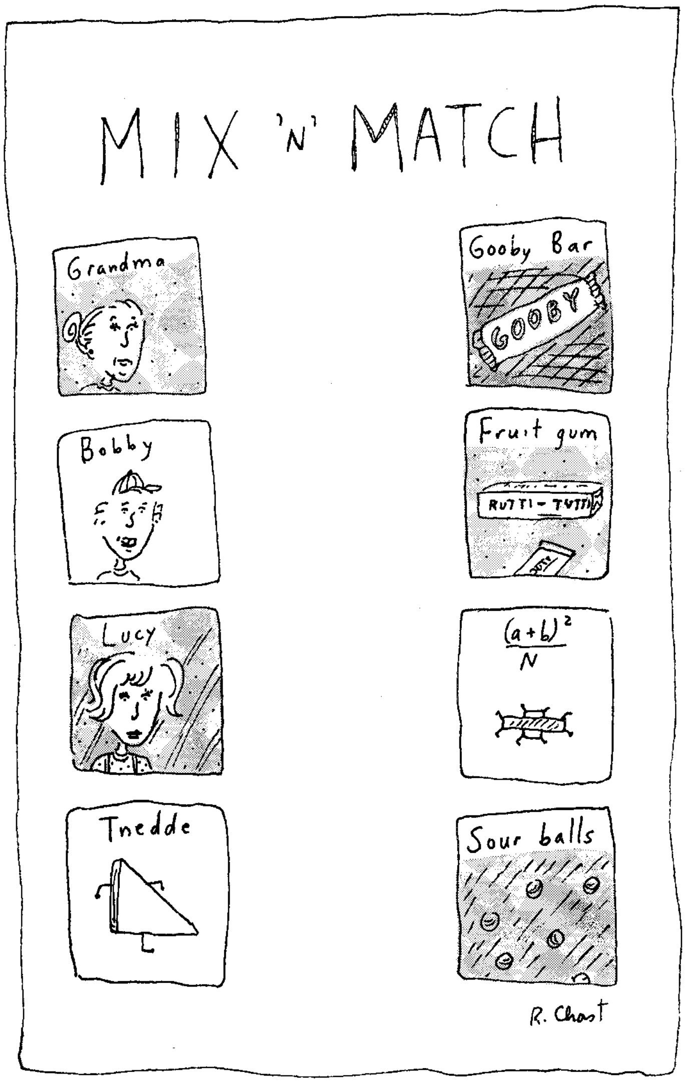
up the camera in front of it. We put the fish in the water, and indeed a seal did come right up and grab the fish. But he didn't emit one sound." Kuechle watched for a few seconds. A seal swam in, grabbed a hunk of the fish, and noiselessly disappeared. "That doesn't mean that they don't echo-locate," Kuechle said. "We got some interest from the seal, so we're going to refine the experiment—use a finer line and another fish." The implication seemed to be that the seals might be more inclined to exclaim at the sight of a fresher meal.

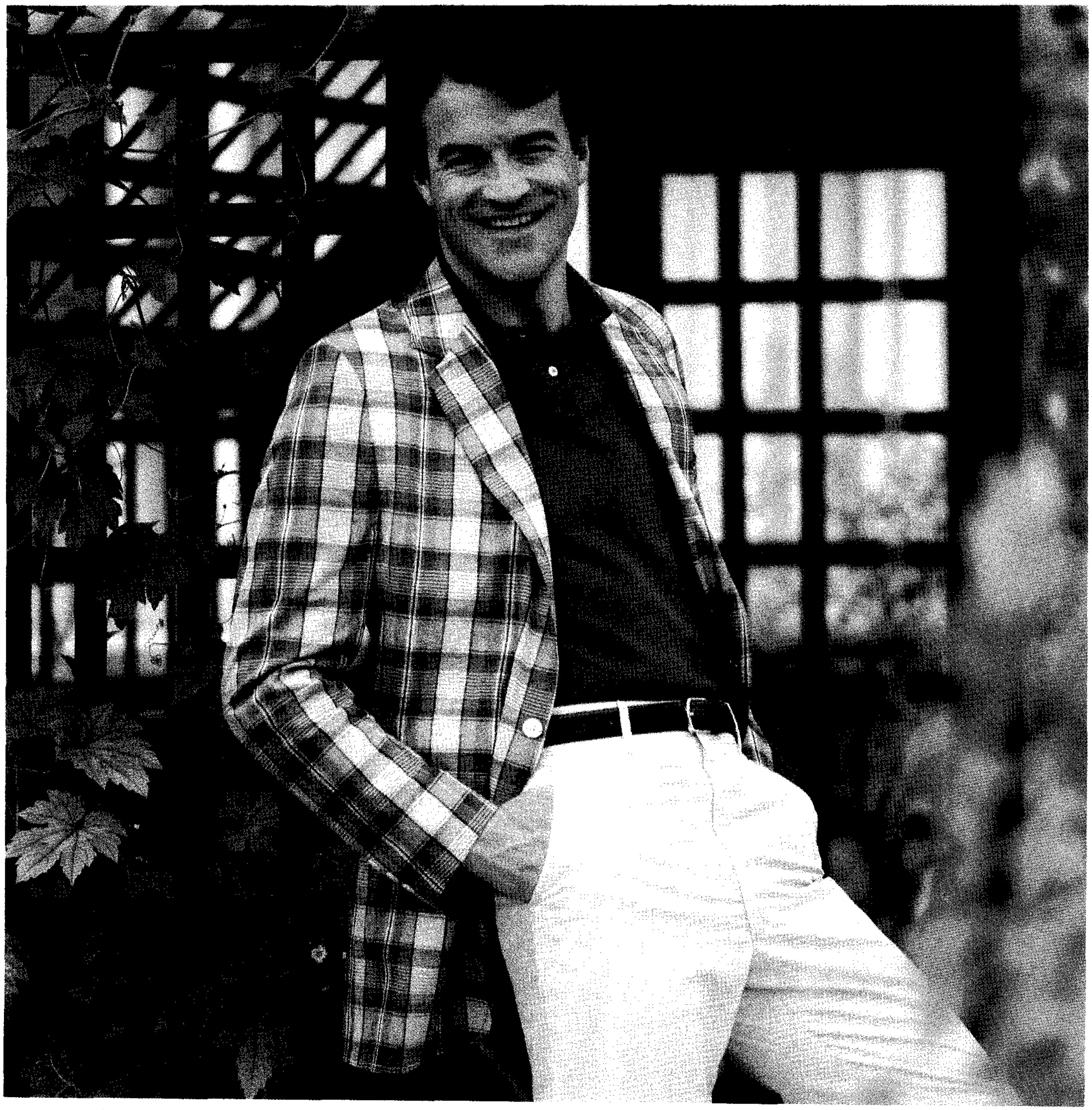


NOWHERE are the variety and scope of the Antarctic scientific projects more apparent than in the laboratories. The Eklund Biological Center—named after Carl Eklund, an eminent Antarctic explorer and biologist, who died in 1962—is home base for some thirty-three McMurdo biologists. Like Kuechle and Thomas, they also work in the field. The bio lab is a single-story building of several dozen rooms and with a chronically leaky roof. It is so well equipped that it's hard to believe that everything in it has been shipped from thousands and thousands of miles away. In the early nineteen-sixties, the lab was run by the Washington-based Arctic Institute of North America, but in 1968 Holmes & Narver took over the management.

Lawrence Hulberg, a blond, bearded young man who has a master's degree in marine biology and had worked for Holmes & Narver in Antarctica for two years, was the biology manager. He had offered to show three or four visitors around the lab one afternoon, and while we waited for him we chatted with Rita Mathews, a biologist from Hunter College, in New York. She has short gray-blond hair and a boyish figure. Her room was across the hall from mine at the Mammoth Mountain Inn, and I had seen her several times going out for a late-night run, wearing two or three sweatshirts, a hat, and a face mask. Here in the lab, I found her formidable—utterly composed and without a moment to waste on trivialities. She and a Hunter colleague, Audrey Haschemeyer, are studying protein metabolism and cold adaptation in Antarctic fish. (Haschemeyer is the principal investigator, which means the principal money-raiser, on this project—a three-year project, which they were halfway through.) Mathews, taking advantage of her accidental audience, launched into a stern technical explanation of the way the thyroid hormone tri-iodothyronine, or T_3, enables some Antarctic fish to live in subfreezing waters. Here is a translation: Fish in more temperate zones slow down considerably at temperatures of 5° Celsius (41° F.), but the fish in McMurdo Sound are active and functioning at constant temperatures of −2° C. Haschemeyer has found that their blood shows very high levels of T_3, and she thinks that T_3, which, with the related hormone thyroxine, is known to control basal metabolism in human beings, may control the rate of protein synthesis in the fish. Although this rate is slow (it takes twenty times as long to assemble a protein in one of these fish as it does in a rat), it is nevertheless much faster than scientists would have predicted. The unexpectedly high metabolic rate of the fish compensates for the slowing-down effect of the extreme cold. Someone asked Mathews what this research may indicate about human adaptation to cold. "I don't think any basic science applies itself to a problem," she said.

Haschemeyer came by just then. She and her assistants had been measuring their own levels of T_3, she said—blithely acknowledging the broader implications of their work—but they hadn't yet got any definitive results. Like Mathews, she jogs regularly, in temperatures as low as twenty below. (In 1978, Haschemeyer organized an Antarctic mini-marathon—five hilly miles around the outskirts of McMurdo—which nearly two hundred people signed up for the following year.) In the first year of the experiment, she and other runners found that their T_3 levels had doubled after several weeks. This could have been a coincidence, so they'll keep measuring them for a few years, to see if a similar increase takes place. In any case, she said, the possibility provided an extra incentive for her study of the hormone in fish.

George Simmons, of Virginia Polytechnic Institute, occupies a spacious, light corner of the Eklund lab. He is known as Doc to a group of enthusiastic undergraduates working with him. (They themselves are called the Scout Troop by some of the older, more cynical biology-lab habitués.) Simmons and his group are studying blue-green algae that they dredge up from under sixteen feet of ice in an inland lake. One afternoon, I watched them dive. Completely sealed in black drysuits, Simmons and Dale Andersen, one of his assistants, let themselves down through a hole in the ice about two yards in diameter. Deborah Biesemeyer, a graduate of V.P.I., who sometimes dives, crouched by the hole and monitored their positions and their



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breathing through a walkie-talkie, keeping up a steady patter of conversation and passing messages between the two divers. "How are you doing, Dale?" she would say if she hadn't heard from him for a minute or two.

"O.K." Andersen's voice came through the radio sounding very distant. "I'm coming up."

"O.K., Dale." She switched channels on the radio. "Doc? Dale's coming up now."

Doc answered, "O.K.," and then said something that was incomprehensible to me.

Debbie switched the channel again. "Dale? Doc says O.K. Watch out for his line. It's crossed with yours." Then she pulled Andersen up through the hole. He presented her with a beaker of brown silt and disappeared under the water again. Simmons says that the divers don't get cold underwater but when they come up their suits can freeze over in minutes. "They looked like glazed doughnuts," said someone who had been there on an unusually cold day.

Back in the lab, Simmons held up a beaker of the silt—the trophy of the dive. "These algae live in total darkness four to six months of the year," he said in a deep Virginia drawl. "The rest of the year, they get only what light can reach them through the ice. When they are in a photosynthetic state, the water temperature is zero, and there's about a tenth of one per cent of the surface light reaching them. But somehow, even with all these things against them, they're still able to survive and really do quite well." Simmons went on to tell us that the oxygenation of the algae makes the oxygen level in the water so high that when he and his students melt their diving hole in the ice the water underneath fizzes like champagne.

In the next room, Imre Friedmann, a Hungarian-born biologist who is on the faculty of Florida State University, studies micro-organisms he has discovered in the sandstone of some of Antarctica's desertlike dry valleys, fifty miles west of McMurdo. First seen and explored in 1902-04 by members of Scott's expedition, these valleys were thought to be nearly devoid of indigenous life (except in their lakes and melt streams) until Friedmann and his wife, Roseli, who is also a biologist, came upon some lichens there in 1976. These lichens, of the genus *Buellia*, live inside the rocks—not on the surface, as lichens commonly do. They are covered by a thin layer of porous sandstone that lets in light and water and a trace of nitrogen compounds created by static discharges in the upper atmosphere—all that is needed to sustain life. The usual formation here is in three layers, as Friedmann showed us with the aid of a microscope. At the top of the sample was a blackish layer of fungus, a light-protective mechanism—"sunglasses, you could say," Friedmann explained. Under it was a bleached-out layer, and under this was a green layer—photosynthetic algae. The whole sandwich was about three to five millimetres thick. It is hard to assign the lichens to a species, Friedmann said, because lichens are identified on the basis of their sexual reproductive structures, and in the dry valleys these structures are formed only very rarely. "In this cold, you can understand," Friedmann said apologetically.

If Antarctica is of interest to scientists because of its coldness and dryness, it is unique in another aspect, too—its isolation. For Elliot Dick, a virologist from the University of Wisconsin, who occupies the next niche in the biology lab, the sequestered human population of McMurdo is the subject of study. There are, of course, no native Antarcticans. But from March until the end of August—the Antarctic winter—sixty men and women live in total isolation in McMurdo. No planes land, no mail is delivered, nobody arrives or leaves. This situation provides Dick with a ready-made laboratory—a natural closed community—for studying how colds and viruses are transmitted. And the six weeks following this period of isolation are a second period of isolation—but with a greatly enlarged community. At the beginning of the second period, which is known as Winfly (for "Winter Fly-In"), some hundred and fifty new people—complete with cold germs—arrive in McMurdo to begin setting up the summer facilities. There are no more new arrivals for six weeks after that.

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During the Winfly period, all those newly imported viruses usually bring on an epidemic of colds. Just before I was there, Dick had tried an experiment with a viricidal paper handkerchief—a triple-ply Kleenex soaked in iodine and a little perfume. He wanted to see if it was possible to control the outbreak of colds. Packets of ten tissues were distributed in the meal lines twice a day, and people were encouraged to use only these tissues, to use them thoroughly (wiping hands and face as well as nose), and to use them only once. In spite of the fact that the Kleenexes were an unpleasant olive green, had a strong medicinal odor, and left a brown smudge on the nose, almost everyone participated, and the results were notable. "What we did was to allow the normal transmission to occur for about the first twelve days," Dick explained to us. "Then we handed out our Killer Kleenexes, as we call them. For the first three days after handing out these things, we had a marked acceleration of what was already a severe outbreak of something that turned out to be influenza B. This usually has an incubation period of from one to four days. Then suddenly—very dramatically—the outbreak dropped off. After the incubation period, there were half as many new colds a day." He paused. "I personally think that they work."

The last stop on the tour was a section of the lab shared by Joseph Eastman, from Ohio University, and Arthur DeVries, from the University of Illinois, who also share the fish they are studying—a fish called the Antarctic cod (*Dissostichus mawsoni*), which is not actually a cod at all. DeVries does a number of experiments with the live fish, and afterward both he and Eastman use dissected sections for further studies. Whatever is left over after that, DeVries eats. Or he serves it to others; he has built a fish smoker out of an old aluminum locker lined with wood, and his smoked fish is a McMurdo party staple.

Eastman is trying to figure out how it is that the *mawsoni* has adapted to become a mid-water fish. Originally, some forty million years ago, it was a sluggish bottom dweller, but now it principally occupies the relatively uncrowded mid-waters, even though—like most bottom fish—it has no swim bladder. How does it float? Eastman showed us a chunk of fish flesh, which he had soaked overnight in an iridescent purple dye, and we could see thick, mottled fatty deposits between the muscles. This fat gives the fish buoyancy, he explained. Then he showed us one of the fish's scales, under a magnifying glass, and pointed out that it had very little bone content. "These fish have done everything they can to reduce the heavy elements," he said, almost proudly.

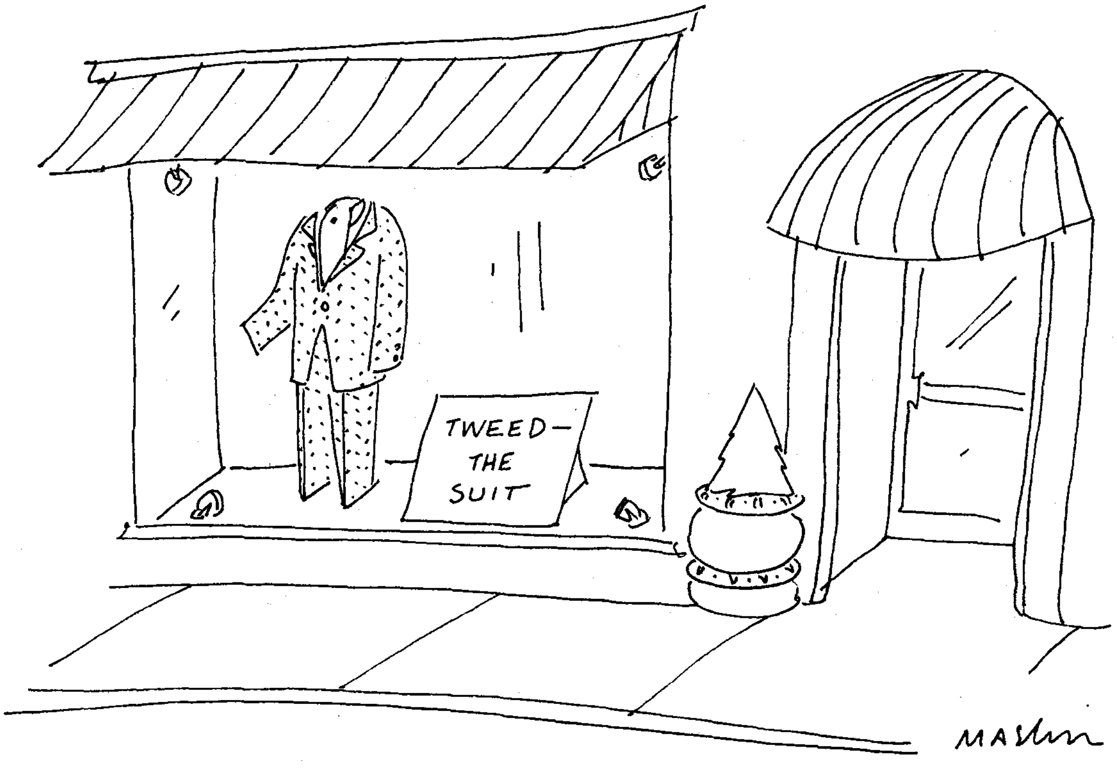
DeVries, like Audrey Haschemeyer, is studying the cold-adaptive processes of Antarctic fish. He has discovered that all species of Antarctic fish have an antifreeze substance in their blood—a glycoprotein that inhibits the formation of ice crystals and thus keeps the blood from freezing. DeVries brought out two molecular models—big, multicolored plastic constructions—and showed us how the fish antifreeze works. Both he and Haschemeyer are studying adjustments in the rate of synthesis of this glycoprotein, which he has also found in some northern fish species, including the flounder. His study has a number of potential practical applications—for instance, organs for transplant, as well as sperm and blood, could be stored for a far longer period than is now possible if they could be kept at very low temperatures without freezing—but he prefers to think of his work as basic research. He and his students go fishing for *mawsoni* several nights a week in a hole in the ice a couple of miles offshore. It's protected by a fish hut, he says. He invited us all to come along some time.

I did go fishing one evening with DeVries and his assistants, and watched Martha Wolfe, a delicate-looking blond student from West Virginia, haul up sixty- and seventy-pound *mawsoni* that had been caught on a line equipped with big stainless-steel hooks. DeVries and three of his assistants weighed each fish, carefully shielding its eyes from the light coming in through the door of the fish hut, so that its corneas wouldn't be damaged, tagged it, and injected it with tetracycline. Tetracycline leaves a ring in the bone, which would tell scientists how much the fish had grown, if it should ever be caught again. They kept one fish, a sixty-five-pounder, to study later. The rest they threw back, and we could see them swimming down through the six-foot-deep hole to the green open water underneath.

DeVries offered everyone a beer. "Sometimes I can't believe I'm out here drinking beer and fishing and getting paid for it," he said. But this was overmodest; he and his students worked twenty-hour days. DeVries himself seemed to get along on catnaps on the bio lab's couch. I often saw him there in the morning, oblivious of the bustle of people starting their day.

THOSE McMurdoites who want to socialize at night—rather than fish or sleep—can do it in one of four bars run by the Navy. The Officers' Club is small, blessedly dark, and equipped with a free popcorn machine, a jukebox, a dart board, and, in an adjoining room, a shuffleboard table. The Chiefs' Club is larger and lighter, with basically the same equipment. The third is the Enlisted Men's Club, which I didn't get to. The last, the Erebus Club, I also didn't see. It was "not a place for a lady," I was told. A group of Navy mechanics who service the airplanes hung out there; they had shaved heads and called themselves the Bald Eagles, and they supposedly liked to gather at the bar naked except for mukluks and balaclavas.

Antarctica in general has traditionally been no place for a lady. The first women—there were six of them—ever to go to Antarctica as part of the United States program arrived only in the 1969-70 season. (On a ceremonial tour that year, they were taken to the South Pole, where—so that no one would be singled out as the first—they descended from the plane six abreast, down the cargo-unloading ramp.) The ratio of men to women during my stay was twenty to one. Although women didn't seem to have many work-related problems—and both among the civilians and in the military were represented at all but the highest levels—going out for a beer could be trying. On an average night in the Officers' Club bar, there might be one woman and thirty or forty men. Unless a woman restricted herself to an obviously intimate conversation with one other person or sat at a table with some friends, she'd be surrounded by a group of gawking males. One of my neighbors at the Mammoth Mountain Inn, who worked with the construction crew, said that she had no trouble at all with her colleagues but that sometimes other men—virtual strangers—would see her arm in arm with a friend or giving someone an affectionate hug and would expect to be received with the same kind of warmth.



Outside the labs, McMurdo has something of the air of a mining camp, and it's

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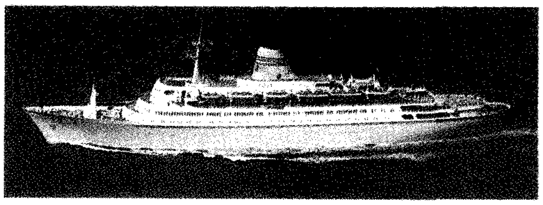

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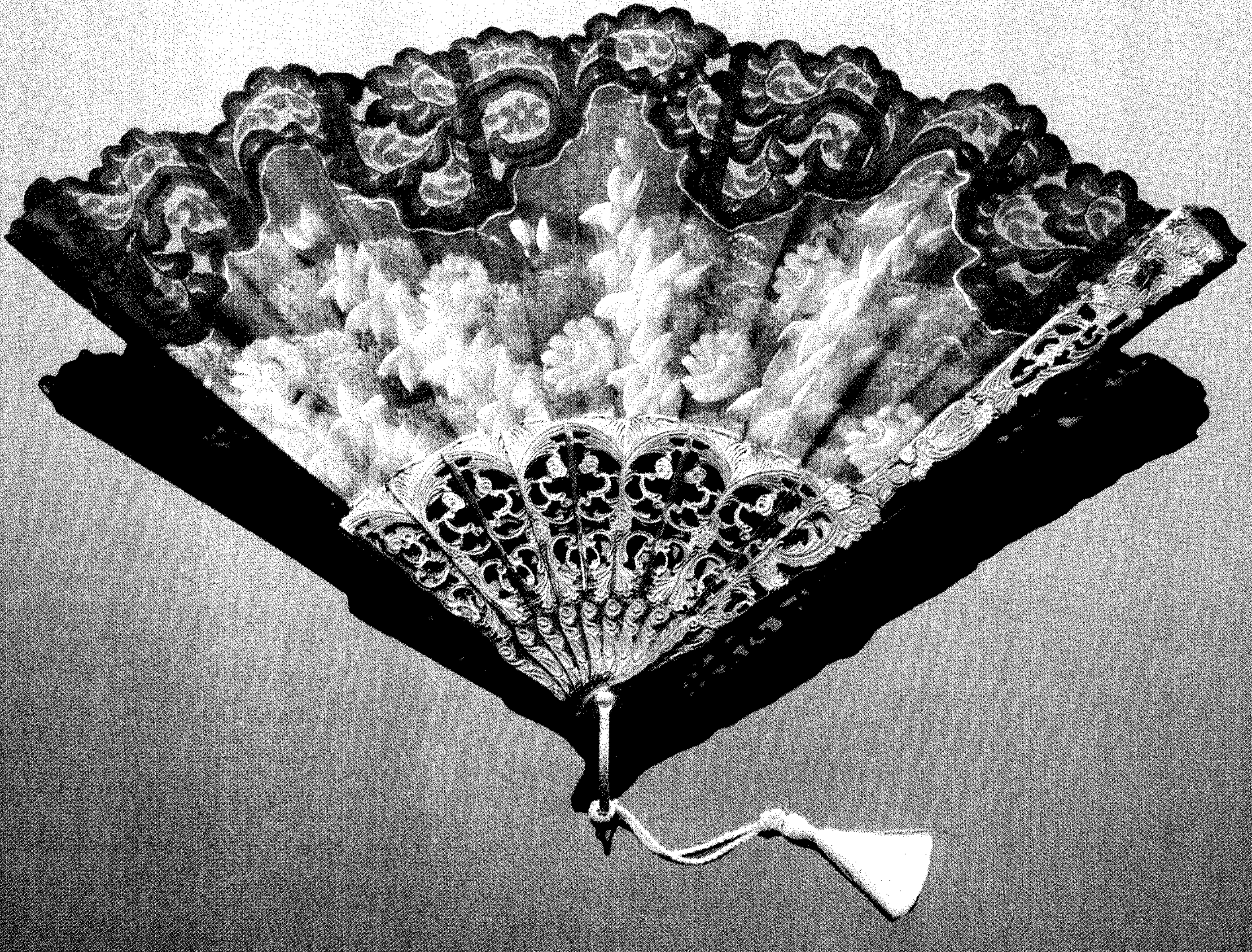

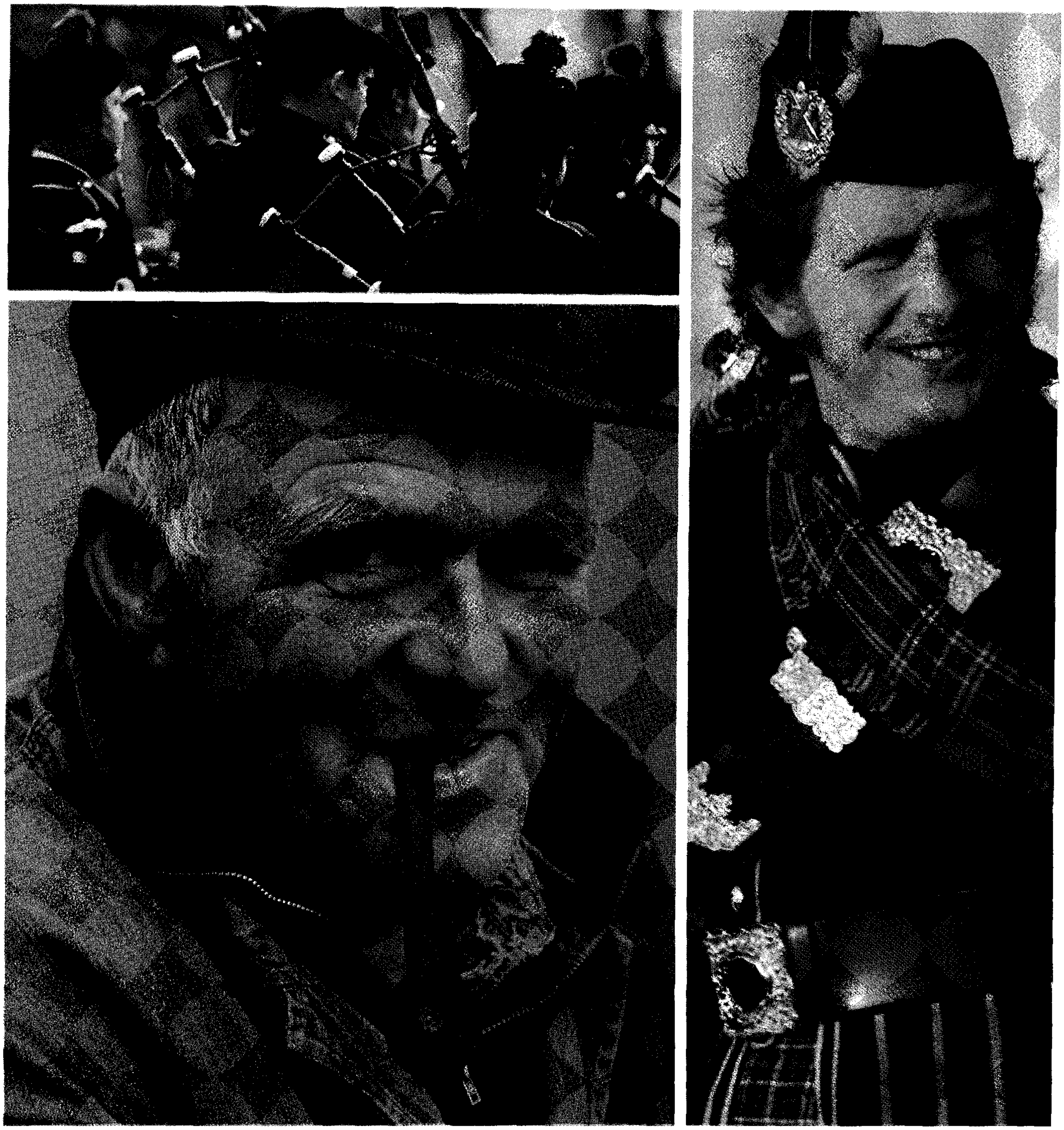

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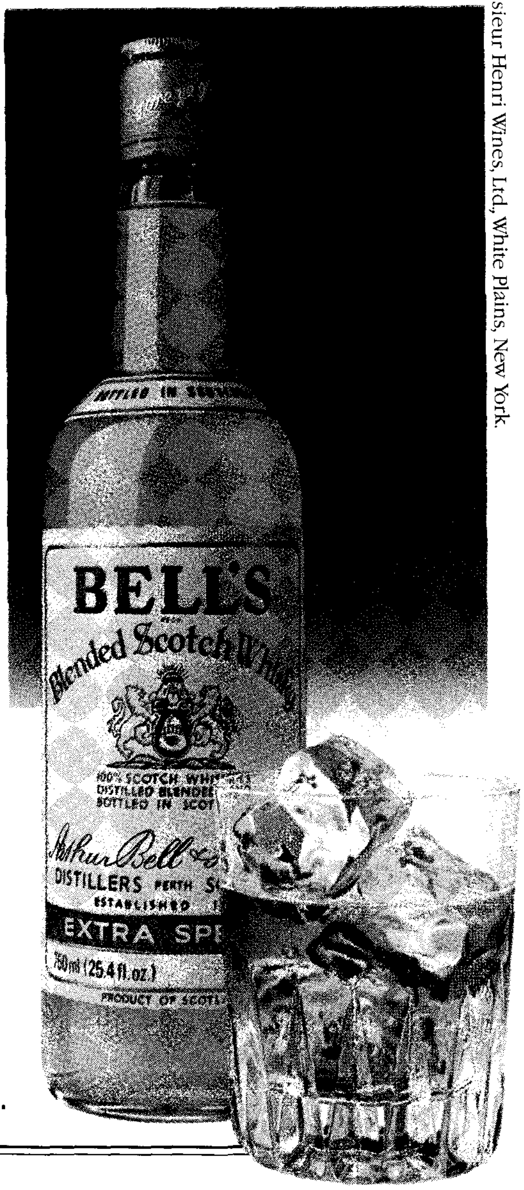
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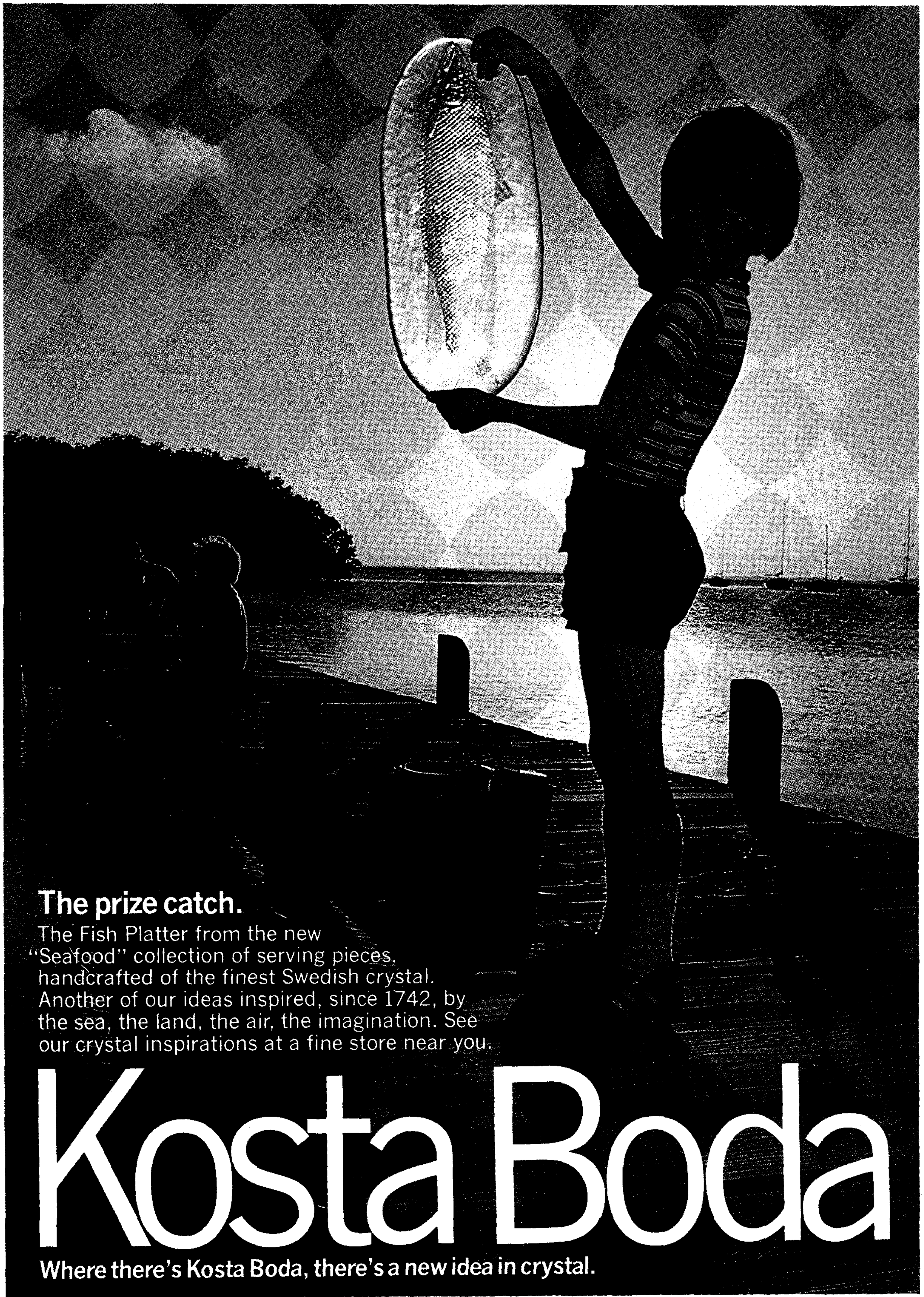

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not surprising to find that there are more drinking problems than in an average community. The bars, which close at eleven, are not the only source of liquor. There's also a Navy-run package store, where it's not difficult to exceed the ration of a single bottle of hard liquor or two bottles of wine a week. (It's cheap, too—eight dollars and fifty cents for a quart of Chivas Regal.) In the civilian dorms, vending machines dispense beer (Olympia, Miller, and Budweiser) at thirty-five cents a twelve-ounce can.

Most Navy-sponsored entertainment was strictly family fare. An occasional intramural newspaper, the McMurdo *Sometimes*, was relentlessly cheerful. The November 20, 1979, issue, for instance, featured three pages of sports, one of "news" (it neglected to mention the recently taken hostages in Iran), and two straight-faced features—"Experiencing a Visit to Your Friendly Dentist's Office" and "The First Thanksgiving Celebrated the Pilgrims' Survival." Television offered primarily reruns of sitcoms and variety hours. The Navy also provides movies—a choice of four every night. On a random evening, the Officers' Club was showing "Julia," the Chiefs' Club "Friendly Persuasion," the Enlisted Men's Club "Shadow of an Empty Room," and television (one set in the lounge of each dorm) "Hughes and Harlow." Each movie shows at each place, making its bow on TV and rotating out at the Enlisted Men's Club three nights later. The Officers' Club theatre, up two steps and through a door from the bar, had a creaky wooden floor and ancient, lumpy seats. While the operator changed reels, everyone went next door for popcorn and beer.

After the bars close, the social scene moves to the galley, where "mid-rats" (midnight rations) are served in the enlisted men's mess. Officially lunch for people working on night shifts, mid-rats are a popular excuse for a meal for anyone who happens to be up.

Eating is the McMurdoite's principal recreation. I often heard the next person in the breakfast line order "four over" or "an omelette with everything." "Everything" meant ham and enough vegetables to qualify as dinner. One could add to that hotcakes or hashbrowns or corn bread, bacon, and maybe some hot cereal. At the end of the cafeteria counter were trays of Danish and coffee cakes. Dinner, also cafeteria-style and also served in the

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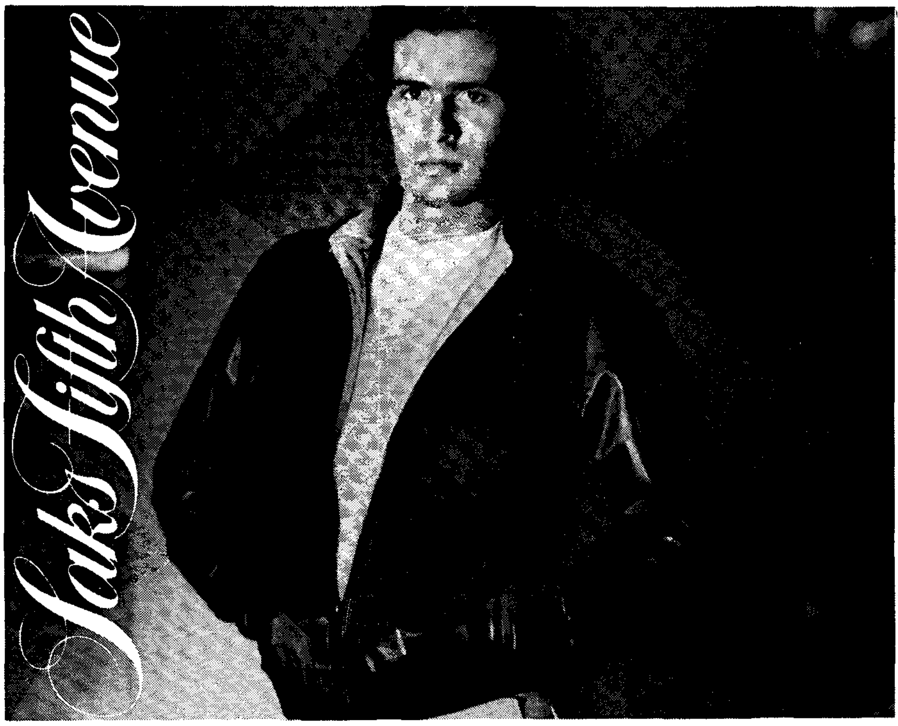

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Navy-run mess hall, offered a choice of at least two cholesterol-laden meat dishes, a variety of steamed or simmered and always mushy vegetables, starch in many forms, and an array of cakes. A machine oozed a synthetic vanilla or chocolate "ice cream" that was popular topped with chocolate sauce. Most of the time, there was coleslaw and a choice of salads, but even these were spiked with meat. A doctor's scale occupied a prominent spot in the dining room, but no matter how horrifying its news might be, one tended to blame it on the layers of clothing one was wearing. John Zawiskie, a sober young paleontologist from Ohio State—more willing to face the facts than some—told me that he had gained fifteen pounds in a month in McMurdo the year before while he was waiting to go out in the field, and also that he had lost twenty over the next six weeks, when he lived in a tent and cooked over a Coleman stove.

Yet another service that the Navy provides for its personnel in the Antarctic is dinner music: Top Forty (or out-of-date Top Ten, to judge by how often "My Sharona" and "Y.M.C.A." were played) in the enlisted men's mess; Easy Listening across the hall in the officers' mess. In spite of the musical din, though, even in the enlisted men's mess things seemed oddly quiet. What was missing was the clatter of plates and silverware. Because there is a chronic water shortage in McMurdo (it reached an acute stage while I was there, when the intake pipe to the desalinization plant froze), meals were served on cardboard plates and eaten with plastic forks. For the same reason, it was quiet in the shower rooms, too. Each person was permitted one "Navy" shower a week—that is, two minutes of running water.

McMurdo is in some ways lavishly equipped—not only with its four bars, and radio and television but with washing machines and dryers and a sauna—yet it doesn't have enough water. Prince Faisal was willing to tow icebergs (protected by plastic sheeting) to Saudi Arabia, but here at the bergs' source water is pumped out of salty McMurdo Sound. Other Antarctic stations melt snow for water, but around McMurdo in the summertime there isn't enough. Melting sea ice, of which there's plenty, isn't particularly fuel-efficient. Barring budget cuts, a new three-million-dol-

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GOING to Antarctica and not getting to the South Pole is like being the astronaut who circles around in the spaceship while the others leave footprints in the moon dust. Understanding this, the Navy and the National Science Foundation representatives in McMurdo have for the past few years posted a sign-up sheet to allow people to fly to the Pole on a space-available basis. When your name reaches the top of the list, you are allotted a seat on the next cargo or fuel flight with space—or, more precisely, weight—available. At the Pole, the plane unloads its cargo or fuel, propellers turning so they won't freeze up. The visitor gets out, takes some pictures, walks around a red-striped barber pole, comments on the cold. He may also take a look at the station's cramped galley and its recreation room, which has a pool table and, in a glass case, the sweater that Admiral Richard Byrd wore in his famous flight over the Pole, in 1929. As a souvenir, the visitor receives an imitation-parchment certificate stating that he has set foot at Amundsen-Scott South Pole Station. When the unloading of the plane is finished, an hour or so later, the visitor leaves. The Pole is eight hundred miles from McMurdo, and the round trip takes seven hours. When I was there, almost a hundred people signed up. Of these, probably forty got to make the trip.

"Great God! this is an awful place," Robert Scott wrote of the Pole, "and terrible enough for us to have laboured to it without the reward of priority. Well, it is something to have got here." Scott and four others travelled the eight hundred miles on foot, man-hauling their sledges, only to find that the Norwegian Roald Amundsen had got there first and had long since started for home. Scott was not as lucky as Amundsen, or as well prepared. He and his men died, of cold and hunger and scurvy—and disappointment, one feels—on the return journey. But though all this happened in 1912, the nobility and tragedy of Scott's adventure were such that it occupies the imagination of the Antarctic traveller as does no other, before or since. It is Admiral Byrd whose profile is memorialized in bronze on a hill in McMurdo, but it is Scott, with all his flaws, whom modern-day Antarctic veterans consider their spiritual ancestor. One night in McMurdo,

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I heard an argument about whether Scott's failure was principally the fault of bad luck or of bad planning. (This was before the publication of Roland Huntford's "Scott and Amundsen," a work so critical of Scott that one wonders what kind of axe the author had to grind. It doesn't leave much room for pro-Scott discussion.) There were ten or twelve people present—in one of the dormitory lounges, having a late-night beer—and everyone had an opinion. Each also had a surprising number of accurate, seventy-year-old facts about strategy and the deployment of resources to back his opinions up. It was the kind of discussion one hears about politics or football but not often about history.

When Scott arrived at the South Pole, he found a tent left by Amundsen. When Amundsen arrived, he found nothing—he knew he was there by taking sun sights. Today, in addition to the barber pole—which is encircled by the flags of the nations that are party to the Antarctic Treaty of 1959—there is a bamboo pole that marks where the Pole really is. The barber pole—the "ceremonial pole"—was permanently placed in 1975, a hundred and ten metres up a slight incline from the position of the actual Pole. Gravity pulls the ice and the barber pole downhill ten metres a year. When I was there, the barber pole was sixty metres from the bamboo pole. Six years from now, they will vie for the same spot. It's a sleight-of-hand trick on a monumental scale. The barber pole, which appears to be stationary, is actually moving, and the bamboo pole, which is picked up and moved periodically, stays in exactly the same geographical spot. A hundred yards from the flags, an indigo-blue dome a hundred and sixty-four feet in diameter sits deep in the drifting snow like a snugly set jewel. Under it, protected from wind and drift, are three boxlike buildings containing the living quarters and labs. A few other buildings are scattered outside the dome. Beyond the buildings and flags is nothing but snow—not a feature on the landscape, three hundred and sixty degrees around.

The day I went to the Pole, the temperature was −29° F. and the wind blew at fifteen miles an hour. According to the windchill equivalent scale, that means it felt like −70°. This was a warm day at the Pole; often, the actual temperature is −70°. The average summer temperature is about −20°; the highest temperature

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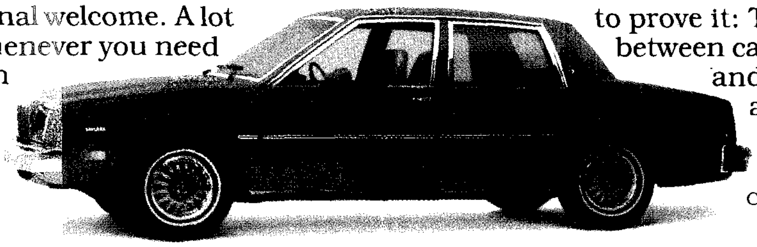

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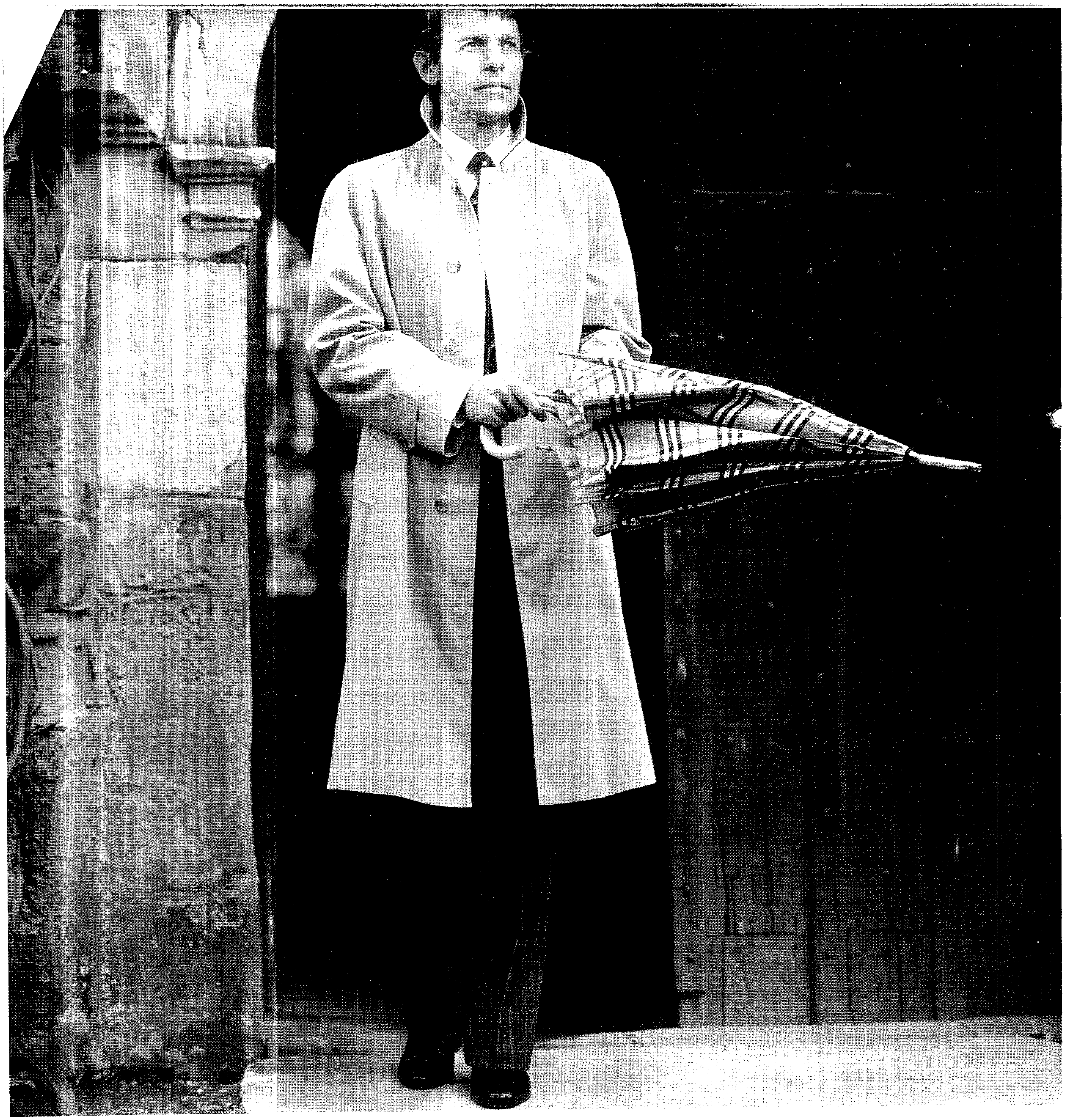

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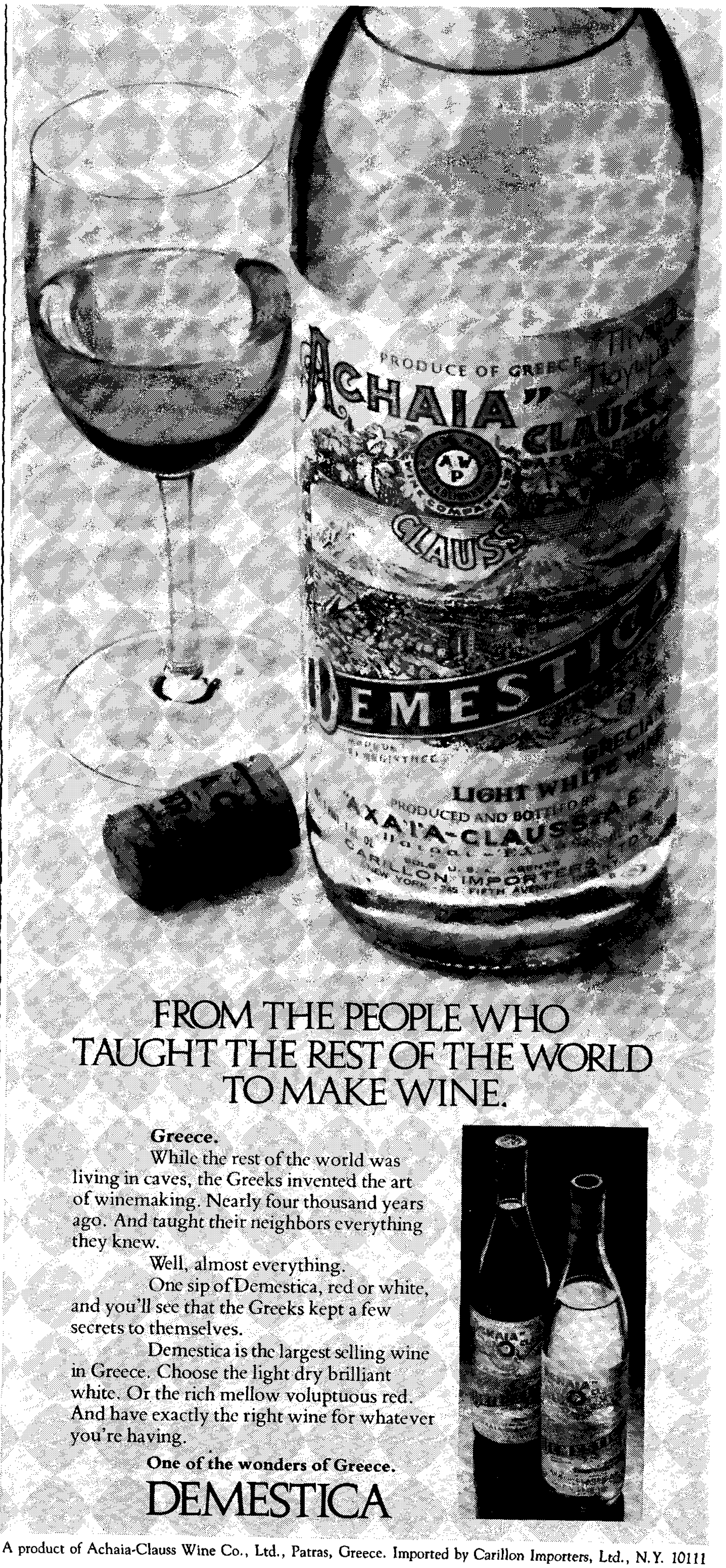
ever recorded was −5°. Still, this is not the coldest place on the continent. At Vostok, a Russian station on the East Antarctic plateau, it was once −127°. That is warmer than the minimum temperature on the moon but colder than it ever gets on Mars.

"If you see a blanched area on your skin, or if your hands stop feeling cold and they're out of their mittens, it may be frostbite." Dr. Stephen Glenn, a physician from Linden, Texas, who would be one of seventeen people staying over at the Pole the following winter, was giving visitors at the Amundsen-Scott Station some advice about survival at the bottom of the world. "You'll have problems breathing," he said. "Because of the thinness of the atmosphere at the Poles, there's not a lot of oxygen, and altitude sickness is something that nearly everyone experiences at first, in the form of either a headache or mild nausea. In its more severe stages, it can lead to pulmonary edema. The absolute altitude at the Pole is nine thousand feet, but the physiological effects are those experienced at eleven or twelve thousand."

A group of us who weren't going back on the turnaround flight were in Dr. Glenn's dispensary. It was equipped with little more than the basics: a dental drill ("I had two weeks' emergency dental training," he said; one can see why the N.S.F. requires a full dental exam for everyone coming to Antarctica), an X-ray machine ("We mostly treat cuts, bruises, sprains, an occasional break, but at the moment we can't tell a break from a sprain, because the X-ray machine is not completely functional"), and a high white hospital bed with a Teddy bear propped on the pillow. On the wall hung an X-ray of an oddly distorted human skeleton—a composite portrait of the previous year's winter-over personnel, it turned out. The Pole station is cut off from the rest of the world for nine months of the year, but there are few medical emergencies during that period of isolation. "They had a case of appendicitis a couple of years ago," Dr. Glenn said. "They treated it with antibiotics—they often do that in England. It recurred three times, and each time it was treated with antibiotics. A couple of years later, the patient had other abdominal surgery, and they took a look at his appendix. It had shrunk down to a little nubbin." Asked about other medical problems, Dr. Glenn said, "They had what looked like a



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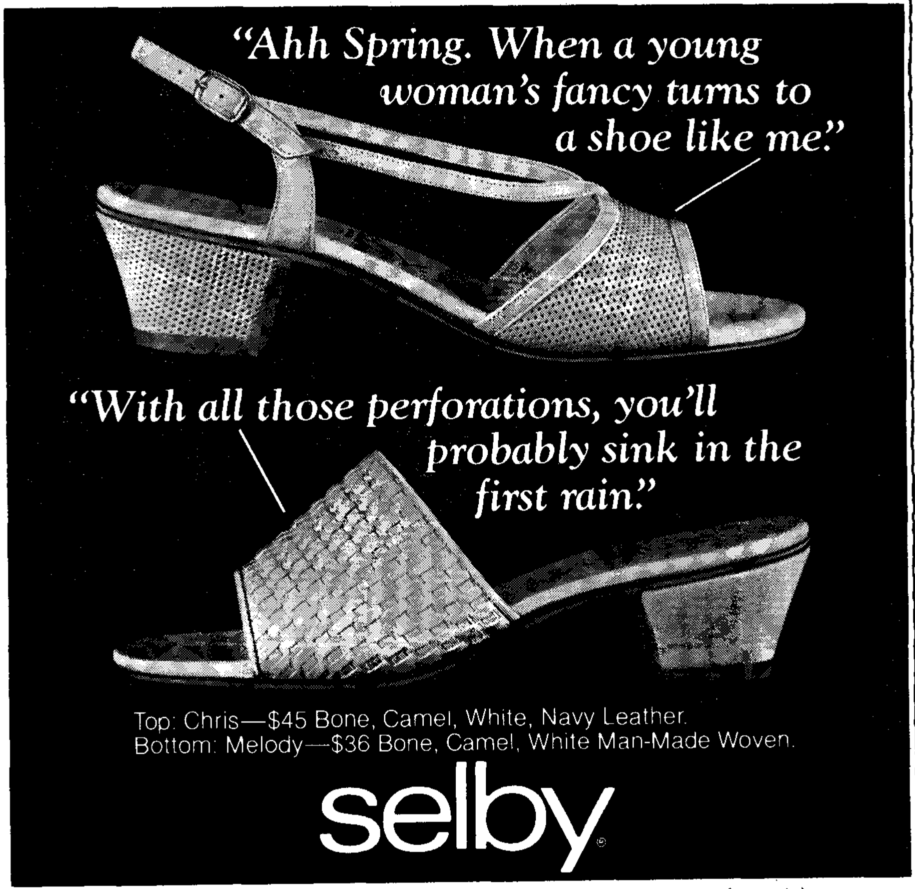
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case of scurvy last year. The guy was a real meat-and-potatoes man. He started eating vegetables and took some Vitamin C and he was fine."

Mental problems are not as easily treated. Many people at the station felt that the screening process for winter-over personnel was less than thorough. Dr. Glenn was one of these. "They said I'd got through medical school, so I must be O.K.," he said with an ironic laugh. Charles Smythe, a handsome, bearded young man, who had spent the previous winter at the Pole (his brother William was working there this summer), told me that his psychological testing, at the Naval Regional Medical Center in Oakland, had taken less than thirty minutes. Most of the questions were about alcohol, he said, and the rest were about what the women in his life thought of his coming to Antarctica. Perhaps the questions were more penetrating than he'd realized; in any case, he had got through the winter unscathed. His only worry now was his girlfriend, to whom he'd spoken by ham-radio connection once a week—just often enough to give him something to stew about.

Occasionally, there are serious psychological problems. One recent winter, someone panicked a week after the final plane had left. Luckily, it was not too late for an emergency flight to come back in and pick him up. (He had been a last-minute replacement.) A few years ago, toward the end of the winter, according to a now legendary story, a Pole resident who had been the cause of some concern to his colleagues burst in on the doctor in his office. "Aha!" he said, waving a ketchup-splattered meat cleaver. "You're the last one." It was only a joke, he protested afterward, but they kept an eye on him until the end of the season, just to be sure.

Captain James Sears, chairman of the department of psychiatry at the Naval Regional Medical Center in San Diego, oversees the screening process and the post-winter interviews for all winter-over personnel. He says that virtually everyone gets depressed at some point during the winter. "It's not depression in psychiatric terms," he says. "That is, it does not lead to a profound sense of helplessness, and the person is usually not suicidal. People become more introspective. They look at their inadequacies, maybe for the first time in their lives. They're sort of hemmed in by their inadequacies. They can't escape. Eventually, they

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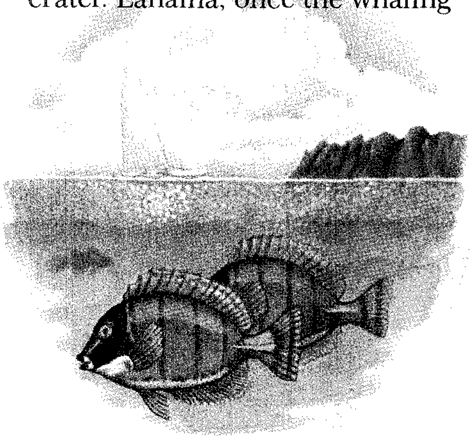

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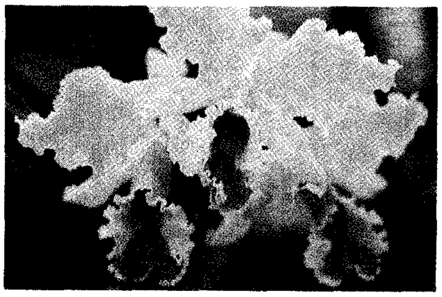

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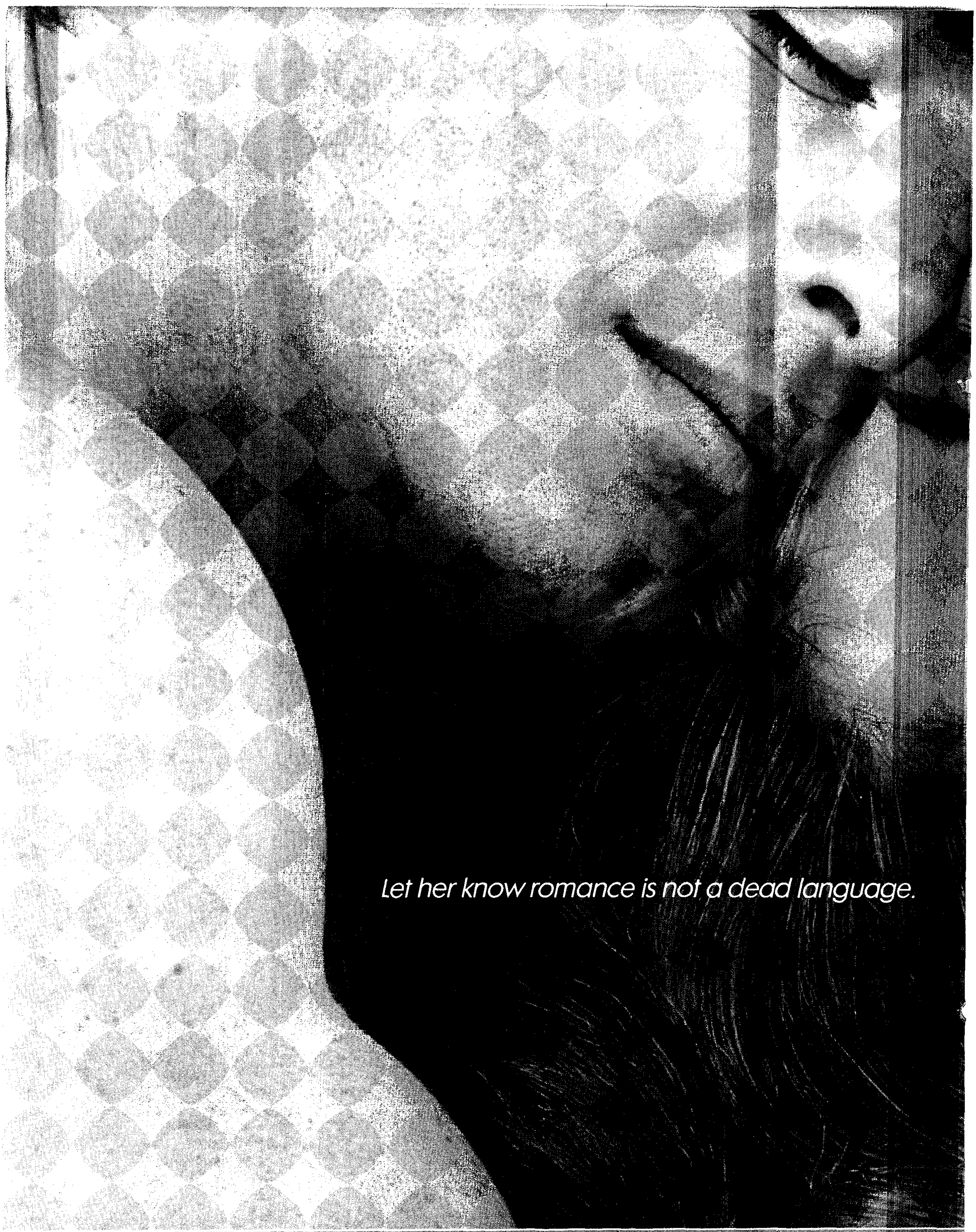
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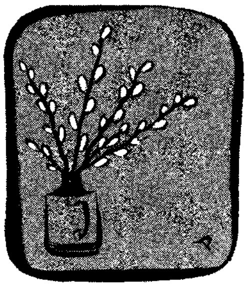
begin to look at the other members of the group in a more tolerant way. It's an adaptation, a positive sort of thing."

These depressions may be inevitable —and, in Dr. Sears' opinion, actually desirable—but the station leaders do as much as they can to head them off. There are a lot of holidays. On Midwinter Day—June 22nd—a tape of the Superbowl, which has been kept in reserve since January, is shown. There is a Two-Digit Day party in late July, to celebrate the fact that there are fewer than a hundred days to go before the first plane of the spring comes in (usually during the first week of November). And on the day the temperature drops below −100° for the first time the members of the Three Hundred Club meet: they turn the sauna up to 200°, get in it for a few minutes, and then run outside and around the barber pole, dressed in their bunny boots and nothing else. The station leader sometimes arranges group projects. This year, Dr. Glenn said, they planned to install a new ceiling in the galley, because the present one was sagging. Most people have individual projects as well; Dr. Glenn himself was going to reread a medical textbook. And everyone has his work. "There's usually not a great deal to do here," Dr. Glenn says. "But work that takes an hour a day in December takes five hours a day by the time July rolls around."



Martha Kane, a twenty-two-year-old Swarthmore graduate with a degree in physics, was to be the first woman scientist to winter over at the Pole. She would also be the only woman there that winter. (A civilian doctor had been the first woman of any sort to winter over, the year before.) I stopped by to see her in her tiny, windowless single room. It had a bed, an easy chair, and a desk arranged in a space measuring about six feet by eight. A heavy orange jump suit hung from a hook. "I saw a sign on the bulletin board at school that said, 'Polar Observers Wanted,'" she explained when I asked how she'd ended up here. "So I applied." She was dressed, like everyone else, in flannel and bluejeans, her hair covered by a scarf, and she seemed unfazed by the idea of spending nine months in isolation with sixteen men. She did comment that it was "kind of different" not having any windows. She said she planned to spend the winter reading and knitting an afghan for her brother. Her work, monitoring the cosmic-ray lab—a project of the Bartol Research Foundation—took about an hour a day (December time), but she was going to do some work for other people. While we were talking, her next-door neighbor stuck his head in and asked if I'd like to come over and see his water bed, left by a previous tenant. "It's the southernmost water bed in the world," he said.

Nobody is happy about the idea of one woman wintering over, but nobody seems to be able to do anything about it. No administrative agency coördinates the distribution of people at the various winter-over stations, and no one knows who will be where until the final lists of civilian- and military-support people and scientists are combined. If the director of a scientific project chooses a woman as part of his crew, there is no one to see that a woman from the Navy or from the civilian contractor is also assigned to that station. Dr. Sears acknowledged that it would be better for everyone, men and women, if some coördination were possible. "What can we do?" Sears said. "We can't tell them not to come." Some Antarctic veterans think that a slightly higher proportion of women would not solve things. Richard Cameron, an N.S.F. representative who was at the Pole choosing a station leader for this coming winter, is one of them. "Don't get me wrong—Martha Kane is a very nice girl," he said. "She knows her stuff. But in my opinion it should be all women or none." Like many others, he feels that the strain of nine months' isolation is severe enough, and shouldn't be complicated by sex. And he thinks that a very uneven balance is difficult for both the woman—or women—and the men involved. (If there is homosexual activity in Antarctica, it is very discreet. Most people felt that celibacy was the general rule.)

Cameron is in charge of polar-glaciology programs at the National Science Foundation. In spite of some gray hair, he looks young, and it is surprising to find out that he made his first trip here in 1956—in preparation for the International Geophysical Year. Each year, he spends two weeks to a month "on the ice," as they say in

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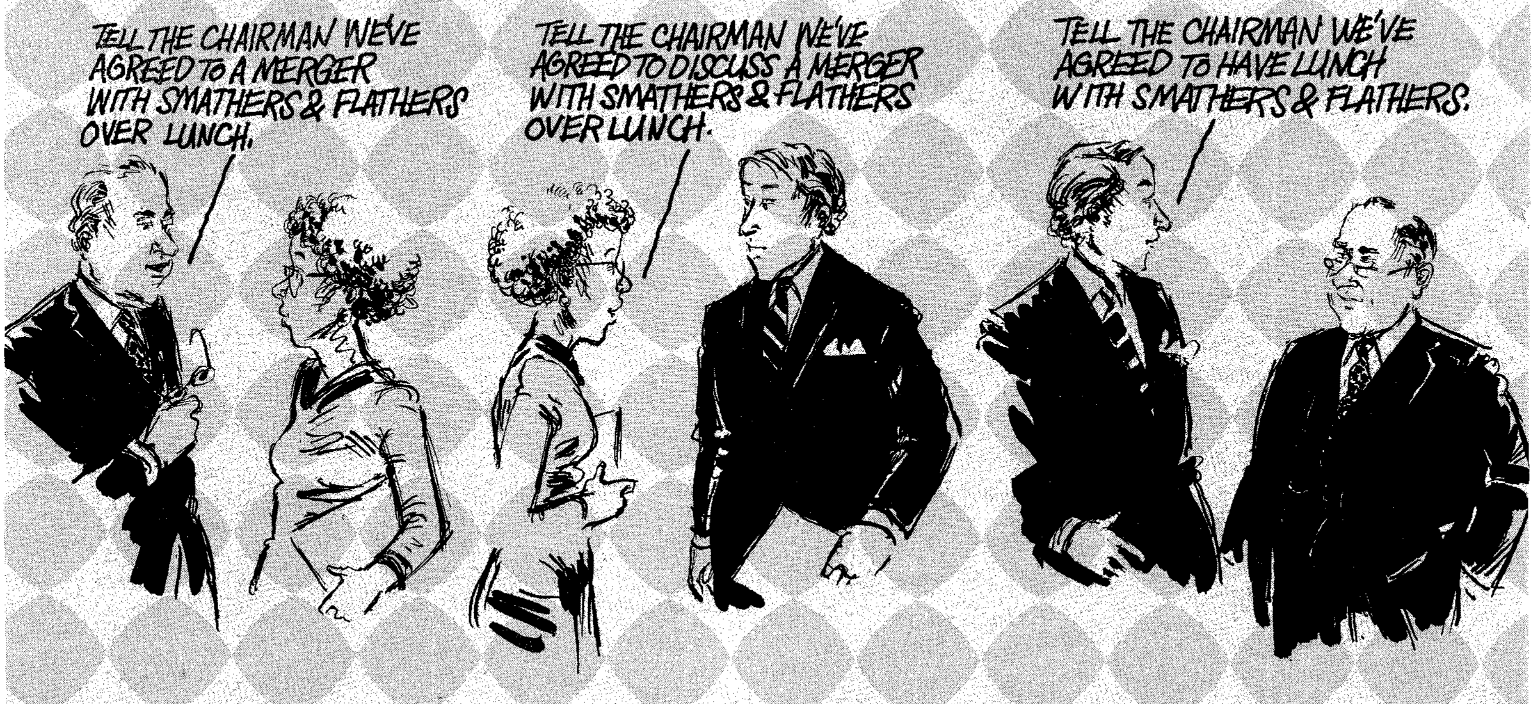
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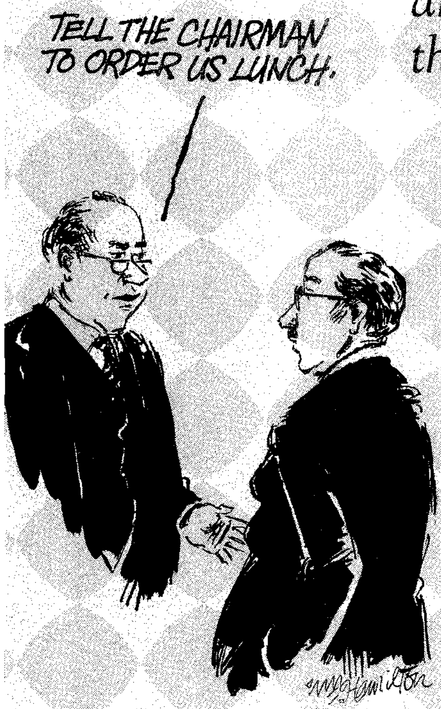
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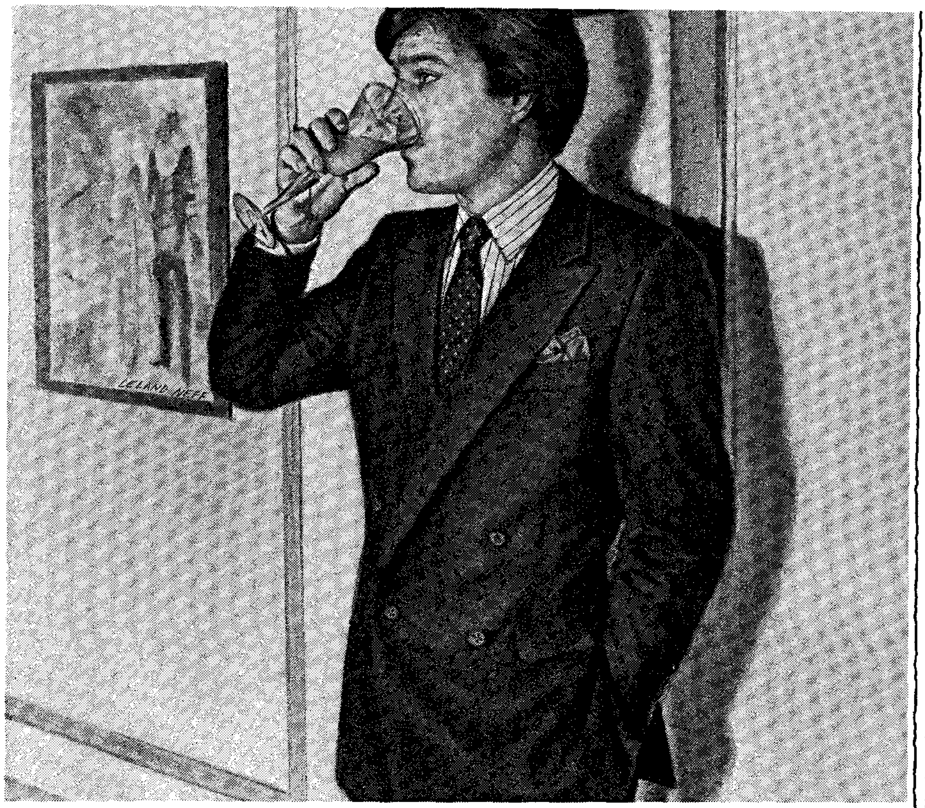
Antarctica, and one gets the feeling that that time is what makes the bureaucracy of a government office tolerable to a man who is quick and funny and irreverent, as well as outspoken. After he came back to McMurdo from the Pole, I often saw him at meals entertaining a tableful of people. He was delighted by an implausible story carried in New Zealand's newspapers and on the radio, to the effect that Scott's body, buried on the Ross Ice Shelf, had been transported to the edge of the shelf and was about to drop into the sea.

"You know," Cameron said as we talked in his office at the Pole, "in a place this isolated one of the hardest things is finding somewhere to be alone. Have you seen Sky Lab?" We went out and across the dome and then through a tunnel that led to some separate labs and offices. Up several flights of metal stairs, as out of the way as one could get, was Sky Lab. It was a small, warm, carpeted room, furnished with a table and chairs and stocked with books and jigsaw puzzles and a tape deck. "People go to the library or the galley for company," Cameron said. "But they know they can come here to be by themselves." Unlike the buildings under the dome, Sky Lab had windows—big windows, on three sides. Out of breath from the climb (altitude sickness, I thought), I sank into a chair and admired the view.

In one direction, past the blue dome, we could see the circle of flags and the barber pole. "The old Pole station is over there," Cameron said, pointing to an indistinguishable area in the whiteness beyond the flags. "It was built in 1957, near the actual Pole, and it's drifted an eighth of a mile. The new station was built in 1975. Of course, now they're both drifting. The old station is crushed by snow and ice, completely covered. We can't let anyone inside anymore—it's too dangerous." Out the center window was what looked like a boxcar standing on rickety legs ten feet above the snow. This was the station's clean-air facility—one of four around the world run by the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, to monitor the earth's air-pollution levels. At Mauna Loa, in American Samoa, at Point Barrow, and here—"the four cleanest places in the world," according to William Hiscox, who runs the Pole facility—scientists keep track of the carbon-dioxide, nitrous-oxide, and ozone levels, and of halocarbons released from aerosol cans, and airborne



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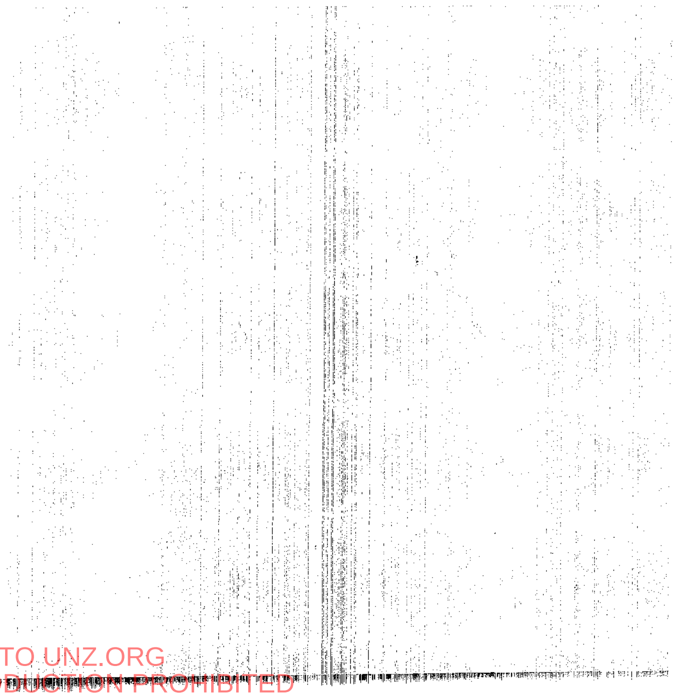

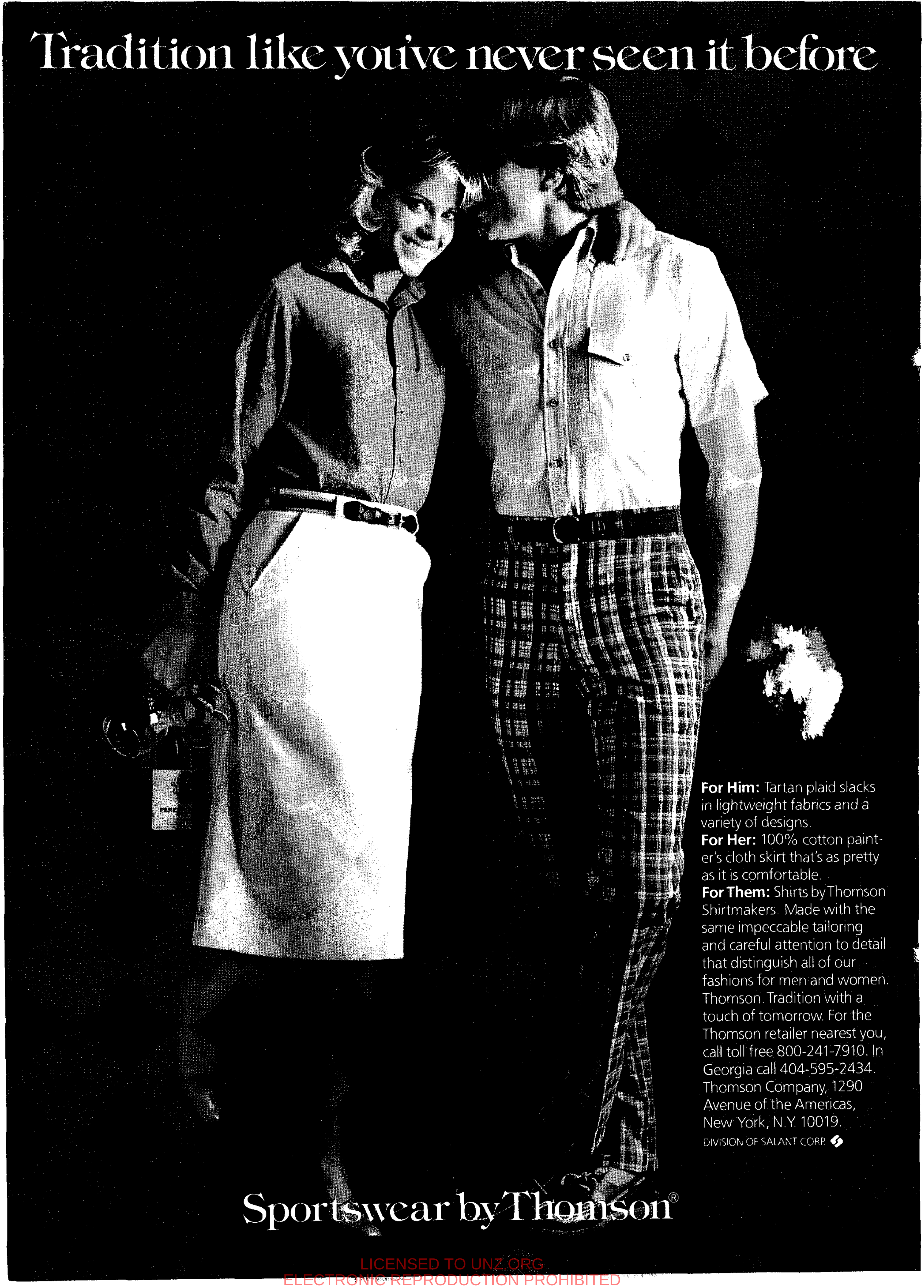
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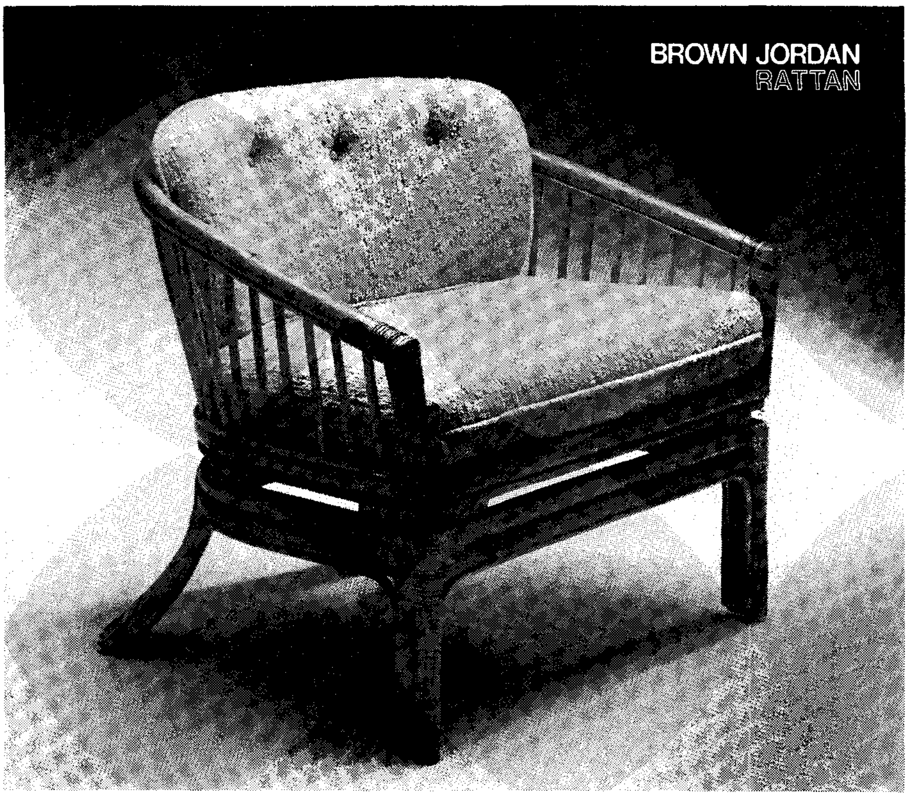
particles, like dust, that foul the air we breathe. I'd walked out there earlier in the afternoon, head down to the wind, stumbling over drifts and ridges. Five cubic feet of air a minute comes through the sampling stack, Hiscox had said.

In the third direction from Sky Lab, we could see a series of red flags in a line, apparently leading nowhere. Far in the distance, two people, hunched against the wind, which was blowing harder now, were walking toward us. A steady blizzard of drift blew about their knees. Cameron said they were returning from a place where an ice core had been drilled, about two-thirds of a mile out; they went every so often to collect samples of ice. If the drift blizzard rose high enough to cut off their visibility, they'd find their way in by tying a rope to one flagpole and walking in a big circle till they hit the next. Then they'd tie up that end, go back and untie the first, circle out from the second pole till they hit the third, and so on, till they were safely home.

Cameron and I walked back to the library, where I had left my bag of survival gear. The public-address system had announced that a plane was coming in, and I had to get ready to go back to McMurdo. In the library, people were writing letters and playing chess. Books lined the walls, the kind of hodgepodge one finds in a summer cottage: "The World of Musical Comedy," by Stanley Green; "My Life in Court," by Louis Nizer; three encyclopedias—Britannica, Americana, and Collier's; foreign dictionaries; "Arabic for Travellers;" "McGraw-Hill Yearbook of Science and Technology." On a shelf was a stack of records, with a battered album called "Music for Lovers Only" on top. A globe, bottom side up, sat in a corner. In an alcove, Dr. Glenn manned the station's combined post office and general store, cancelling stamps ("So. Pole Br. New York, NY 10090") and selling cigarettes and South Pole T-shirts to departing travellers.

"The airplane does not wait for passengers," the South Pole visitors' manual warns. Those of us who were leaving that afternoon stood outside for forty-five minutes—the coldest forty-five minutes I have ever spent in my life—while the plane unloaded. The windchill factor had dropped to −94° as the wind rose, and beards and mustaches were frosted white. I had a headache and felt dizzy and sick from the altitude, and when I got on the plane I misjudged the height of the



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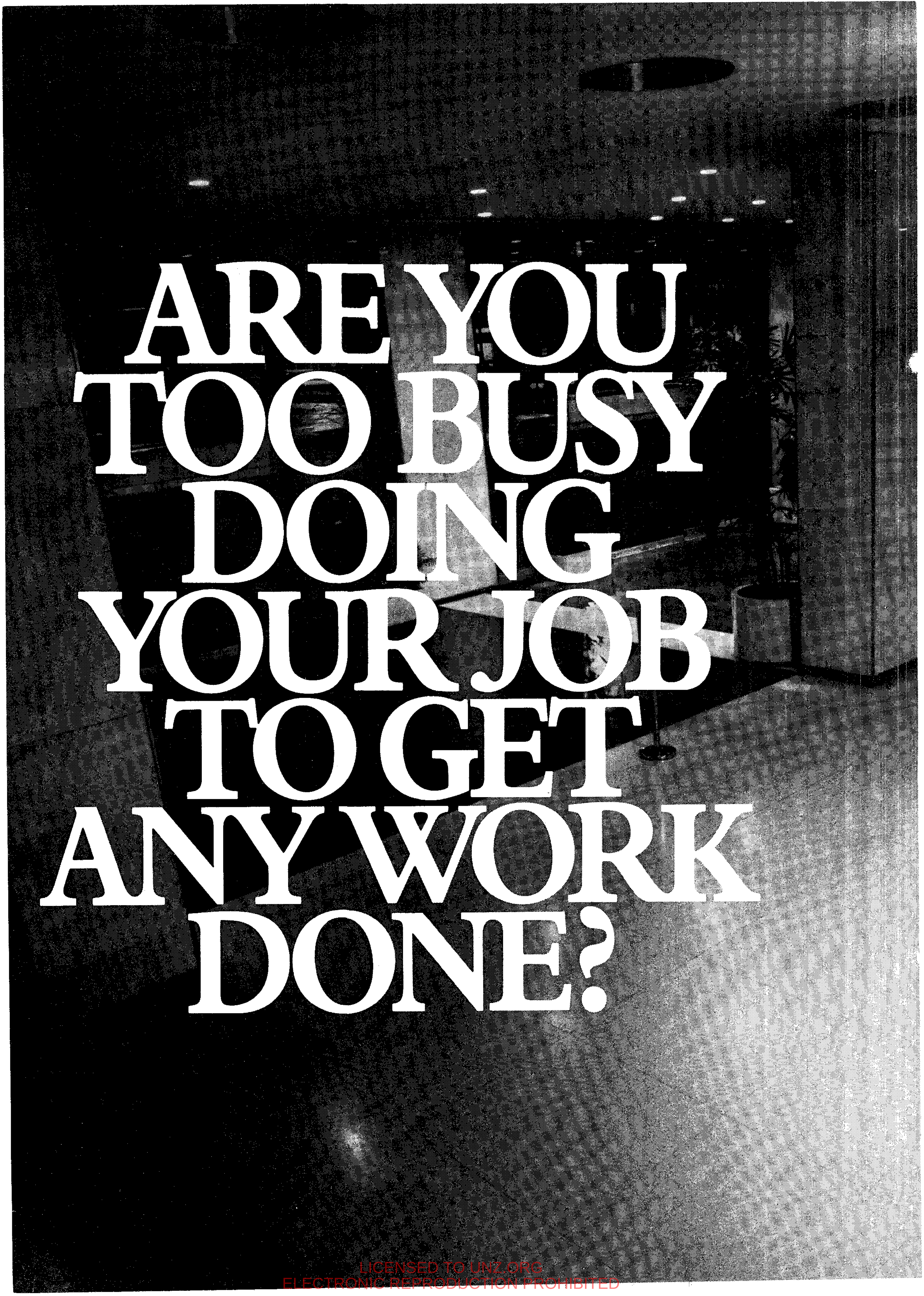
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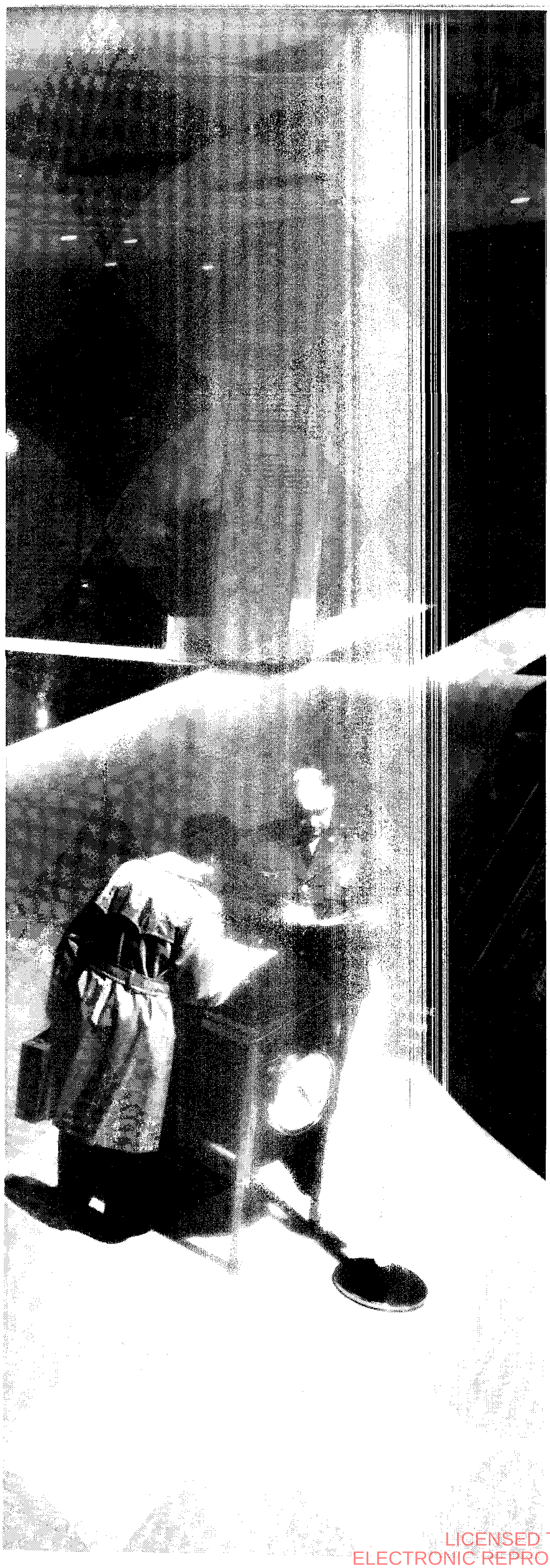

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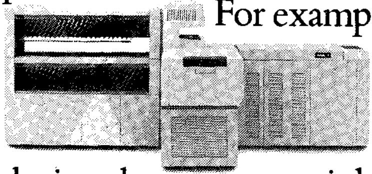

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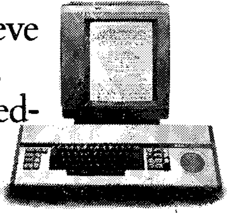

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door and cracked my head on the overhang.

Altitude sickness is temporary, and even at the Pole one eventually adjusts to the temperature. (Running is popular, though I did hear that one jogger's front teeth had split from the cold.) Still, one is always aware of the dangers. The red flags, the inexorable drift, the bite of the cold on exposed skin, the blizzard around the knees that could at any moment rise to eye level and wipe out visibility—all are reminders of how perilous the Pole is. In a place this extreme, accidents seem inevitable. Not long after my visit, in fact, a young man died there. A column of snow from a drifted-in vent fell and crushed him. He was one of the station's two cooks, and, ironically, probably spent less time outdoors than anyone else at the station.

On the plane, just after we took off, two of the crewmen began scurrying from window to window, looking out at the landing gear, and intermittently checking a piece of hand-cranked machinery that someone sitting near me said was the manual backup for the hydraulic system. Eventually, they seemed to be satisfied that it was working. I pulled up the furry hood of my parka and quickly fell asleep, insulated from the noise and chill by a cocoon of Antarctic clothing. I hadn't been asleep long, however, when I became aware that the plane was rapidly losing altitude, and that people were again running from window to window. But this time they were looking at the scenery, for the pilot had come down low over the Beardmore Glacier—a steep and treacherous ramp leading from the high Polar Plateau to the Ross Ice Shelf. The view was spectacular as we skimmed over the cracked and crevassed surface of the glacier, which Scott had laboriously negotiated on foot. On either side of it, mountains of the Transantarctic range rose ten and twelve thousand feet. The fields of crevasses we could see below us looked like puckered skin from this altitude, but each pucker was up to two hundred feet deep. Scott and his men repeatedly fell through thin snow bridges covering these gaps in the shifting ice, and were saved only by the sturdy traces they wore to pull their sledges, which caught them in midfall. A man would dangle in the ice cavern until someone hauled him up.

Modern Antarctic travel has its own hazards. This plane, the Antarctic Queen, was twenty-two years old—the oldest in the fleet. It had

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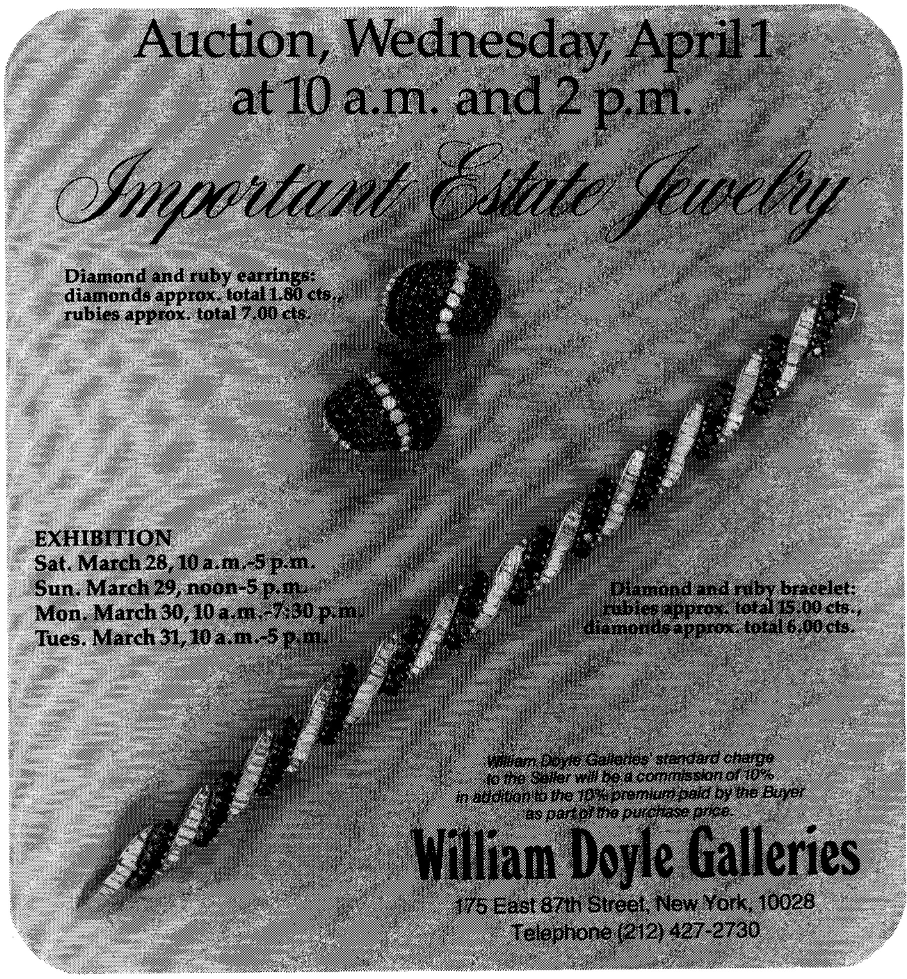

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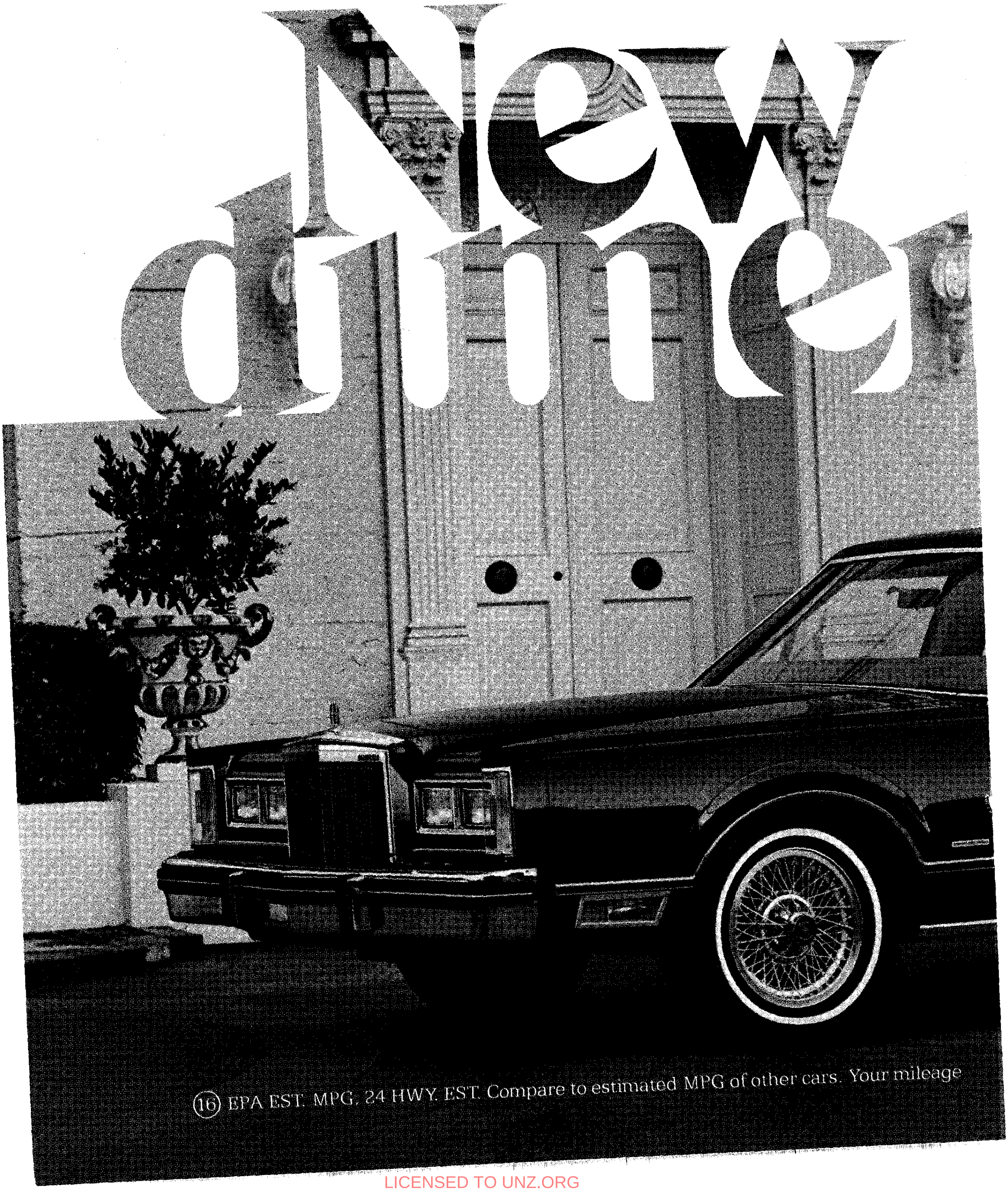

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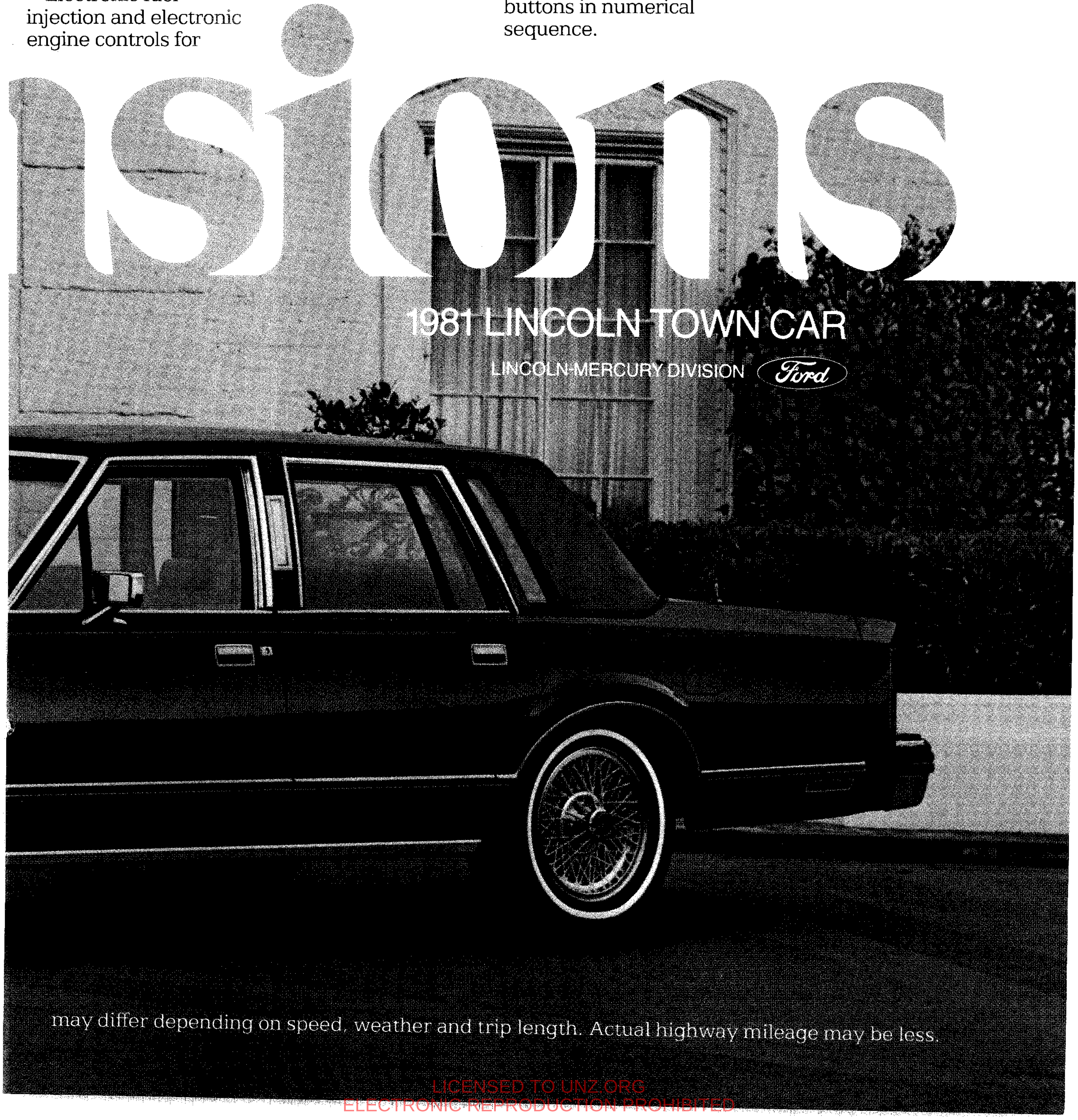

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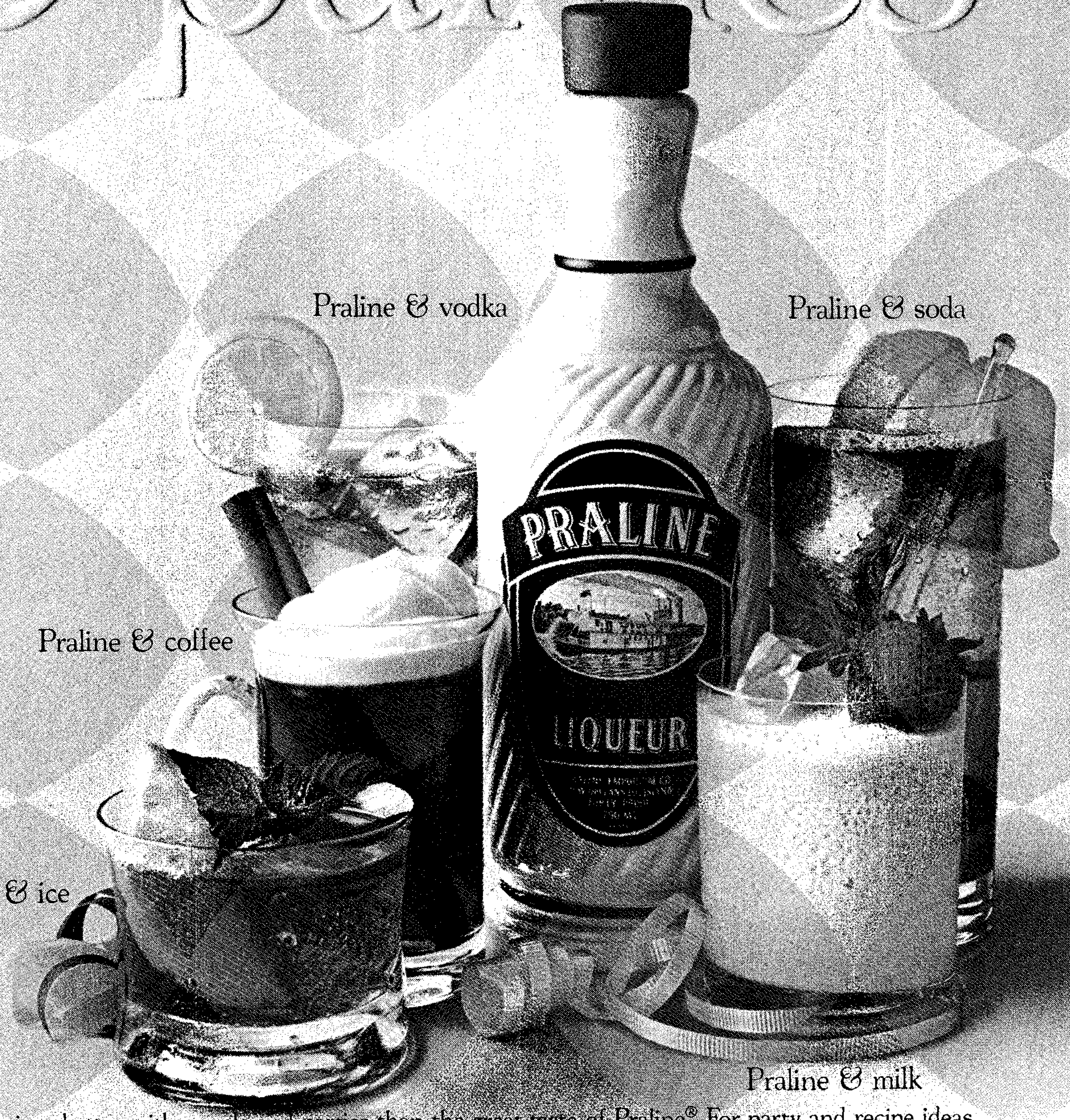
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spent two years on the ground, buried in snow, after crash-landing at a station in East Antarctica, and had been rebuilt four years ago at a cost of a million and a half dollars. (A new plane would have cost twelve million.) Like most of the Antarctic C-130s, it had chronic trouble with its hydraulic system. Nevertheless, we landed without incident. The sun was shining in McMurdo, which, after the Pole, seemed like the tropics.

SHOULD one need to catch a penguin—and the need had better be dictated by starvation, or else there's a ten-thousand-dollar fine—it would be the easiest thing in the world to do. Penguins have no land predators, and are utterly unafraid of creatures on foot. Scott found that they slowed down the work of the dog teams unloading his ship considerably. "The great trouble . . . has been due to the fatuous conduct of the penguins," he wrote in his diary. "Groups of these have been constantly leaping on to our floe. From the moment of landing on their feet their whole attitude expressed devouring curiosity and a pigheaded disregard for their own safety. They waddle forward, poking their heads to and fro in their usually absurd way, in spite of a string of howling dogs straining to get at them. . . . The penguins are not daunted in the least, but their ruffs go up and they squawk with semblance of anger, for all the world as though they were rebuking a rude stranger—their attitude might be imagined to convey 'Oh, that's the sort of animal you are; well, you've come to the wrong place—we aren't going to be bluffed and bounced by you,' and then the final fatal steps forward . . ."

On the way back from a helicopter tour of the dry valleys one afternoon, our pilot, Lieutenant Commander John Tennant, a red-haired Virginian, spotted some emperor penguins near the ice edge. He made a great looping descent—"You can go straight down," he said, "but it doesn't feel so good"—and we landed a few hundred yards from them. Tennant bounced the helicopter on the ice a couple of times, to make sure it was thick enough to support our weight, and then the crewman, still attached to his safety harness, got out and jumped up and down, to see if there were holes. Meanwhile, the penguins filed over; by the time we got out, they had gathered in an attentive semicircle.

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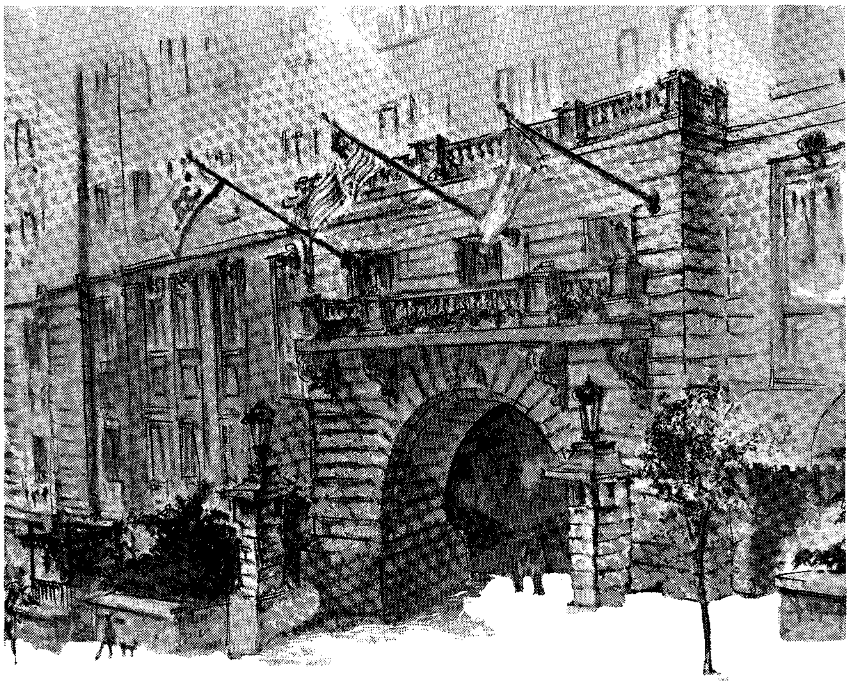

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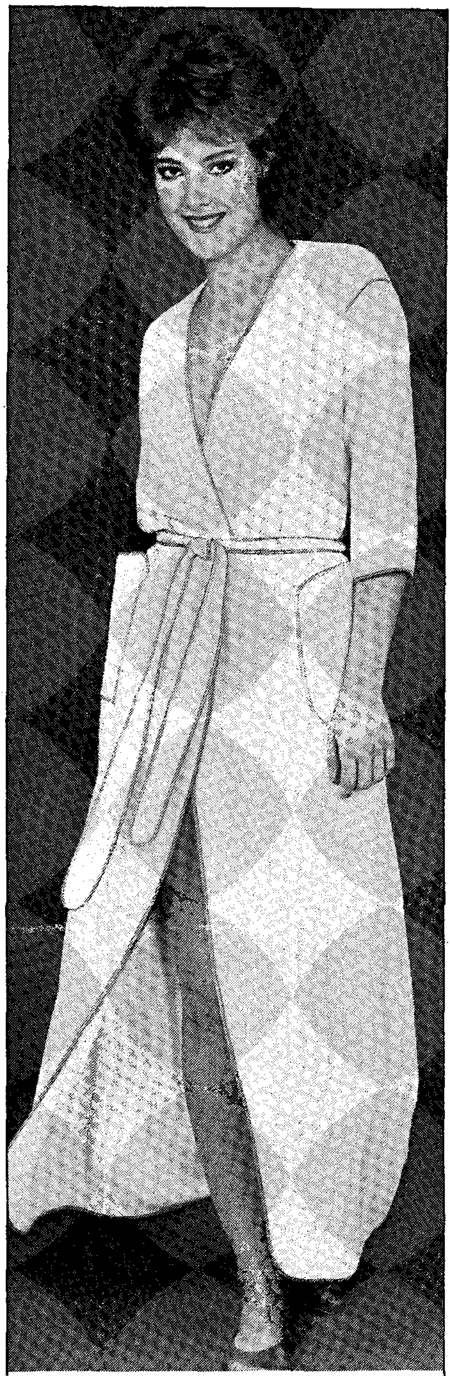
and weigh ninety pounds—you can nearly look them in the eye. They have a vibrant yellow-to-orange shading on the head and neck, and, as they tilt and turn their heads to get a better look at you, it seems as if they were posing, making sure you see their better side. The emperors have a creamy-white stomach and a black back; they might have been upholstered in a very fine silk brocade. They are famous for breeding in the most hostile environment on earth—Antarctica in the winter. Even other species of penguin wait until summer.

Emperors came and went while we watched and took pictures. Some walked upright, with a stiff-legged waddle, and others flopped on their bellies and paddled with their flippers. One trio, perched on an ice rise with Mt. Erebus as a backdrop, preened and posed for ten or fifteen minutes. Finally, one lost his footing and slid off. He picked himself up and walked away as if that were what he'd intended all along. The temptation to anthropomorphize penguins is almost irresistible, but I was also struck by how much the people in Antarctica looked like penguins. In our huge parkas and heavy leggings and shapeless boots, with our tiny heads poking out at the top, we had a remarkably penguinlike silhouette, and the same undignified walk.

THE waters off Antarctica are among the world's richest in marine life, and both the sea and the shore are important areas of study for biologists. The entire Antarctic land mass, on the other hand, supports just two species of flowering plants and two species of insects. Of the four permanent United States stations in Antarctica, only two are on the coast, so most of the country's Antarctic biological work takes place at them. McMurdo sits at the southern tip of Ross Island. Here the Ross Sea and the Antarctic mainland meet the Ross Ice Shelf—a plate of ice a quarter of a mile thick and the size of France which juts into the interior of the continent. On the far side of the continent is Palmer Station, situated on the Antarctic Peninsula, an ice-covered archipelago that extends north toward South America.

Palmer is an important center for the study of krill, a shrimplike crustacean that swarms by the billion off the peninsula. Krill shoals may be half a mile wide. They turn the water a bright pink in the daytime and a fiery blue-green at night. Krill is found only south of the Antarctic Convergence, where the cold southern waters meet the warmer waters of the northern oceans, and it has been commercially fished in large numbers only in the past decade. There are a great many problems associated with the catching and processing of this crustacean, which is so high in protein that it is thought to be one of the major untapped food resources of the world. Environmentalists fear that commercial krill fisheries would result in the eventual destruction of the Antarctic marine food chain, for krill is the principal food of five species of whales, three species of seals, and twenty species of fish. But many of the nations of the world see it as a crucial weapon against human hunger. Scientists are trying to find out enough about its life cycle—about its reproductive and growth rates—to allow quotas to be set which will neither endanger the krill population nor deprive the world of a much-needed source of food.

Twelve nations originally signed the Antarctic Treaty, which was formulated in 1959. Two others, Poland and West Germany, have since signed, after demonstrating their "substantial" scientific interest in Antarctica. Under the treaty's provisions, the fourteen consultative parties meet regularly to discuss matters of mutual concern. One such matter is krill. After several years of negotiations, in September of 1980 the consultative parties signed a convention on living marine resources. Following a widely praised "ecosystem" approach, it takes into consideration the effect that harvesting krill would have on the balance of marine life south of the Antarctic Convergence. Environmental groups hope that this approach will set a precedent for future decision-making about the exploitation of Antarctic resources, including minerals like copper and uranium and, most important, oil under the seafloor. Non-treaty nations, particularly the developing countries, would like to see all such matters settled by the United Nations. In 1970, the U.N. recommended that the seafloor should be considered "the common heritage of mankind;" the Law of the Sea Conference was convened to give a legal interpretation to this concept. The U.N. has also recommended that the moon be considered the world's common heritage, and many of the developing countries feel that Antarctica should be, too. But since both the United States and the Soviet Union are con-



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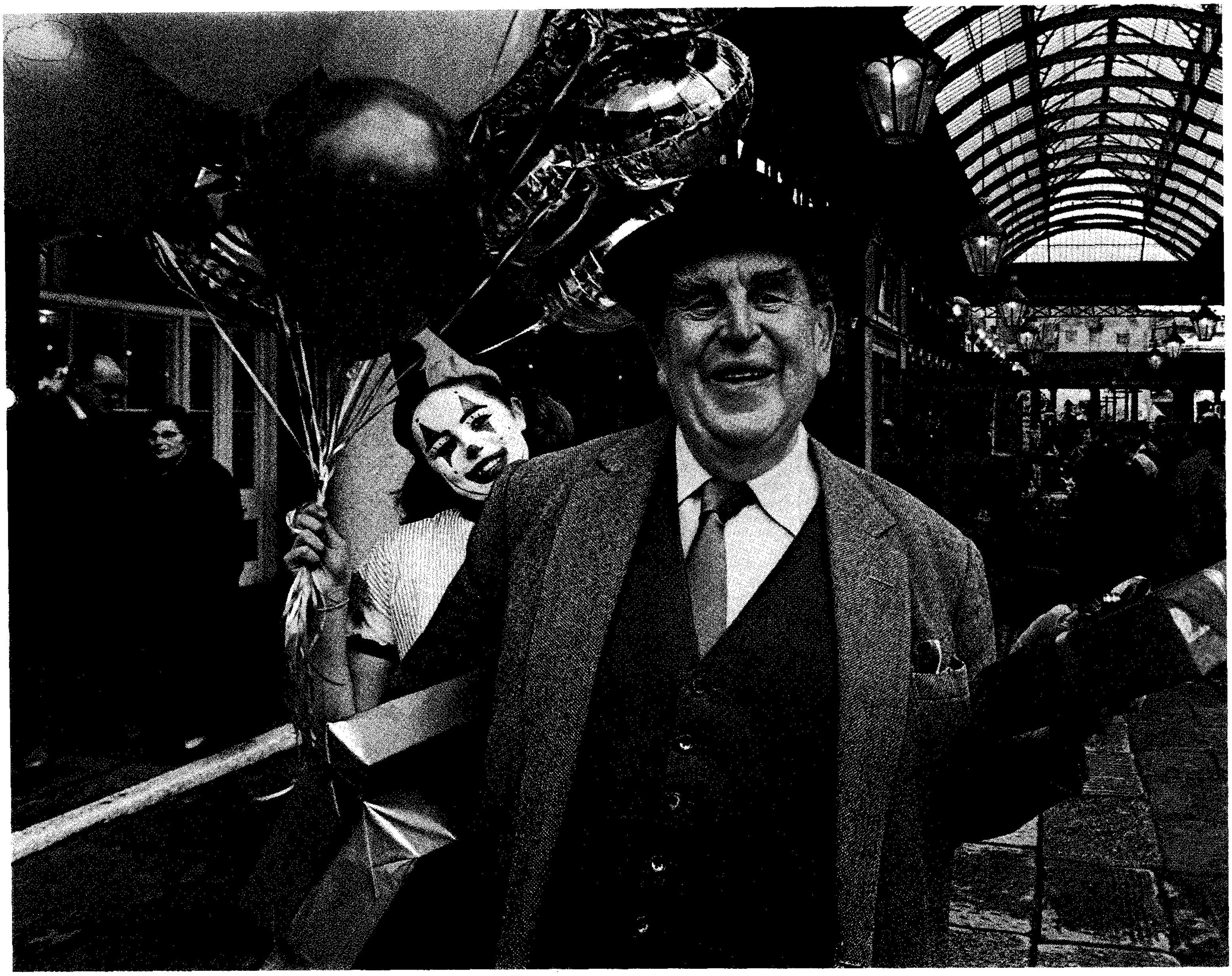

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sultative parties it is unlikely that the question of krill, or other Antarctic questions, will appear on the U.N.'s agenda in the near future. The matter will stay within the Antarctic "club."

Seven treaty nations claim wedge-shaped slices of Antarctica as their own, and some of them—Chile, Argentina, and, increasingly, Australia—have been outspoken in their opinion that anything in their territory or in the waters or the seabed within two hundred miles of their several claims is theirs. Neither the United States nor Russia makes such a claim, and neither recognizes anyone else's. It's a complicated situation, but at least there is no native population to be exploited. The indigenous population south of the Antarctic Circle is zero, as opposed to two million north of the Arctic Circle.

The treaty says of living resources like krill only that they should be preserved and conserved, and it says nothing about nonliving resources, like oil. Still, the document is a model of international coöperation. Under its terms, Antarctica is to be used "for peaceful purposes only." The establishment of military bases and fortifications, the carrying out of military maneuvers, and the testing of any type of weapons are forbidden. The use of military personnel and equipment for scientific research is, however, permitted. The treaty provides for international coöperation in scientific investigation, including the exchange of plans, personnel, and scientific observations and results. Finally, it prohibits nuclear explosions in Antarctica (defined, for the purposes of the treaty, as the area south of 60 degrees south latitude) and the disposal there of radioactive waste material. It was the world's first nuclear-test-ban treaty.

For now, Antarctica is something of a scientific paradise. More than two thousand scientists from a dozen countries work at forty stations scattered about the continent. At the time of my visit, three hundred of these were American researchers, scheduled to work on eighty different projects. The largest contingent, of about a hundred, was working in and around McMurdo. Twenty more were stationed at the South Pole, where the United States has had a year-round base for two decades. Five more were at Siple, an inland station devoted to upper-atmospheric physics and meteorology. (Twenty-eight had planned to be there, but a logistical snag had

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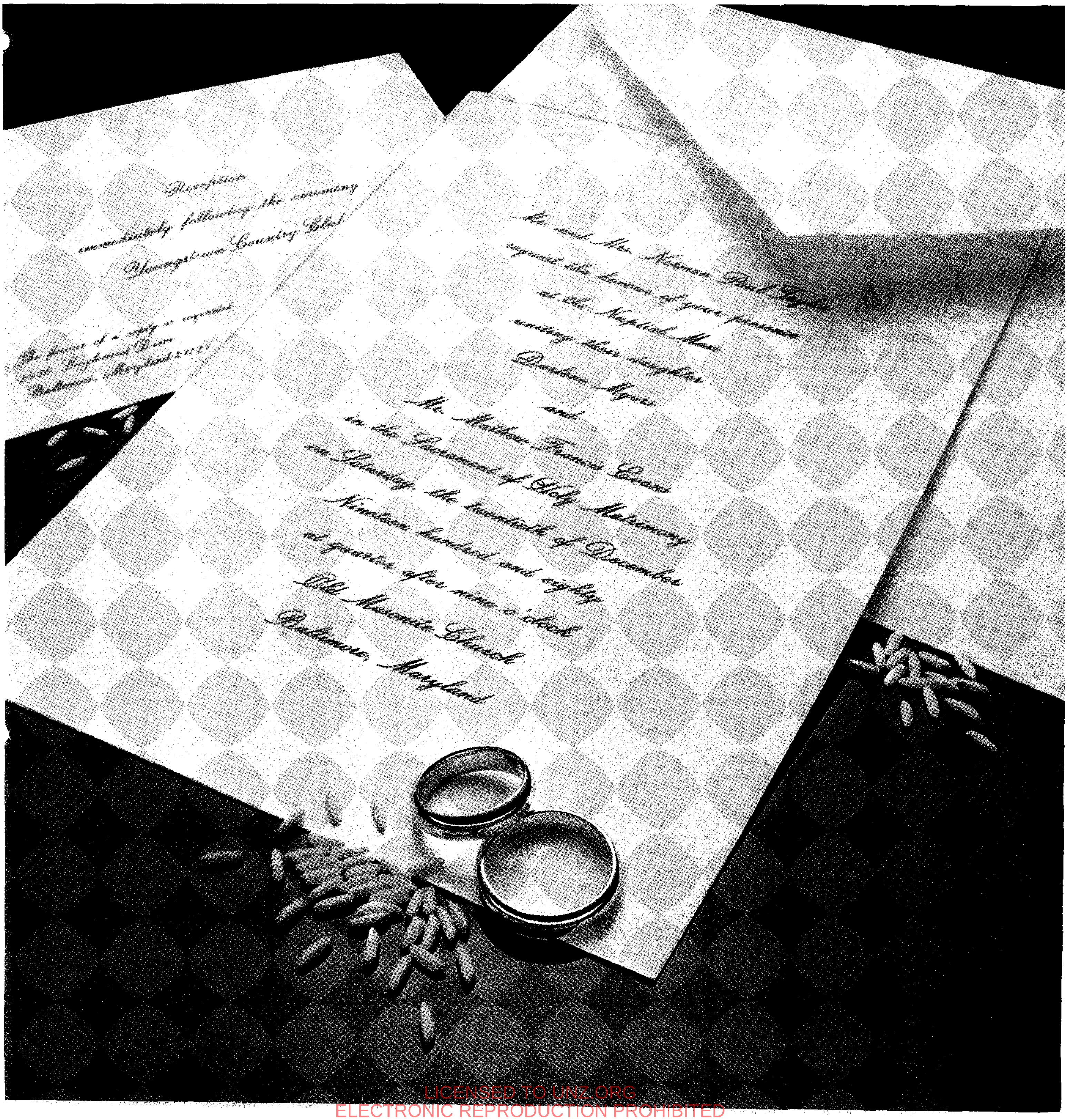

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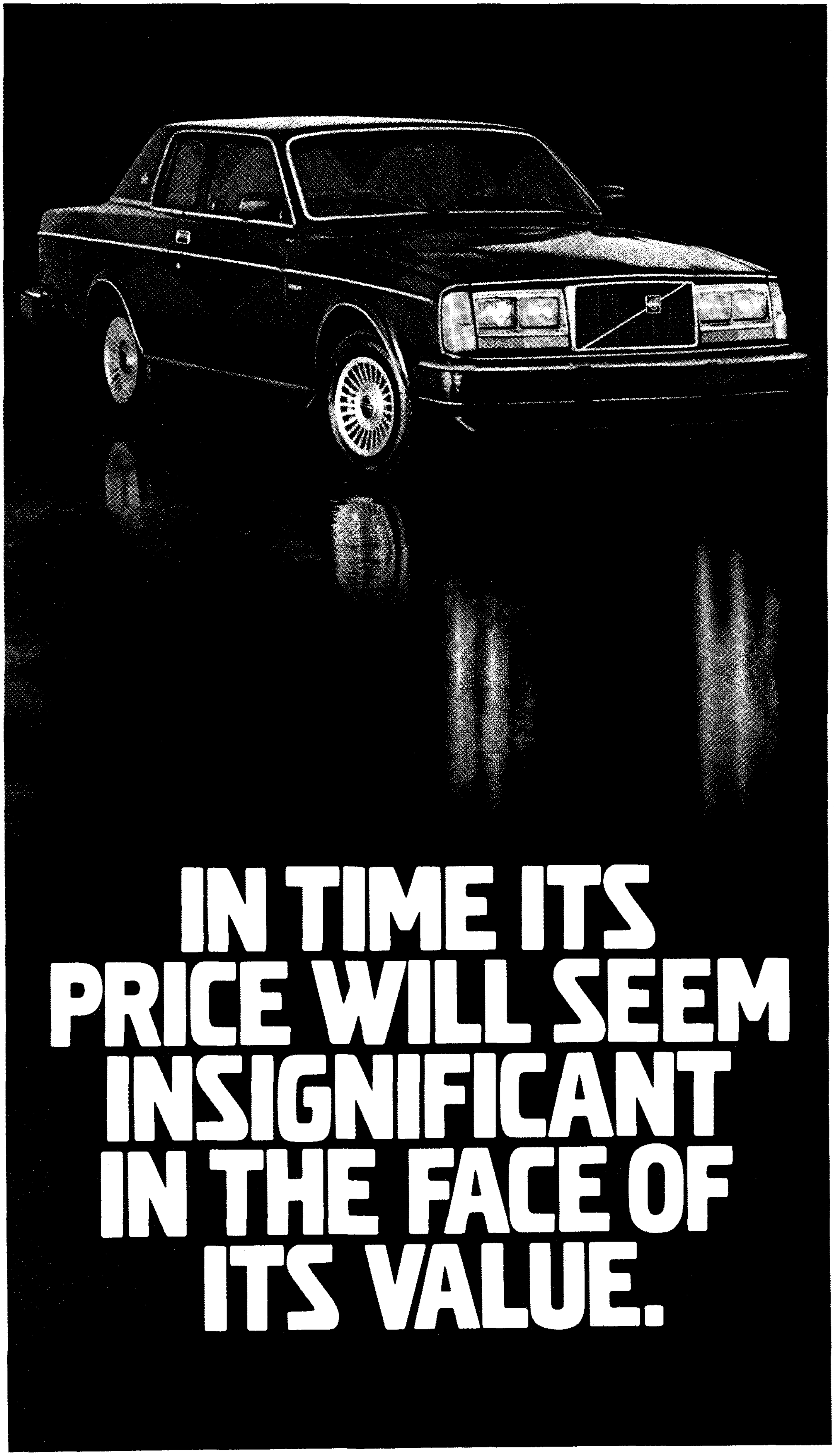

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caused a major project to be postponed at the last minute.) Twenty-seven were at Palmer. (Many of the scientists officially at Palmer actually work at sea, aboard the research vessel Hero, a fore-and-aft-gaff-rigged schooner with bright-red sails.) All four of these stations also support a small number of scientists during the winter. The remainder of the three hundred were camped at remote temporary stations. By far the largest contingent was a field party in the Ellsworth Mountains, some thirteen hundred miles across the continent from McMurdo. Forty-two scientists, mostly geologists and glaciologists, took part in that project.

The 1979-80 USARP budget was fifty-six million dollars. No one really believed that Congress had appropriated all that money out of a pure love of science, and Dr. Edward P. Todd, the director of the N.S.F.'s Division of Polar Programs, admitted that in fact Congress had not. Todd was in Antarctica for a visit, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of Admiral Byrd's flight over the South Pole, and he was blunt about the co-starring role of science in Antarctica. "What we have here is a mutually beneficial symbiosis between science objectives and foreign-policy objectives," he said, disarming a group of skeptical listeners. "If the Antarctic Treaty ceases to be effective, our research program gives us an excuse to be here. In a free-for-all, our presence is well established. What we buy here is a strong voice for the future of the development of the continent."

I HAD planned to spend a week in McMurdo and then two or three weeks at the Ellsworth Mountains camp, which was to be set up in early November. Bad weather in McMurdo and later in the Ellsworths delayed the opening of the camp—it required twenty-five planeloads of housing, equipment, and fuel—and I found myself with unexpected time in McMurdo. Here are some sights not included in the formal itinerary of the first week:

The supply depot, a barnlike building at the top of a hill. C.P.O. David Shugart, a big man with a big white beard and gold-rimmed glasses, is the supply chief. He's also the bartender at the Chief's Club. Ordinarily, the Navy keeps ninety days' worth of goods on hand in a supply depot, he says, but he has enough here to last

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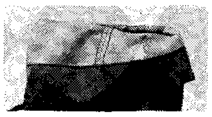

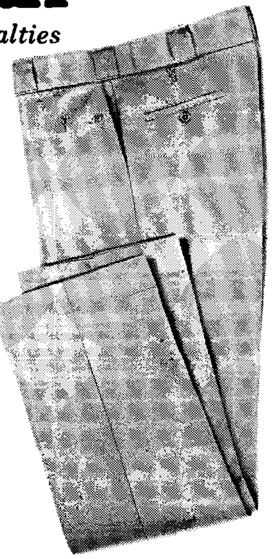

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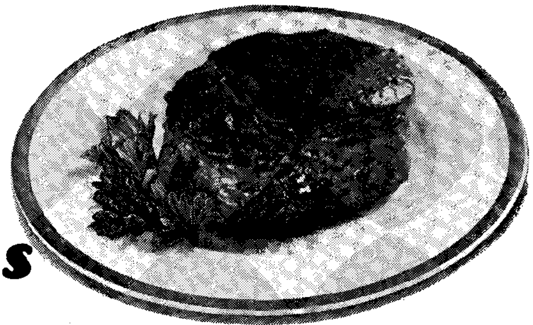

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The airfield, called Williams Field. In addition to the "meat lockers" at the airfield, there are a number of Jamesways. When a Jamesway gets drifted over, it's abandoned, and soon it begins to collapse under the weight of the snow. I crawled into a half-crushed Jamesway and found a double-deck bunk almost buried by drift, and an exercise trapeze hanging from the ceiling.

A construction site. Ralph Stokes, the construction foreman, was supervising a double shift of carpenters and electricians who were trying to finish a new dormitory—to be called the Salmon River Inn, in honor of the state of Idaho, home of many of the builders—in time for the arrival the next day of some distinguished visitors. (They succeeded, more or less. The D.V.s, there for the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Byrd's flight, slept upstairs while the construction work continued downstairs.)

Scott's hut. Built in 1902, for the first of his two Antarctic expeditions, it looks brand-new, thanks to the preservative qualities of the Antarctic climate. A seal carcass left outside by Scott's men has only recently begun to turn slimy.

Observation Hill, on the outskirts of town. At the top is a cross erected by Scott's men in memory of the five who died coming back from the Pole. Apsley Cherry-Garrard, in his wonderful 1922 memoir of the 1910-13 Scott expedition, called "The Worst Journey in the World," wrote of this cross, "There was some discussion as to the inscription, it being urged that there should be some quotation from the Bible because 'the women think a lot of these things.' But I was glad to see the concluding line of Tennyson's 'Ulysses' adopted: 'To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.' "

An extra week in McMurdo also gave me a chance to meet people: Terry Malone, an automobile mechanic whose previous employment had been with Mario Andretti on the Grand Prix circuit. Wallace Fletcher, a cowboy-hatted carpenter with shoulder-length white-blond hair, whose real name was neither Wallace nor Fletcher. Bruce Hansen, better known as Hawk Man, who worked at the airfield and was a nine-year veteran of Antarctica. He gave me a ride into

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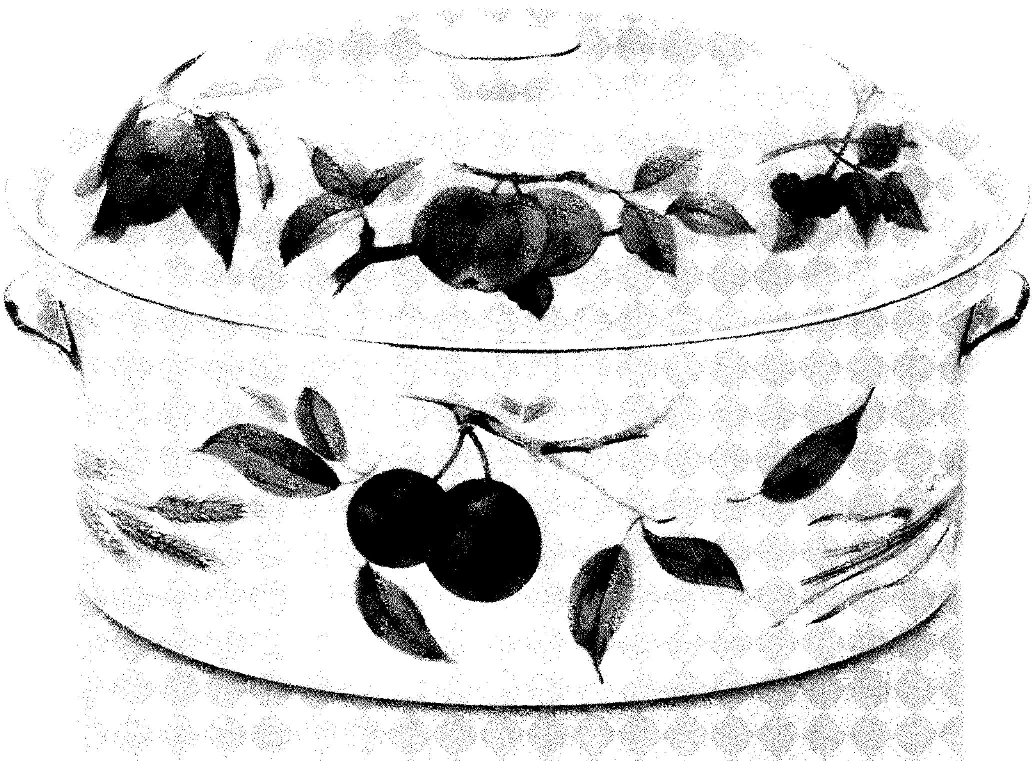

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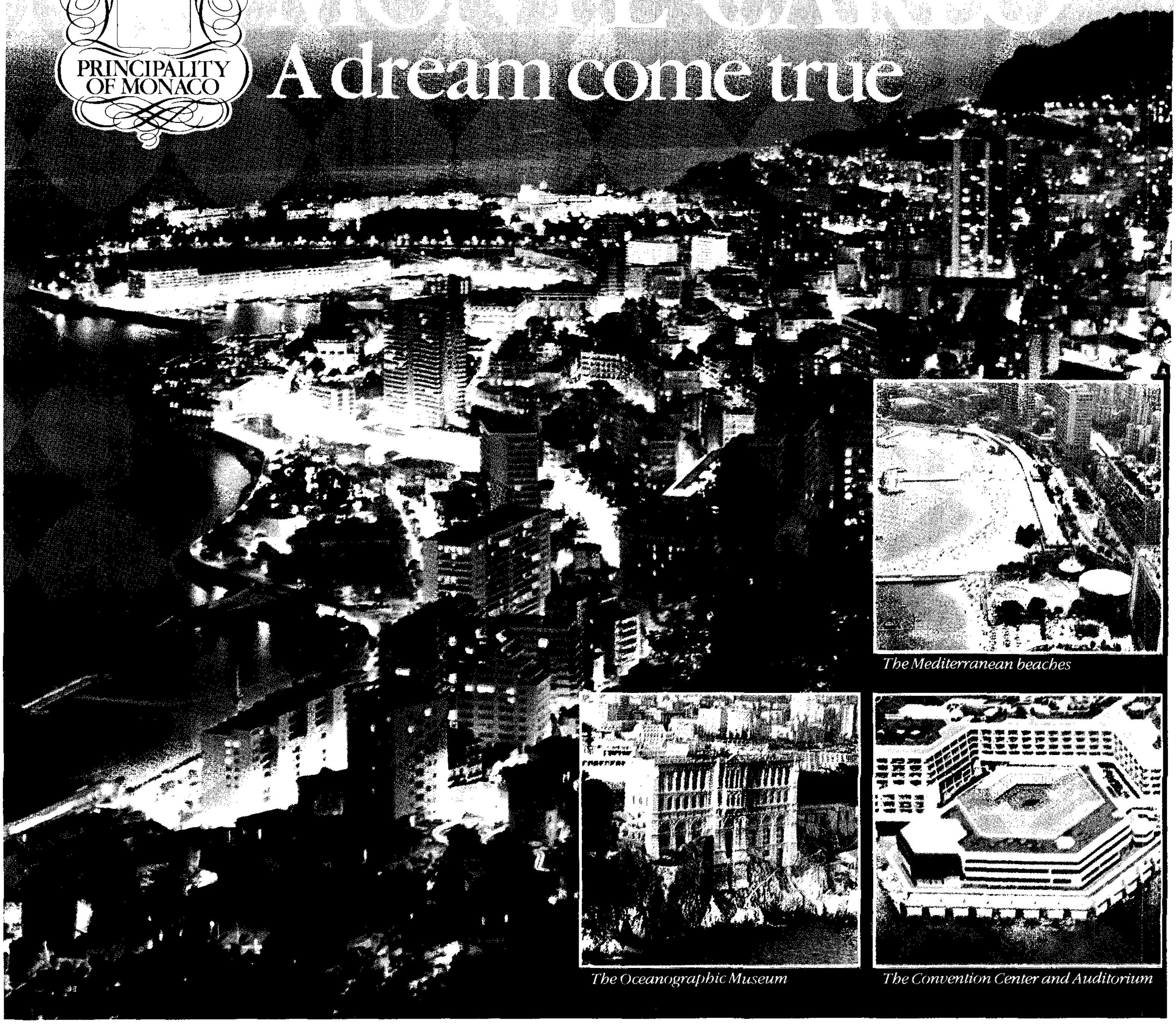

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town from the airfield one day in his truck, which he called Mother.

ONE morning during that week, I went with twelve of the Ellsworth Mountains group on a trip to some ice caves at the base of Mt. Erebus, ten miles north along the coast. We had three snowmobiles, each with a sledgeload of people hooked to the rear. (We also carried sleeping bags, tents, a two-way radio, and emergency food and fuel—standard survival gear for any trip away from a base camp.) We took turns driving, because the purpose of the trip—the official purpose, at any rate—was to give us some snowmobile experience before we left for the Ellsworths.

The caves are formed by the shifting ice in the tongue of a slow-moving glacier at the base of Erebus; a couple of people on this trip who had been out there a few days before said that the caves they saw then had already changed somewhat. We climbed up to the entrance of one, about twenty feet above the sea-ice surface. Inside, the cave dipped to sea level again, and we let ourselves down the slope, using ice axes as rungs. At the bottom was a small chamber, twenty feet in diameter and fifteen feet high. The walls were covered with ice crystals, each the size of an outstretched hand. I scratched one with my fingernail and it made a tinkling noise that seemed to come from deep in the wall. Then I broke it off and tasted it—it was sweet and clear. One explorer pulled himself up and over a mound of ice at the rear of the cave and dropped through a hole behind it. He called to us to follow him, and, slipping through the hole one by one, we found ourselves in a short, dark passageway. Around a corner and to the left, it opened into a magnificent, silent cavern fifty or sixty feet high, with bright, filtered light coming through the ice ceiling. The floor was hard and uneven and slippery, with a dusting of rime. At the far end, a narrow passageway led down and deeper into the tongue, but the thought of the shifting ice kept most of us from venturing farther.

Outside, with our backs to the keen, cold wind, we ate box lunches standing next to the sledges. It had been overcast when we set out, and now the clouds were lower and the sun was gone altogether. Some people wanted to keep going, to see a colony of Weddell seals a few miles on, and the more experienced in the group decided that the weather was not so threatening

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that we shouldn't—the route home was well travelled and marked with flags. By the time we got to the seals, though, it was snowing lightly, the sky was more ominous than ever, and it was very cold, so we stayed only about fifteen minutes. The lowing and bellowing of the mothers and pups, amusing on that sunny day at Hutton Cliffs, were eerie now, muffled by the falling snow. As we were leaving, I thought I heard human voices calling in the distance. We stopped and listened, but it was only the seals.

PEOPLE who go to Antarctica are always conscious of potential danger. USARP participants are urged to take out high-risk life insurance and to prepare a will before leaving the United States. Everyone is sent a copy of a thick orange booklet called "Survival in Antarctica," which begins, "*Tragedy and disaster can strike unexpectedly. It has happened, and it will happen again. This manual will help you prepare for the possibility, when all seems to be going well, of suddenly being in a survival situation.*"

More than fifty United States aircraft have been destroyed in crashes in Antarctica in the past twenty-five years, and every American expedition, with the exception of Deep Freeze '68, has experienced airplane or helicopter losses. The loss of life has been remarkably small, totalling only twenty-nine. The ski-equipped C-130s used by the Navy can land almost anywhere. Surviving on the ground or on sea ice until rescue comes is another matter. The manual tells how to build an emergency ice shelter, the most effective ways to use a signalling mirror, how to use airplane fuel for cooking. The Navy planes, like all Antarctic overland travellers, carry tents, sleeping bags, radios, food, and emergency cooking fuel. The pilots are trained for survival situations, and members of field parties also take a two-day survival-training course, but one is urged to carry the survival manual as well. The chapter called "Emergency Landing on the Continent" gives seventeen steps for survival. Step No. 5 is explicit about the consequences of losing emergency gear: "Remove survival equipment from the airplane even though the airplane may be burning or smoking in some places. . . . Without the survival equipment survival chances are negligible if weather or other factors delay rescue attempts." Even if the plane is intact, this equipment is crucial: Step No. 10 says, "Do not try to live in the airplane; it will be too cold. At first glance, the aircraft seems a logical shelter. It is a poor one. There is no possibility of bringing the inside temperature above the ambient temperature. The fuselage, exposed to piercing winds, is a heat sink that drains away your body reserves."

There are dangers in travelling overland as well, of course, and dangers even in McMurdo in the summertime. A D-8 Caterpillar fell through some soft ice on McMurdo Sound in December; the Seabee operator got out safely. And in November, as we were leaving Christchurch for Antarctica, the body of an Australian was being brought in. He had gone out of a building at Australia's Casey Station during a storm, lost his bearings, and frozen to death.

While I was there, an accident occurred of an entirely different order of magnitude, and of a senselessness far beyond anything in Antarctica's history. While we stood eating our lunches and watching the lowering sky that day at the ice caves, a plane crashed in the snow not twenty miles away, on the far side of Mt. Erebus. It was an Air New Zealand DC-10 on a tourist flyover. All two hundred and fifty-seven people on board were killed—the fourth-worst air disaster ever. From the air, the wreckage looked like a long cigarette ash tapped onto the snow.

Air New Zealand had been running these flights for three years—four each summer. The trip was a plum assignment. In preparation, pilots had thirty minutes' simulation training and some classroom instruction; most of them never directly experienced the hazardous conditions peculiar to Antarctica until they got there. The United States Navy requires a full season, and sometimes two seasons, of air time in Antarctica as a co-pilot before a pilot takes the controls. On this flight, the pilot and both co-pilots were first-timers. So were most of the rest of the crew. The cause of the crash was pilot error.

If the plane had made a safe crash landing, the consequences might well have been in some ways more grisly. The plane carried no cold-weather survival gear. The passengers were dressed in summer clothing and had no extra clothes (and no suitcases), because this was to be a non-stop round trip. In a report to the director of civil aviation in New Zealand, in October of

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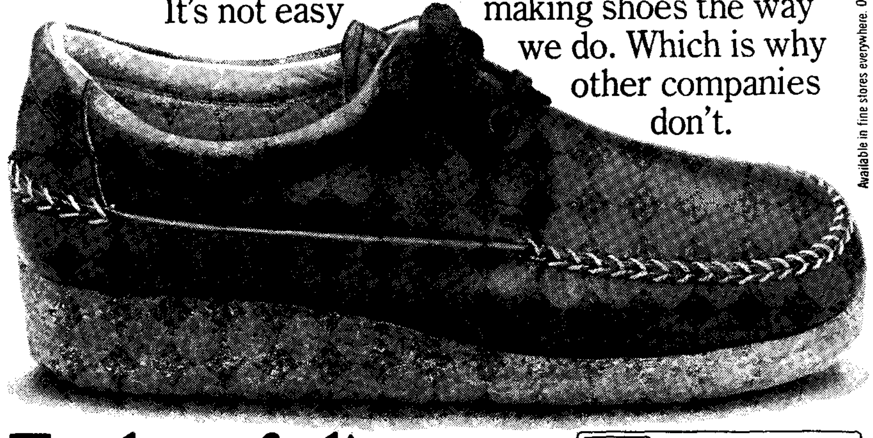

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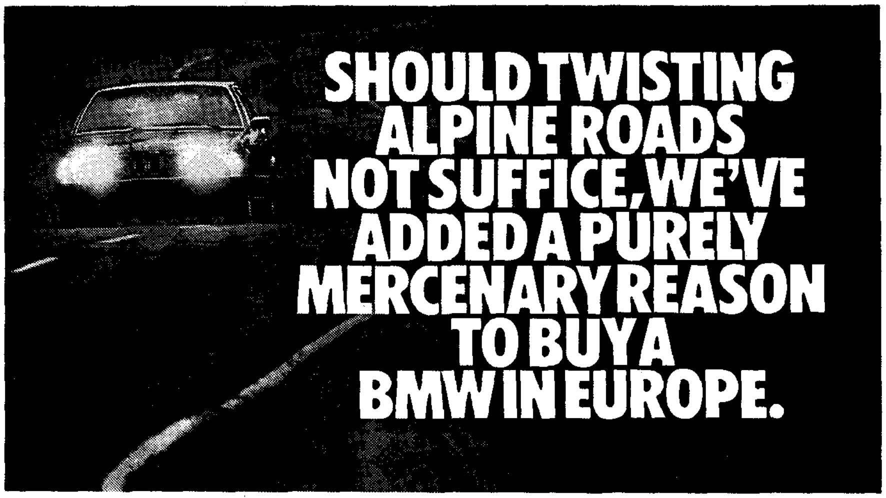
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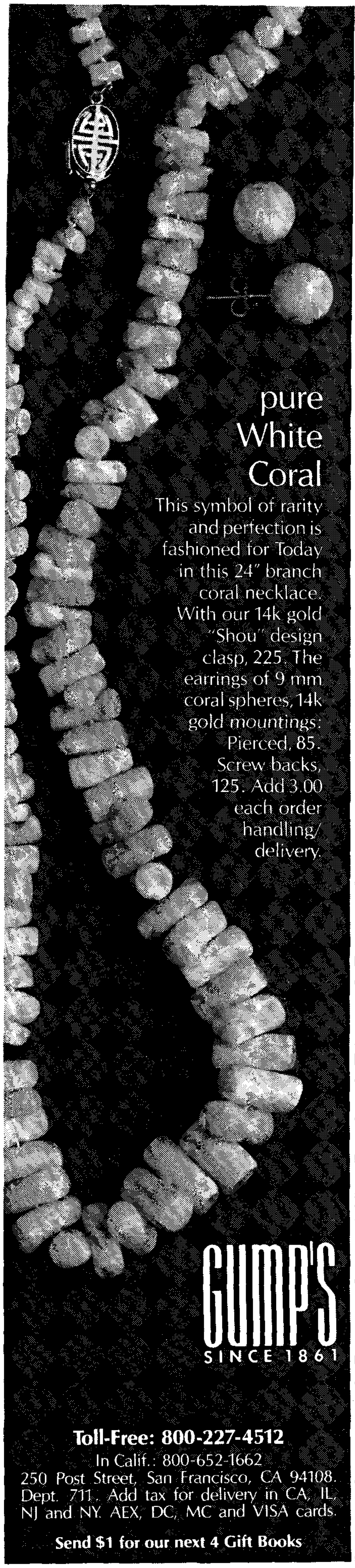
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1977, the commander of the Navy forces in Antarctica had warned that his men were not equipped for a search-and-rescue operation on the scale that would be necessary if one of these large planes should go down. The warning had been passed on to Air New Zealand. Even if all had gone well, then, delays in rescue operations would have been inevitable. As it happened, everyone died instantly. The pilot had only six seconds' warning before the crash. The passengers probably had none.

The recovery of the bodies was conducted from McMurdo by air, with United States Navy helicopters, and with mountaineers from New Zealand and from Scott Base, New Zealand's principal Antarctic scientific station, which is about two miles from McMurdo. One day shortly after the recovery was completed, I saw Hugh Logan, who had worked at the crash site—and who ordinarily, with two other New Zealanders, runs a survival-training course for field parties. We were sitting at a table in Scott Base's small mess, surrounded by books and with portraits of a young Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip looking down from the wall. On the table were a pot of tea and a tin of cookies. Logan seemed willing—almost eager—to talk about what the operation had been like.

"It was pretty rugged the first three days," he said. "We got only a couple of hours' sleep and just snatched at food. Eventually, we made one of the tents into a cooking tent and someone acted as full-time cook. We also built a landing pad for the helicopters. It was too steep, before that, for them to set down safely, and we had to jump out while they balanced on one skid. The weather was generally good, although it blizzarded one day, and there was always a lot of cloud. There were eighteen of us working on body recovery. One or two couldn't take it, but the rest of us decided to stay out until we were finished, even though the original plan was that we should go back to Scott Base for twelve hours after every twelve-hour work shift. The Navy pilots worked hard, very long hours. They worked a blitz on Sunday, the last day. McDonnell Douglas"—the maker of the DC-10—"said they'd never seen such an efficient recovery."

The reports from the crash site had been gruesome, and Logan confirmed their accuracy. "When we started, we heard that a pathologist had said we could spend two days maximum out there without severe psychological damage," he said. "Well, here I am. At the end, the weather was very bad and flying conditions were risky. We had tents and food, and we could have stayed. But Buford—Reedy Buford, one of the pilots—came in and brought us all out."

Logan did look fine in this cozy atmosphere, though tired. He leaned heavily on his elbows, but he talked briskly, only at the end betraying some of the strain he had been under. "We're going to put up a cross," he said. "A big wooden cross. We found the brass registration plate from the plane, and we'll put that and the date on the cross. Maybe later someone will want to add the names." He paused. "It will all get buried by snow," he said finally, "but I'd like it if we could blow up the wreckage. We don't want tourists there."

EVERY year, the N.S.F. sponsors one large-scale field project. The previous year's had been a glaciological expedition to the Darwin Glacier, headed by George Denton, a glacial geologist at the University of Maine, who first came to Antarctica in 1957. The following year's was to be a nonscientific project: the Navy would rebuild a crashed C-130 lying in the snow near a French station in East Antarctica. (This project was eventually abandoned because of a lack of funds.) In 1981-82, a geological expedition is planned for the mountains of Northern Victoria Land, four hundred miles northwest of McMurdo. When I was there, the major project, which was the culmination of eleven years' planning by Gerald Webers, a paleontologist from Macalester College, in St. Paul, Minnesota, was the expedition to the Ellsworth Mountains, one of the least explored and most beautiful regions of Antarctica.

Webers is a stocky man of medium height, with grizzled hair and, when he's in Antarctica, a grizzled beard. He almost always wore the same clothes—as one tends to do in a field camp. His outfit was a plaid shirt with a green down vest over it, and he looked more like a lumberjack than a scientist. His personality matched his looks: he had the calm acceptance of mishap and delay of someone accustomed to dealing with nature. His group consisted of twenty-six scientists and students, gathered from all over the United States and also including two West Germans, a Japanese, a New Zealander, and a Russian. They were supposed to have left McMurdo for the Ellsworths in mid-November, but they were still in Christchurch when I arrived, on November 14th, and did not leave McMurdo for the Ellsworths until December 2nd. Since the camp had to be dismantled by mid-January, the expedition's time had been cut considerably short. Working closely with Webers, as his logistics coördinator, was another Minnesotan, John Splettstoesser, who, like Webers, remained philosophical in the face of the most frustrating delays.

The Ellsworth Mountains are two hundred and thirty miles long, running approximately north and south, and are divided into two distinct, equal parts by a twelve-and-a-half-mile-wide, three-thousand-foot-thick glacier—the Minnesota Glacier. The name is not a coincidence. Both Webers and Splettstoesser, and other members of the group as well, had been part of a Minnesota-Wisconsin expedition that had worked in this region for four summers in the early sixties. Many of the area's other geographical features bear similarly proprietary names, like the Webers Peaks and the Splettstoesser Glacier. Camp Macalester—or Camp Ellsworth, as the N.S.F. preferred to call it—was situated on an unnamed offshoot of the Minnesota Glacier. The campsite was chosen partly because it was in the middle of the Ellsworths, making almost the whole range accessible by helicopter. (The helicopters used in Antarctica have a hundred-and-fifty-mile radius but stick to a hundred for safety reasons.) The site also had enough open straightaway for transport planes—the ski-equipped Hercules C-130s—to land and take off. Like all big planes, the C-130 has an unwieldy drift once it's in the air, and needs not only runway space but open space beyond the runway.

Housing, snowmobiles, fuel, and other equipment and provisions had been flown in over a three-week period, and by the first of December the construction workers had left and the camp was ready for the scientists. Twenty-one members of Webers' group and seven other scientists, working on related projects, flew in together. For most of them, it was their first sight of the Ellsworths. For Webers and Splettstoesser, it was something they'd been waiting more than fifteen years to see again. The camp was almost invisible from the

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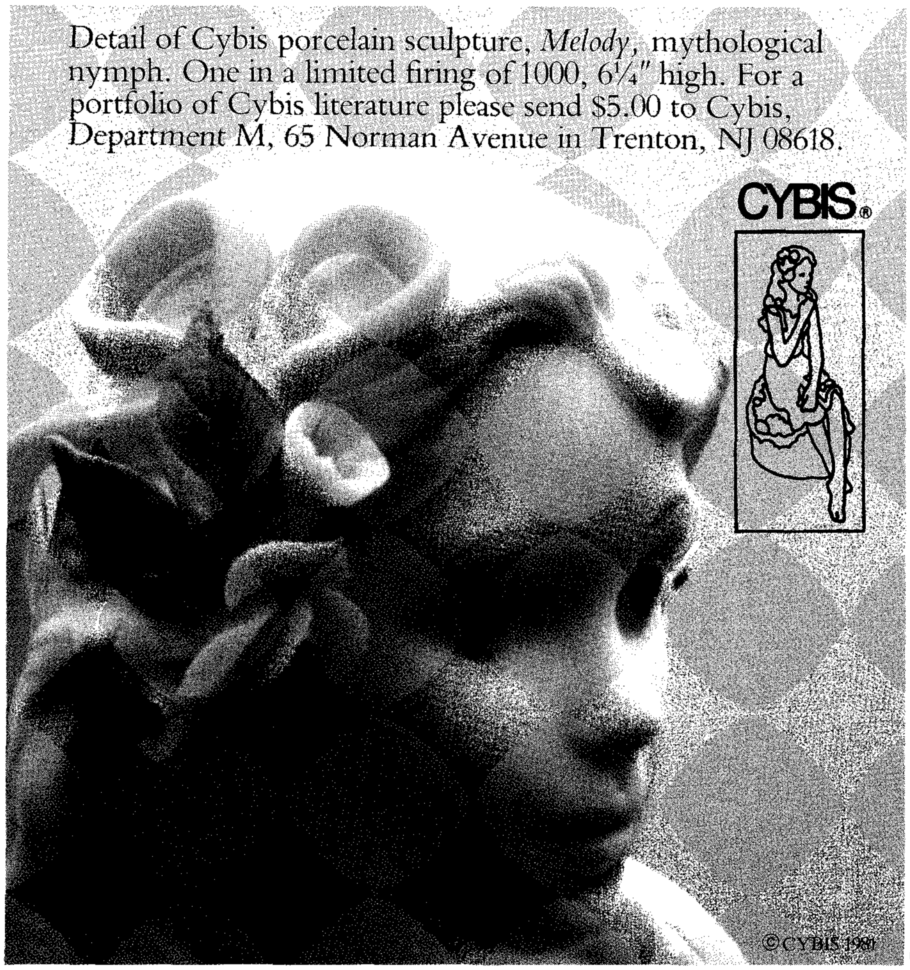
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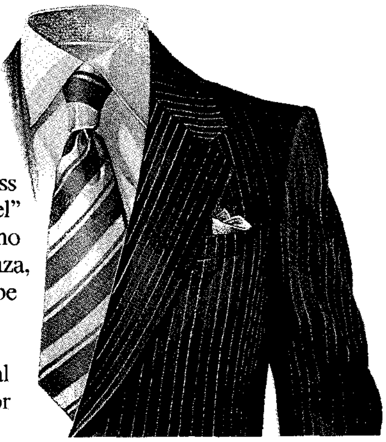
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air—a hyphen on an otherwise blank sheet of paper—as we came in over the Minnesota Glacier. Two isolated peaks served as landmarks. When we were directly over the camp, we could distinguish five Jamesway huts and a few tents. Three orange helicopters sat nearby, their rotors tilted jauntily. We circled, heading for tracks in the snow where previous planes had landed. Tiny figures shielded their eyes against the glare and looked up at us.

Twenty people were already in camp: David Waldrip, a Holmes & Narver employee, who was the camp manager; his assistant, Vic McCord; the camp cook, Beatrice (Bebe) Axelrod; the H. & N. general field assistant, Thomas Deering; six helicopter pilots; and ten crewmen and mechanics. The pilots and crewmen and mechanics had arrived the day before. Waldrip had been there since the "put-in" flight, when the very first material was delivered, and had supervised the setting up of the camp. He had been the manager of the previous year's Darwin Glacier camp, and was already known—to Splettstoesser, who had been logistics coördinator there, and to many of the pilots and scientists—as the Mayor. He ushered us into a Jamesway with a familiar double-arch design and the legend "Bebe's Golden Arches Restaurant" over the door.

The first order of business was to decide what time it was. We had left McMurdo five hours before, at around midnight on Sunday, December 2nd, with the sun low in the southern sky, and crossed the International Date Line from west to east. Now, on the far side of the continent, the sun was high, as if it were midday. Webers, Splettstoesser, and Waldrip conferred. "It's 11:38 in the morning," Webers announced. "By administrative fiat." Not altogether coincidentally, this was Central Standard (i.e., Minnesota) Time. The second order of business was to eat, and since it had just been declared lunchtime, that was the meal we had.

After lunch, Waldrip, a tall, thin Southerner (from Moro, Arkansas) with a high forehead and lank blond hair, stood up in the front of the room. We were sprawled around the Formica tables, drinking coffee and yawning. Most of us had not slept for thirty hours. "Now, first of all we have to revise the time," he said. "Siple, which is a couple of hundred miles from here, is a day behind, so for convenience we'll coördinate with them. It is 1:04 in the afternoon, Sunday, December 2nd." We were still on Central Time but a day earlier. "O.K. Now, let me tell you about the layout of the camp. The first building out that way is the helo"—pronounced "heel-o"—"maintenance shack and the office for the H. & N. mechanic. That's Vic. To the left of that is the plywood generator shack. On the other side, to the right of the galley, is USARP living quarters. It's in two sections. We got a cool section in the middle and a warm section on the leeward side. Then we got the enlisted living quarters and, to the far right, the administrative and communications headquarters. That's also the officers' quarters and where Spletts and I will sleep. Three weeks ago, there was nothing here. Try to keep it clean outside—it's neater and it's safer. Only the galley has plumbing—we've got hot and cold running water. You can have two showers a week, back there behind the kitchen, but we'll monitor the D.F.A. usage"—the initials stand for "diesel fuel with an Antarctic additive"—"and if it gets out of hand we'll have to cut the shower hours. No showers from five-thirty to seven-thirty at night—we need the water for the galley. The washing machine—it's next to the shower—will also be secured for those hours. There are two toilets in the back of this building and a U-funnel in the upper end of each living area. Outside, you can use the places marked with a yellow flag." I had been warned before I came that there were no special facilities for women. There were just three of us in camp—Bebe Axelrod, a student named Patricia Gould, and me—and forty-nine men. "There are some restricted areas," Waldrip went on. "The generator shack, the helo pad, the snow-melter source, which is upwind. Everybody does house-mouse duty—two people per night clean up after dinner. We'll have movies on a nightly basis, after the galley cleanup. Cargo is stacked out front. Watch out for the plywood boards covering the freezer. We've got ten snowmobiles, and a Caterpillar 931 for unloading cargo and for the snow melter. There's a mail sack on the galley hook. Mail goes out with every Herc."

The last sentence was spoken in the confident expectation that there would be such flights every two or three days, bringing in fresh food, new people, fuel and equipment, and sometimes

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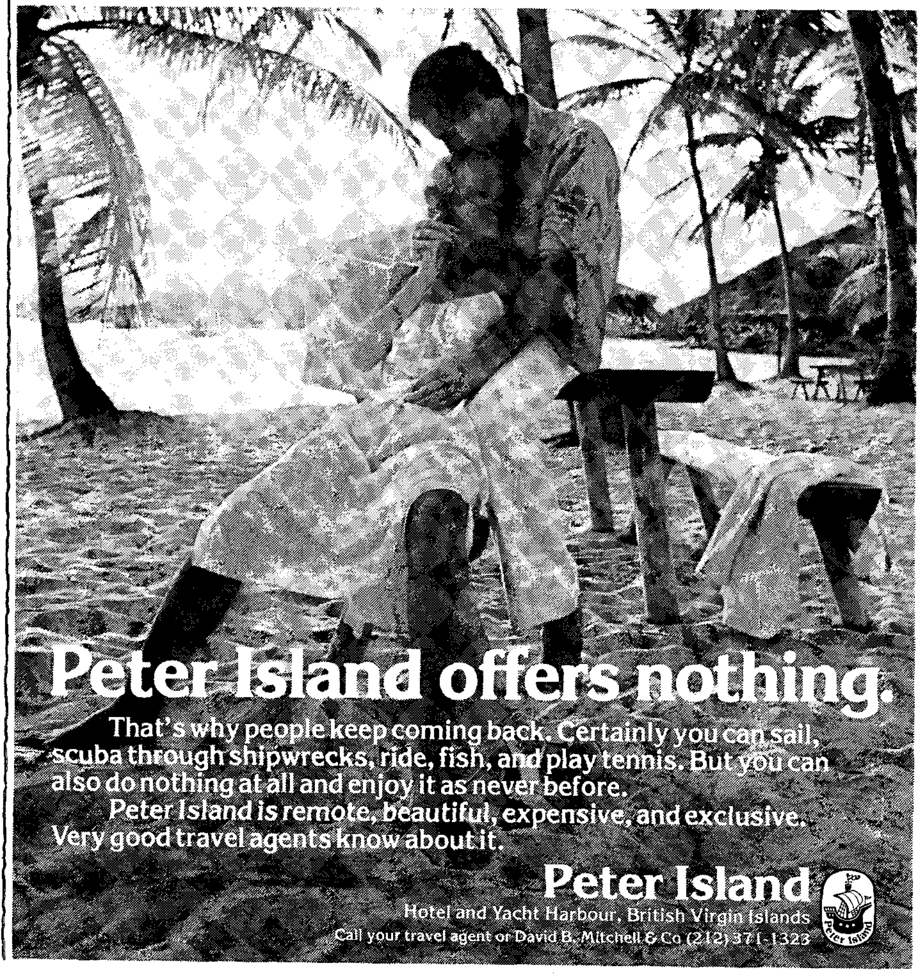

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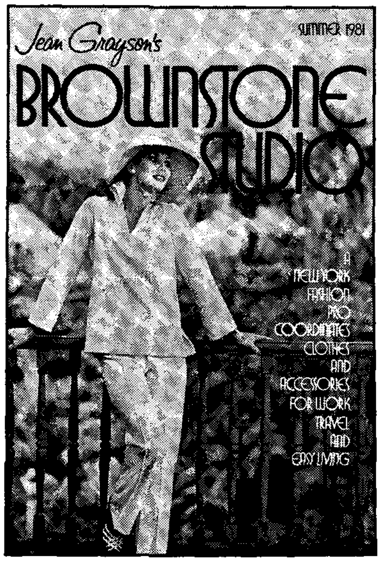
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mail. As it turned out, the next plane came in eight days later. When, shortly after we arrived, the cargo from previous flights was sorted and it became apparent that the loadmasters in McMurdo had not included any of the big tents, food, and other gear necessary for the week-long camping trips on which the expedition's plans were based, no one was concerned at first. The scientists would make day trips to closer areas, by helicopter and snowmobile, until the next Hercules arrived.

ONE of the first such day trips was to the Webers Peaks. John Pojeta and Ellis Yochelson, both invertebrate paleontologists from the United States Geological Survey, and part of Webers' core group of scientists, led a helicopter party to this series of hills, about forty miles from camp. Crowded in with tents, sleeping bags, emergency rations, and geological gear, five passengers and three crew members made for a close fit, in spite of the fact that the helicopter used in Antarctica, the Bell twin-engined UH-1N Huey, was designed for hauling both cargo and passengers.

The Webers Peaks are in the southern half of the Ellsworths, in the area known as the Heritage Range. We followed the path of a glacier through rounded peaks and low ridges, many of them bare, with multiple parallel layers of metamorphic rock running through them in graceful curves and inclines. I had heard Webers explain, to a standing-room-only audience at one of the McMurdo Sunday-night science lectures, that a whole series of strata in the Ellsworths, ranging in age from Middle Cambrian (five hundred and fifty million years ago) to Permian (two hundred and fifty million years ago), had been accordioned and uplifted into folds. Altogether, the stratigraphic sequence here was a remarkable thirteen thousand metres in depth. We had seen in slides—and could now clearly see out the window of the helicopter—that the layers were as distinct, and as telling, as the rings of a tree.

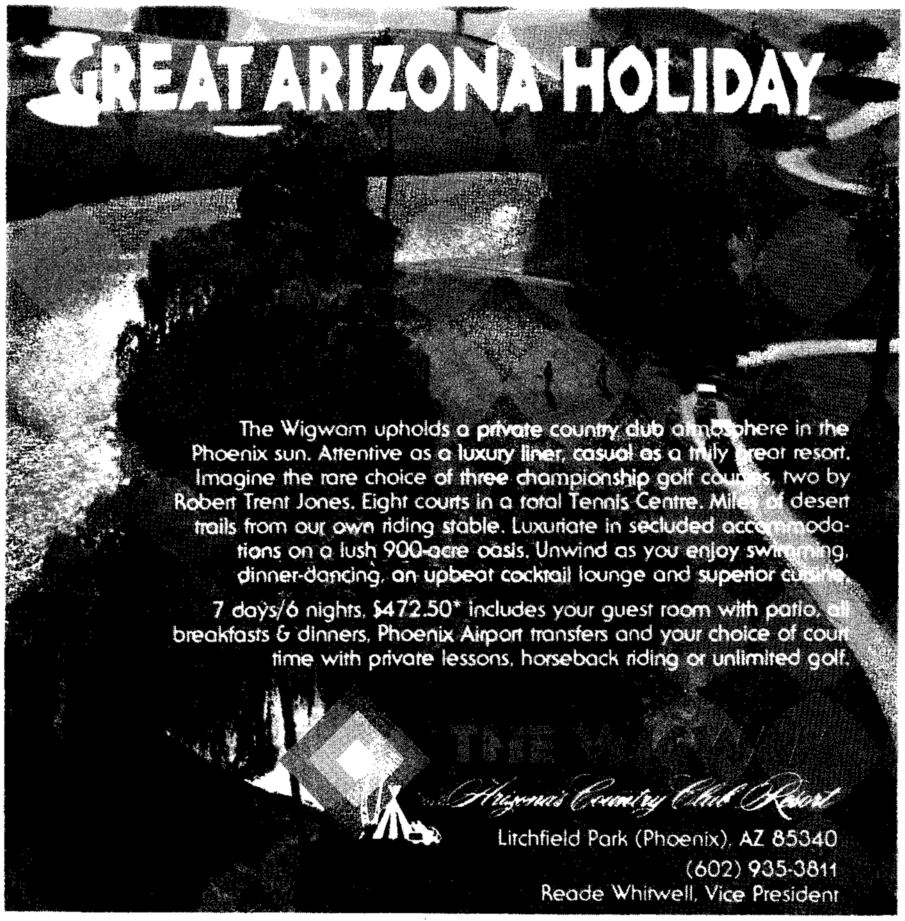
Our goal was Springer Peak, which is nearly five thousand feet above sea level but only a thousand feet above the level of the glaciers on either side of the Webers Peaks. After we had been flying for twenty minutes, Pojeta and Yochelson, who were studying a map of the area, handed it up to the pilot. He compared what was on the map with the landscape he was flying over, and then banked in to look for a place to land near the top of one of the higher bare hills. The crewman opened the sliding door and dropped a smoke grenade; it released a cloud of red smoke when it hit the ground, telling the pilot which way the wind was blowing. When we were twenty feet from the ground, the crewman opened the door again and this time, attached to a safety harness, leaned out and peered under the helicopter. Looking like a gymnast about to execute a side flip, and speaking through the microphone on his helmet, he guided the pilot, foot by foot, onto a safe landing spot, making sure there were no boulders or holes under the skids. "O.K. On deck," he said at last. The five of us tumbled ourselves and our gear out, ducking to avoid the turning rotor. The pilot stood by while we set up the radio and made sure that it worked, and then, as we dived to keep loose equipment from being blown away by the frigid wash of the rotor, he lifted off and was gone. Within a minute, the helicopter had disappeared, lost against the white of the glacier. "I hope he doesn't forget where he left us," someone said, laughing nervously. He and the others gathered up their things and got to work. It had been a long wait. Some of them had been approached by Webers about this proposed Antarctic expedition nearly a decade ago.

"What we have here for the most part are mollusks and trilobites," John Pojeta told me, indicating an outcropping of rock. "The mollusks may help us resolve some of the ideas about how different kinds of modern mollusks originated. The trilobites can help us date the rocks, because we have a worldwide succession of trilobite faunas—a biostratigraphy, instead of the usual lithostratigraphy. Then, there's a little thing called an archaeocyathid—it's an extinct cone-shaped fossil—which is not supposed to occur in rocks this young. Jerry Webers found some nearby—he was here for about ten minutes seventeen years ago, as part of a snowmobile survey they made of this whole area. We're trying to find more of them, to confirm his find." He looked around. "Have you got a hammer?" he asked. "Where you see a crack in the rock, just bang away. It will split. Usually, the fossils occur along the split."

A whole trilobite may be smaller than a small fingernail. What remains as a fossil is often just one of three lobes on the dorsal surface of this extinct arthropod's head or tail. The rocks did split, as Pojeta said they would, but spotting the fossils, especially with the naked eye, was not so easy. Pojeta wore a small hand lens on a string around his neck. He would look through it intently, examining the knobbly rock surface. The rocks he wanted to keep went in a white canvas bag, to be sorted in camp. Eventually, many of them would be shipped back to Minnesota in wooden rock boxes. Altogether, I later found out, the Webers group sent back sixty-four hundred pounds of rocks.

Ellis Yochelson had worked his way around the side of the mountain, and I saw him halfway down a steep slope. The rock surface underfoot was crumbly, and the wind was nearly a gale on this side, but he was hammering at the rock face in great excitement. "This is shale!" he shouted over the wind after I had tentatively picked my way down to where he stood. "I would presume that the area was marine, with a very soft bottom, about five hundred and fifty million years ago. Right here at the bottom are the trilobites. They're in a dark limestone. The best guess about trilobites is that they were scavengers, crawling through the mud, picking up dead animals and other particles of organic matter."

After a lunch of frozen sandwiches, frozen juice, and frozen cookies, several scientists who had been in our helicopter and in another, which arrived later, decided to explore a ridge that curved away from Springer Peak. I set off with them but turned back when we got to the bottom of a long hill and began to climb again. About twenty minutes later, I sat down to rest. Looking back, I could barely make out the others, though they were silhouetted on the ridge. I don't know how they had the energy for that climb. Even on flat places, walking was arduous. It was partly the elevation and partly the heavy clothes. I counted the clothes I was wearing: twenty-nine separate pieces. Like the others, I had pockets full of equipment, further weighing me down: a camera and film, a tape recorder (it had immediately frozen), extra leather mittens, and several large rocks I'd been presented with as souvenirs. It was a bright, sunny day, and I didn't



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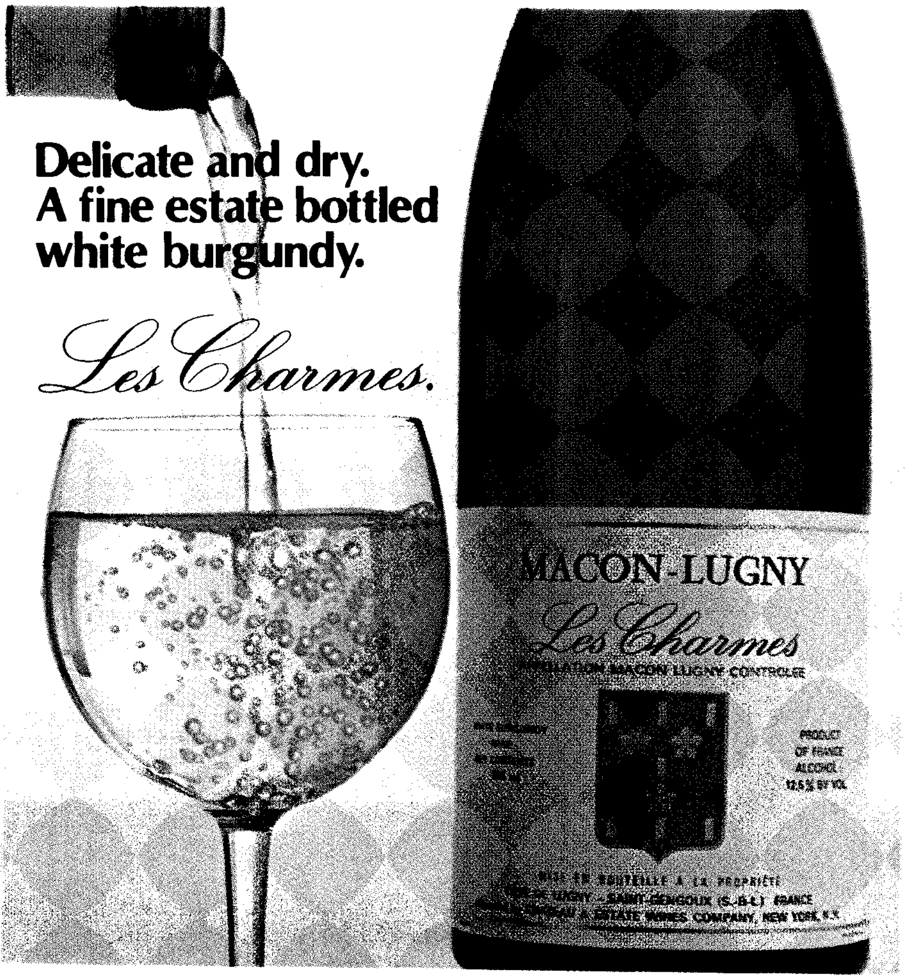

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worry about getting back. But when I finally did get back I was so tired that I lay down on some sheltered rocks and, padded by that cumbersome clothing, fell into a sound sleep.

THE group least inconvenienced by the non-arrival of the camping gear was that headed by George Denton. As part of a continuing glaciological survey of Antarctica (he had done the same sort of work the year before, at the Darwin Glacier camp), he was studying the northern part of the Ellsworths, the Sentinel Range. His group moved so rapidly that camping in one spot would not have been practical: each day, Denton—along with James Bockheim, a soils expert from Wisconsin; Howard Conway, a mountaineer from New Zealand who was known to all as Twitty; Björn Andersen, an eminent Norwegian glacial geologist (affectionately called Grandfather by the irreverent Twitty); and Robert Rutford, a geologist now at the University of Nebraska, who had been part of one of the Ellsworth expeditions in the early sixties—made three or four stops by helicopter high in the mountains. One morning, Rutford was busy elsewhere and I took his place in the helicopter.

The Sentinels are quite distinct in appearance from the Heritage Range. Most are craggy, snow-covered peaks—many fifteen and sixteen thousand feet high—with lacy arêtes and sheer, bare faces dropping thousands of feet. We flew north, following the Nimitz Glacier for its forty-five-mile length. On our right we saw the seventeen-thousand-foot Vinson Massif—the highest mountain in Antarctica—and then some peaks almost as high. At one point, the pilot briefly cut through the narrow range to the other side, the leeward side. Here there was no bare rock face at all; with no wind to blow it away, the snow had piled up thousands of feet. Finally, Denton spotted a snow-covered ridge at the base of a nunatak and asked the pilot if we could land there. ("Nunatak" is an Eskimo word for a mountain that is almost submerged by glacial ice.) The pilot set down gently and bounced the helicopter to test the surface, and the crewman, wearing the safety harness, leaped out to check for crevasses. He immediately sank through the snow and up to the hip in a crevasse, so he got back in and we took off. The second place we stopped was a snow-covered ridge between two nunataks, and this time the surface was solid.

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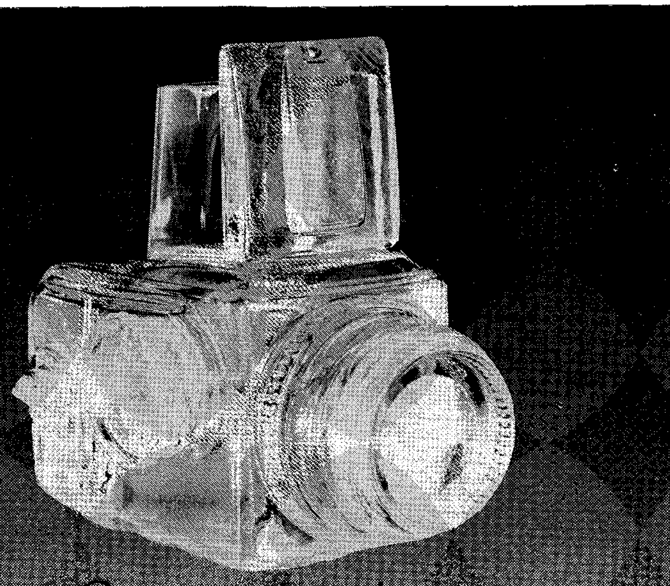

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Denton suggested splitting into two groups. He and Jim Bockheim would climb up and study the top of one nunatak, Björn Andersen and Twitty the other. Denton is more than six feet tall, with red hair and a red beard, and he has a long stride; I decided to go with Björn and Twitty. The pilots and the crewman took off after Denton. Twitty, who was thirty-one, thin, and nimble, led the way, and Björn followed close behind. I scrambled to keep up, following literally in their snowy footsteps. The nunatak was steep, and we had to zigzag up it, stopping now and then to look at rocks where the ice had melted in the morning sun. As we neared the top, Twitty and Björn waited and let me catch up. "You go first," Twitty said. "You'll be the first at the top. We'll name it after you." The top was flat and rocky, with a fine view—and reaching it felt like an achievement.

The tops of the mountains and nunataks were where the Denton group did its work. They were studying the recent glaciological history of these mountains, and at the top of each one they examined the rocks for scratches. If they were scratched, it meant that a glacier had come through at at least that level. At the top of the nunatak I had climbed—about seventy-five hundred feet high—Björn and Twitty found faint, weathered striations: evidence of a glacier's path. Later, in the helicopter, moving on to the next stop, they made notes of the location and elevation of the marks.

That evening in camp, I had a long conversation with Denton. He talks very fast but jerks to a stop now and then and backtracks, to make sure that his listener has got it all. He begins hesitantly, earnestly, as if he were confiding compromising secrets that he hopes one will be sympathetic about. Before he got to the kind of information that he and his party were looking for in the Ellsworths, he made sure I understood the background of their work—the glaciological history of the rest of Antarctica. This history includes the strong possibility that the West Antarctic ice sheet once collapsed into the sea. Many glaciologists think that it might do so again sometime in the next two hundred years—a catastrophic geological event that would gradually raise the sea level around the world by twenty feet. Denton believes that such a collapse occurred during the previous interglaciation—the warm period between ice ages—which was a hundred and twen-

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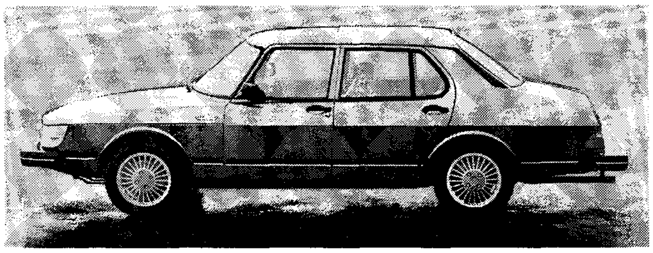

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ty-four thousand years ago. Having presented this somewhat ominous scenario, he went on to say reassuringly, "It's unlikely as long as the ice shelves—the Ross and the Ronne, among others—remain in place. And it can happen only very slowly. Apparently, we have already passed the danger point of this interglaciation—the warmest part was nine or ten thousand years ago. There was a short very warm period beginning in the eighteen-nineties, but since then worldwide temperatures have been dropping again." Then, as quickly as he had added his reassurance, he subtracted it. "But now mankind is injecting carbon dioxide into the atmosphere," he said. "John Mercer, at Ohio State, who is the principal theorist of the ice-shelf-breakup theory, suggested that this could trigger a worldwide climatic warming—the so-called greenhouse effect. Scientists at the National Center for Atmospheric Research, in Boulder, Colorado, think that the temperature might go up as much as three degrees Celsius in the next seventy-five years, and in polar latitudes it could be as much as ten degrees Celsius. Then we would have the warmest of all interglaciations."

If a collapse should occur, one place it might start is in the region of the Ellsworth Mountains. The Rutford Ice Stream, which runs parallel to the Sentinels, and an ice stream in the Pine Island Glacier both drain off inland ice from this region. Ninety per cent of the drain-off from the West Antarctic ice sheet goes through ice streams. "What happens is that these ice streams speed up and pull the ice, like a river in flood," Denton said. The Pine Island Glacier, travelling at the rate of thirty-six hundred metres a year, is already the fastest-moving glacier in Antarctica. In fact, it is the second-fastest-moving glacier in the world, after Greenland's Jakobshavn Glacier (which provides most of the icebergs that imperil North Atlantic shipping). But what makes the Pine Island Glacier of critical importance for the collapse theory is the fact that it flows unimpeded into an area where there is no restraining ice shelf.

As for the Ellsworths, Denton said at last, he and his colleagues are trying to find out how thick the ice sheet was here during the most recent ice age, eighteen thousand years ago. "If we can find out what happened at the other extreme, we may be able to tell if Mercer was right about the collapse," he explained. "This part of it is extremely simple—it just takes a lot of effort to walk way up those mountains. The ice swept across the Heritage Range and reached elevations of ten thousand feet in the Sentinels. Above the ice-sheet level, you can see sharp arêtes. Below the level where the ice flowed, you can see scratches on the rocks. At ninety-nine hundred feet, there's a distinct break. It's like night and day. Bob Rutford did his Ph.D. thesis here. He hypothesized a lot of this, and it turns out that his picture was quite correct. Without the kind of helicopter support we have this year, he wasn't able to walk up and look at the striations, as we're doing. We'll walk up to about eleven and a half thousand feet. We'll see what we can. Even with helicopters, you have to draw the line between how long you want to live and how many striations you want to find."

SOME of the scientists were at loose ends without the missing equipment. James Collinson, a boyish-looking forty-one-year-old paleontologist and sedimentologist from Ohio State's Institute of Polar Studies, wanted to examine a Permian rock sequence found only near the edge of the hundred-mile helicopter radius. The plan had been to put him and two others down a hundred miles north with two snowmobiles, by which they would travel to other nearby areas; instead, for the first week he went for very long walks around camp. John Zawiskie, who was working with Collinson, read "War and Peace." Donald Knutzen, a mapmaker from the United States Geological Survey, gave up an effort to give up smoking. Richard Ojakangas, a sedimentologist from Minnesota with a strong Finnish heritage, went on cross-country ski treks every evening, out and around the nunatak that was the camp's major landmark. Collinson, a four-season veteran of Antarctica, says that you just don't come back if you can't stand waiting.

When the helicopters were full or were not flying, because of threatening weather, some people found work closer to camp. One afternoon, Webers and Splettstoesser went by snowmobile to a small rock outcropping three or four miles away. The hard reddish rock there was called Crashsite quartzite, after the area where it was first found—the site of a non-fatal 1961 crash of a Navy R-4D cargo plane. The rock surface was covered with ripples, like the floor of a shallow sandy bay, and Webers said that that's what it once was. Here and there were meandering trails, half an inch wide—fossilized trilobite tracks. Some disappeared into cracks in the rock, and one could almost believe that the trilobite itself was just out of sight. On the same outcropping, Webers found a five-hundred-and-twenty-million-year-old fossil, much like a horseshoe-crab trail, about three inches wide, with a mark in the middle left by the dragging tail.

Other snowmobile expeditions went across the unnamed glacier we were camped on to Pipe Peak. "Tom Bastien left his pipe there," Rutford said, explaining the name. Bastien is a Minnesota geologist who was in Antarctica in the early sixties. On a snowmobile trip that Rutford made to the top of a neighboring peak, he found a cairn. Inside was a piece of notebook paper that said:

> December 27, 1959
> 10:25 Zulu Time
>
> The University of Wisconsin Airborne Traverse Party reached this spot on the above date during the course of its studies along Meridian 88° West.
>
> Edward Thiel
> Edwin S. Robinson

Thiel, a geophysicist from the University of Minnesota, was killed in a plane crash in Antarctica in 1961. Robinson is now a professor of geophysics at Virginia Polytechnic Institute.

ON days when the weather was too foul even for snowmobiling, people spread out through the Jamesways, reading and talking, playing endless games of Scrabble and cribbage, poring over aerial photographs of the mountains, planning expeditions. One never knew when the weather would improve. Once, after two days of high winds and low clouds, the Ellsworth-camp Navy weatherman predicted "Eventual clearing."

Much of the talk was about the political future of Antarctica. Jim Bockheim said that in the five years he'd spent working in Antarctica the N.S.F. policy toward resources had changed dramatically. "The idea used to be that there would be no commercial exploitation at all," he said one afternoon. "Now it's more that it should be controlled. That's the implication of all those environmental-impact statements the government puts out."

Mike Helms, a young, soft-spoken helicopter pilot, was listening. "I came down here last year all starry-eyed,"

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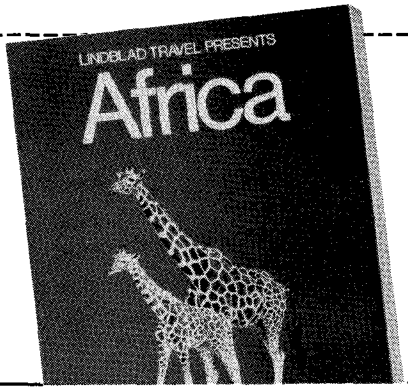

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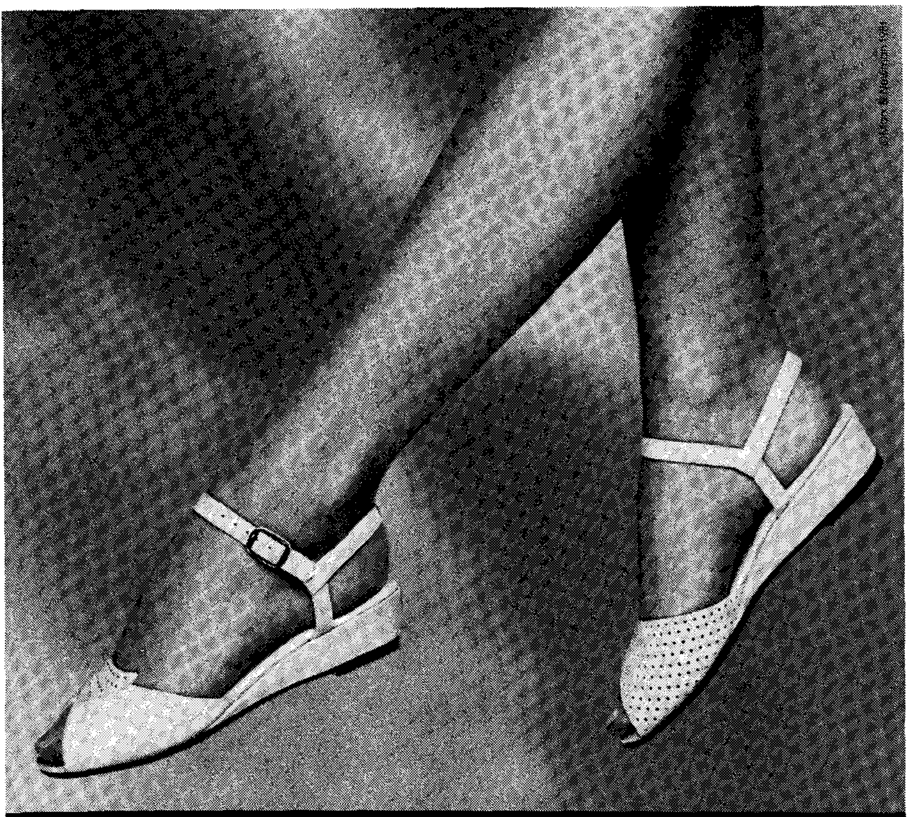
he said, looking remarkably starry-eyed still. "And among the first people I met were some Australian scientists going out to Casey Station. They were carrying their own microscopes, because their government didn't give them enough money for science. All it was interested in was using them to establish its political presence."

The Argentines, in particular, seem to be preparing to defend their territorial rights on the basis of settlement. (Their claim includes the Antarctic Peninsula, which has also been spoken for by Chile and Great Britain.) In 1977, as part of its territorial campaign, the Argentine government brought a pregnant woman to Antarctica; in January, 1978, she gave birth to a boy, at Argentina's Esperanza Station, on the Peninsula. The Argentines have also encouraged Antarctic weddings. Doyle Watts, an American paleomagnetist doing postgraduate work at the University of Leeds, was in the Ellsworths as part of the Webers group; he had been working on the Peninsula at the time of the first of these weddings, in February of 1978. An Argentine icebreaker pulled into port, he told us, and unloaded the bride and her family, a priest from Buenos Aires, and some TV crews to record it all. The groom was stationed at Esperanza. Watts added that the Argentines had even tried to stamp his passport when he arrived, but he had refused to permit it, on the ground that Antarctica was international territory.

Most of this maneuvering seems to be inspired by the belief that Antarctica may possess vast mineral resources. The only two minerals that have been found in significant amounts so far are iron and coal (geologists think that Antarctica may contain the world's largest coalfield), but neither is in areas where mining is currently feasible. The Antarctic Peninsula was once contiguous with South America, and this leads scientists to think that the mountains here may contain deposits of copper and lead similar to those of the Andes in richness and quantity. In addition, structural similarities between East Antarctica and Australia and South America suggest possible uranium deposits. Most important, many geologists think that there is oil—a great deal of it—under the Antarctic continental shelf. In the winter of 1972-73, the Glomar Challenger drilled four holes through the Ross Ice Shelf and into the bottom of the Ross Sea. The geologists on board drilled only where they felt they were least likely to hit oil (they didn't have the facilities to prevent a blowout), but in three of the four holes they found ethane, ethylene, and methane gas, which are strong evidence of the presence of petroleum hydrocarbons. The United States government now estimates Antarctica's oil reserves to be in the tens of billions of barrels—comparable to Alaska's. (In February of 1979, Gulf Oil estimated the potential under the Ross and Weddell Seas at fifty billion barrels.) The difficulties of extracting this oil are not insuperable; similar drilling is already being done in the Arctic—in the Davis Strait and the Beaufort Sea. But the environmental risks are great—not only the risks of an oil spill or a blowout but the impact of everyday operating procedures on the region's ecology. The ice-free coastline of Antarctica is small—altogether no longer than a few hundred miles. Any shore-based facilities for support of ocean drilling would have to share this coastline with penguins and other birds and with seals—all of which need it for breeding—and also with Antarctica's minuscule and delicate plant life.

The position of the American government now seems to be that drilling is inevitable. The Scientific Committee on Antarctic Research (SCAR)—a non-governmental group of scientists representing several nations, it responds to requests for advice on scientific matters from the treaty nations but has no official connection with them—has made no recommendation on Antarctic minerals. Bob Rutford, who used to be the head of the N.S.F.'s Division of Polar Programs, had recently been named chairman of a committee to advise SCAR executives on the minerals question. The committee's report hadn't yet been made public, but Rutford was open about his personal opinion on the matter of oil. One overcast afternoon in the Ellsworths, we talked in the galley. He pointed out that there is no legal means of stopping anyone who wants to go exploring for oil in the Antarctic seas. "The treaty is really a moral agreement—no fines, no penalties," he said. "If exploratory drilling is going to be done, it should be done with as few risks as possible. That probably means by a major oil company. That way, maybe all the risks to all aspects of the environment will have first been evaluated." Even this would not please environmentalists, many of whom would like to see Antarctica declared a World Preserve,



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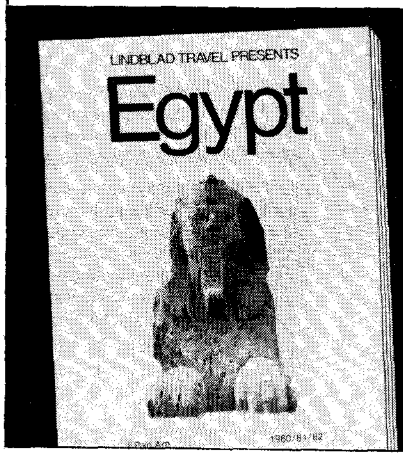

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with no exploitation of its resources. "If someone has to do it, we're hoping that it's someone who's got the technology," Rutford went on. "Otherwise, you're going to have wildcatters come in. It could be something like the Gulf of Mexico all over again. They had the technology to install the rigs but not to operate them."

Some people think that Antarctica's most exploitable resource may turn out to be tourism. Besides Air New Zealand's four overflights each austral summer, Qantas runs occasional charter flights. (Because of the accident, Air New Zealand cancelled its 1980-81 Antarctic schedule.) Both Lindblad Travel and Society Expeditions advertise boat trips to Antarctica—three a year apiece—with various stops along the Antarctic Peninsula. Both also advertise a fourth trip—a "circumnavigation" of the continent, which actually goes only a quarter of the way around it, beginning at the Peninsula and ending in the McMurdo area. So far, there have been no overland tourist expeditions—unless one counts privately financed trips like that of the British explorer Sir Ranulph Fiennes, who, with two companions, is going around the world by way of the Poles. The three of them, joined by Sir Ranulph's wife, spent the winter of 1980 camped in the Antarctic. Lindblad—or Club Méditerranée or Playboy Enterprises—could legally open a ski resort in Antarctica tomorrow. The drawbacks for the developer, of course, are the enormous expense, the enormous distance, and the treacherous weather. For the environmentalist, development would mean the irretrievable loss of a unique and nearly pristine habitat. Still, it is an irresistible fantasy. Dick Ojakangas and Ellis Yochelson were so taken with the beauty of the Ellsworths that before they'd been there a week they had planned a multi-billion-dollar resort.

DAY after day, Bebe Axelrod served up healthy, satisfying meals in spite of the fact that, without flights in, she had no bread, milk, fresh eggs, butter, fresh vegetables, or fruit. She is a curly-haired woman in her mid-twenties—a self-taught cook with three years' experience cooking in Antarctica. She had expected to be serving about twenty-five people a night here (the others were to be off camping); instead, she was cooking for fifty-two. But the underground freezer was well stocked, and for dinner we often had ham or New Zealand lobster

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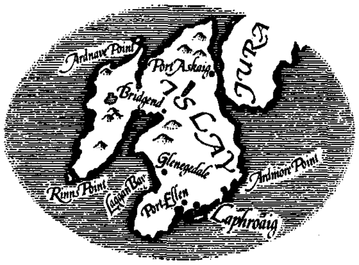

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tails or steak. "The general rule for cooking in Antarctica is hot, a lot, and on time," she says. She also says, "The larger a group of people, the more it eats per capita," so perhaps her cooking would have been a success no matter what she served.

After dinner, people played volleyball in the snow—an entirely different game from that played on high-school courts. For one thing, the ball is frozen. For another, everyone falls down a lot. There were other outdoor activities. The helicopter crewmen periodically subjected someone to snowpacking—an Antarctic initiation procedure that involves stripping the victim down to his underwear or less and burying him in the snow. Mostly, they pick on pilots, whom they otherwise address, in respectful Navy tradition, as "Sir." And almost every night there was the drama of waiting for a plane. The radio watchman would hear on our feeble radio (by which one could communicate with McMurdo only via the Pole) that a cargo plane was coming in. Everyone would gather in front of the camp and peer into the sky. Inevitably, it would quickly cloud over, and though we could hear and sometimes see the plane overhead, it could not see us, and it would turn around and go back to McMurdo. "Cadillac Jack would have tried," someone would sigh, referring to one of the C-130 pilots, or "P. A."—for Positive Attitude—"Plowman would have done it." When, at last, a plane did land, it brought mail and fresh food but still no camping gear and no camping food. At that point, Webers decided to improvise. He borrowed equipment from the survival supplies, and Bebe began assembling make-do provisions from her underground freezer—cartons of powdered eggs, boxes of steak, packages of bologna and salami, a roll of Canadian bacon the size of a baseball bat. Two days later, a plane brought in the missing material and took me out.

On my last evening in the Ellsworths, I went skiing with Dick Ojakangas. As we headed toward the nunatak, the sun was low on our right, almost level with the tops of the mountains. Far away on the left, forty-five miles across the glacier, the Vinson Massif, silhouetted against blue sky, was topped by a spiral plume of cloud. Behind the nunatak was a steep downhill slope. Ojakangas, the better skier, led the way. It was easy to imagine that nobody had ever been here before. For an hour or so, we

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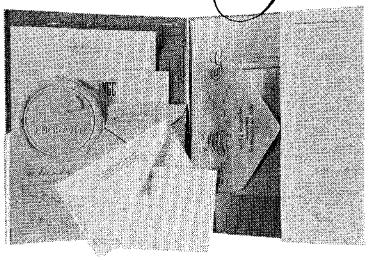

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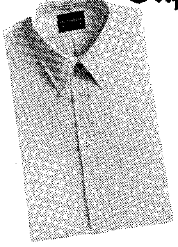

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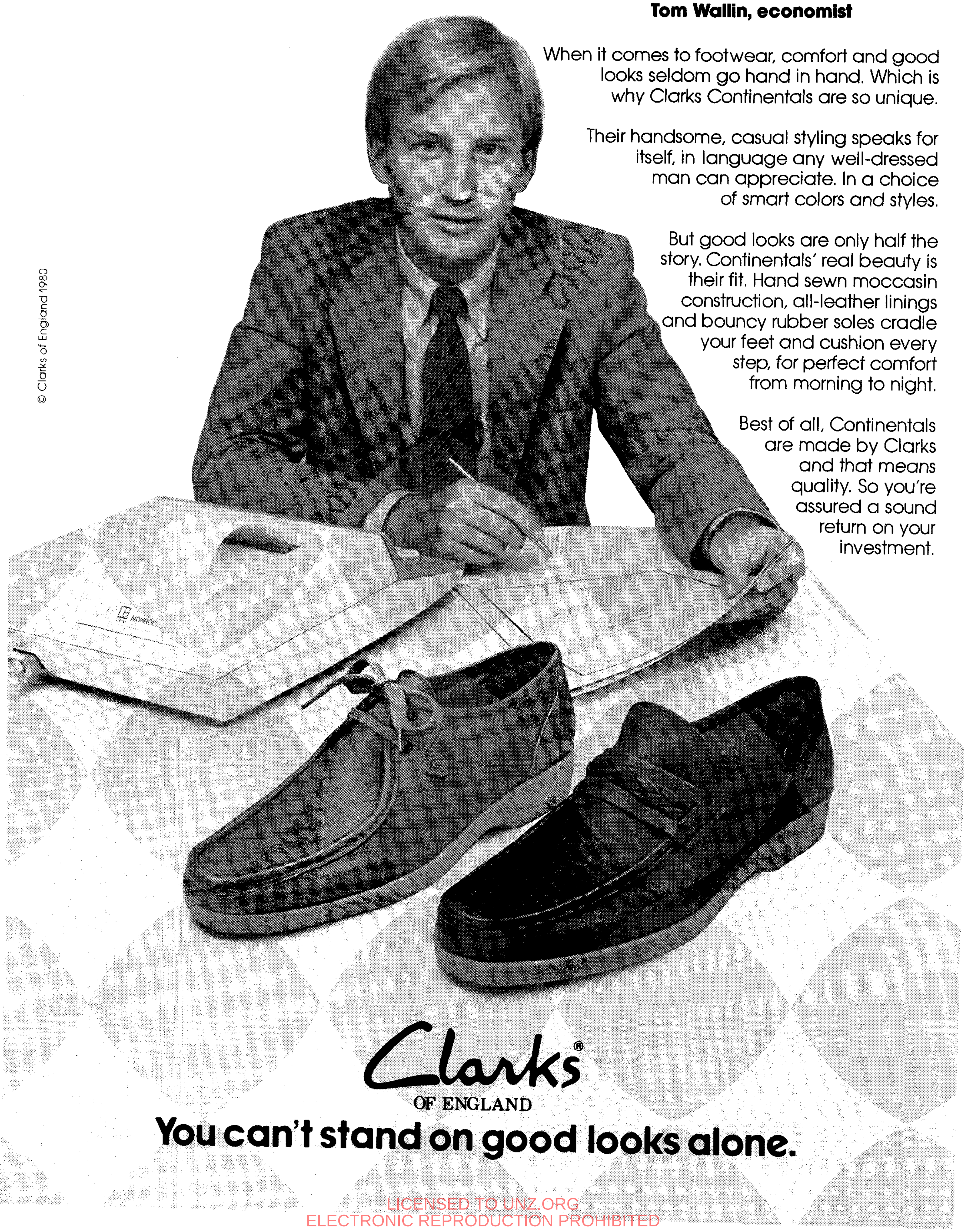
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were out of sight of the camp, and in the shadow cast by the nunatak it was cold. At last, after a long climb, we came up and over a ridge into the sunshine. There below was camp. Ojakangas skied on ahead, and I stopped to look around. How quickly one becomes accustomed to even the most exotic and hostile places. This camp—this fragile, temporary assemblage—seemed like the most secure place in the world.

I LEFT McMurdo on December 14th, on the "Christmas flight"—so called because it connected in Christchurch with the last Air Force flight north before the holidays. It was crowded and noisy and uncomfortable, and, depending on where you sat, too hot and too cold at the same time, as the C-130 flights always were. Most people tried to sleep the seven hours away, slumped in the narrow sling seats or flat out on the metal floor. The lucky ones curled up on piles of survival gear. Many had worked frantically, night and day, to finish projects before the end of the season.

In Christchurch, a cool summer rain was falling. The air was damp and fresh, and, after the sterile cold of Antarctica, the smell of wet grass and flowers was like the most delicious perfume imaginable. And it was nighttime—one doesn't realize how restful the dark can seem. The terminal was new—barely finished—and very clean. Standing in line waiting to go through customs, I saw familiar faces—Jeanette Thomas and Larry Kuechle, Audrey Haschemeyer and Rita Mathews, George Simmons, Art DeVries, even Dr. Todd, from the N.S.F.—but suddenly all those people looked tired and dirty. Their carts were piled high with duffelbags and discarded clothing and trunks of research material—rocks, fish and seal carcasses already beginning to smell, papers and records—and their red parkas and green vests were filthy. They looked like refugees, but, whether they liked it or not, they were on their way home. —KATHERINE BOUTON

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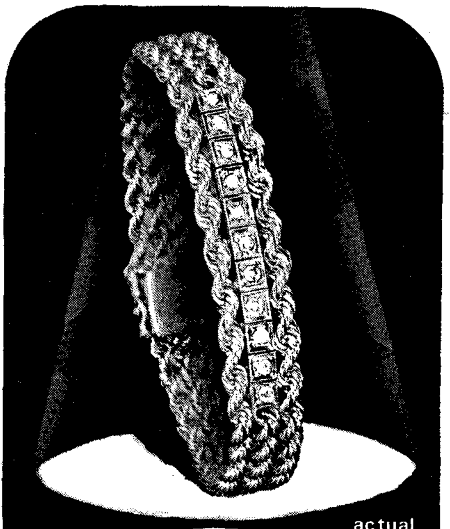
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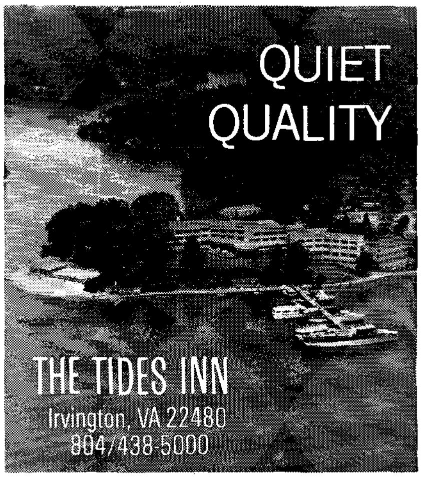

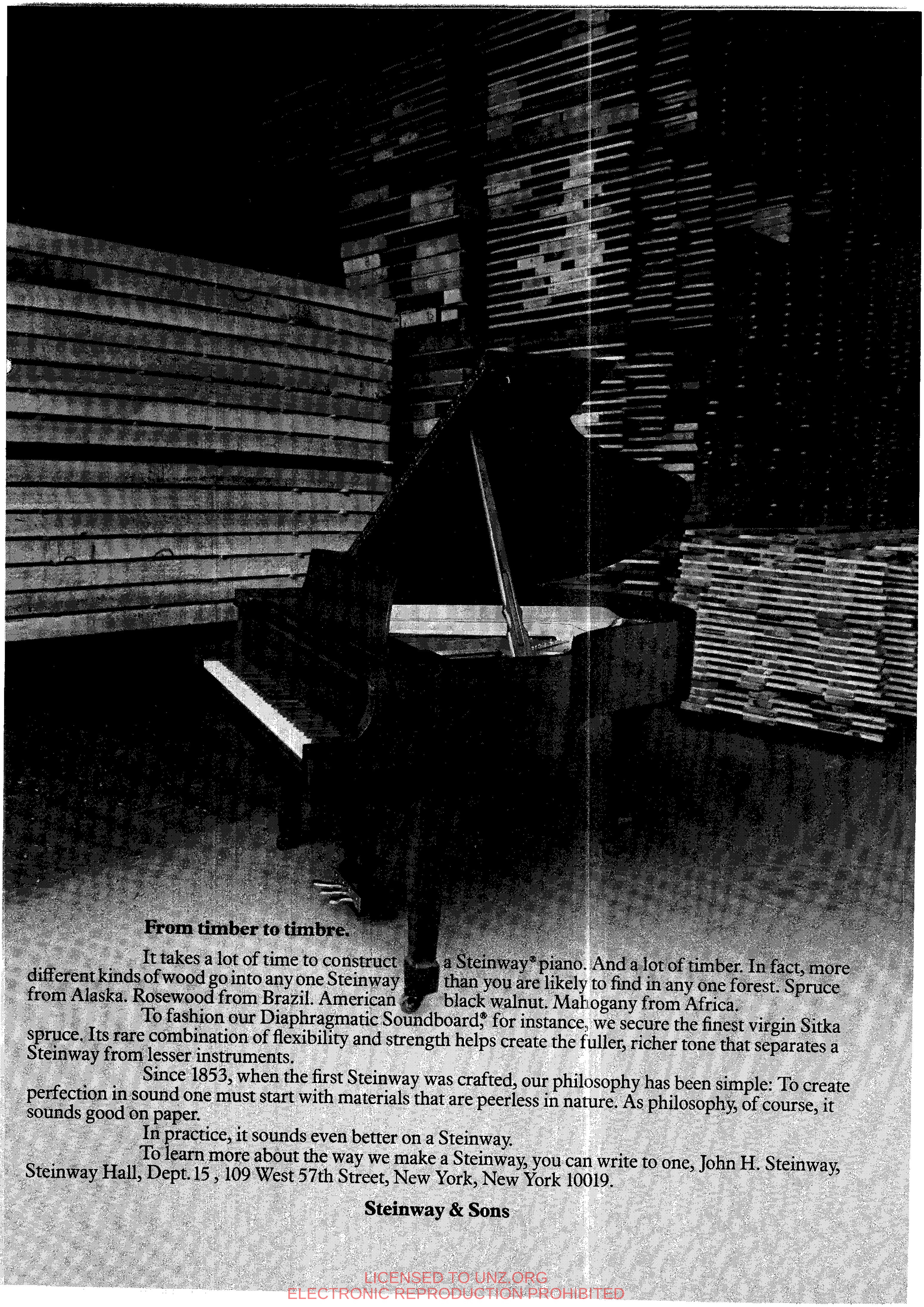

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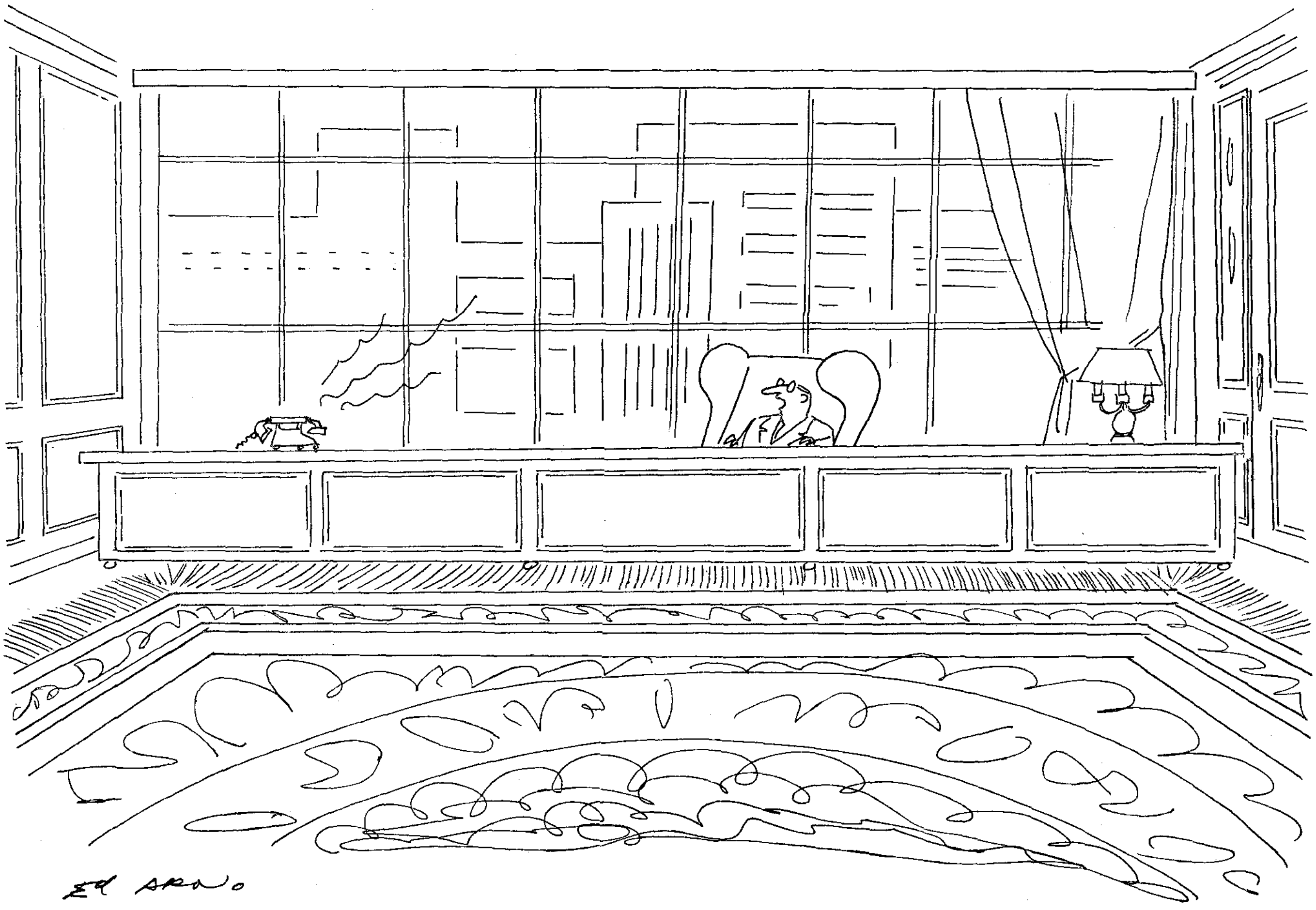
THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

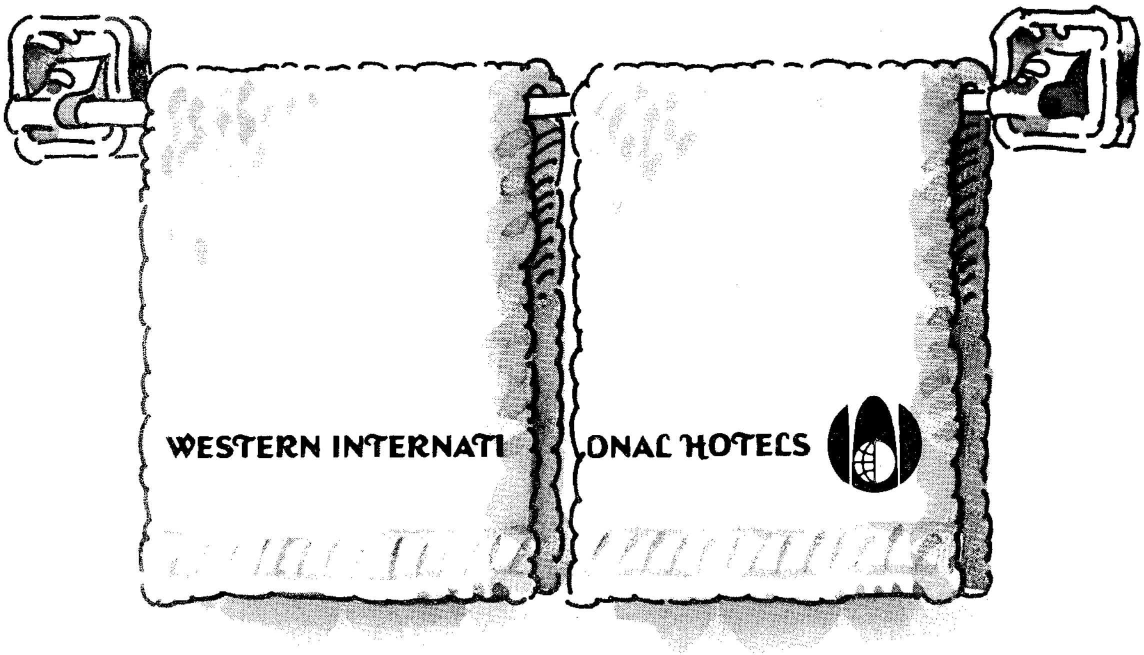
"KNUCKLE," an import by the English dramatist David Hare at the Hudson Guild, is a detective story with abstract trimmings that get far out of hand. Curly Delafield, a professional gunrunner to various bellicose groups around the world, returns to his home town in Surrey to look into the disappearance of his sister; her raincoat and handbag (with two first-class railway tickets in it) have been found on a nearby beach, and the question in his mind is: Was it murder or suicide? Most of the play consists of Delafield's tense, staccato interviews with her associates, among them his own father, a banker in the City, who reads Henry James and musical scores and sleeps with his tranquillizing Scottish housekeeper; the sister's closest woman friend, who runs a night club and is as determined as Delafield is to find the answer; and a knife-wielding journalist named Max, who seems to know much more than he intends to tell. Between scenes, Delafield delivers endless lectures of a cynical nature, occasionally in the guise of John Wayne or Mickey Spillane, on corruption in present-day Britain and America and, it turns out, on the general nastiness of bankers, even if your own father is one. Much of the content of these speeches is familiar stuff by now; Mr. Hare has simply come in a few beats too late. The solution of the mystery, jammed into the end of the play, is complex and (to me) unintelligible.

The play, veering as it does between story and discussion, grows tedious after a while, and Delafield's asides become as boring as most lectures, yet, as acted by the dynamic and commanding Daniel Gerroll, the character holds our attention all the way through. The entire cast is good, and Fran Brill (woman friend), Alice Drummond (housekeeper), and Gwyllum Evans (father) are especially so; the performance, under Geoffrey Sherman's direction, has the finesse and the accomplishment that one has come to expect of the Hudson Guild. The ingenious settings on the small double-decker stage—the bar of the night club, the father's elegant library, a bench at the edge of the beach, and various spots around town—are the work of Paul Wonsek.

"TEXTS," at the Public, is an adaptation of Samuel Beckett's "Texts for Nothing" and "How It Is," combining them into a soliloquy that is at once humorous and grave and passionate and, as acted by Joseph Chaikin, unexpectedly dramatic. Mr. Chaikin, under the direction of Steven Kent, is so inventive and plausible—though somewhat short of being Beckett's alter ego, as Jack MacGowran was—that he endows the murkiest, most mysterious passages with the illusion of lucidity. The adaptation was made by Mr. Chaikin and Mr. Kent, and the themes are those that have preoccupied Beckett all his writing life, among them memory and mortality and words; this prose poem is as much about words, and about trying and failing to find the right ones, as it is about anything else. Never has greater relish been taken in pessimism, and never has there been more delightful clowning than Mr. Chaikin's. Dressed in a loose and patched shabby suit that suggests Chaplin's tramp cos-



"If the phone will not come to R. J. Retton, R. J. Retton will go to the phone."



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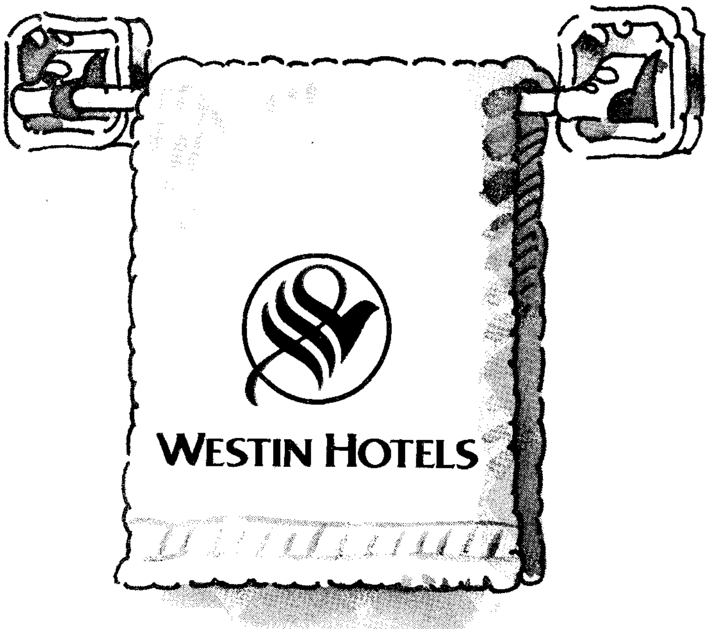

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tume—for a moment, on a darkened stage, a spotlight picks out a bowler hat and a cane—Mr. Chaikin shuffles up and down the ramps of Gerald Bloom's stark, expressive setting. He describes the bowler as “a sardonic synthesis of all that never fitted me,” and the cane turns white as he tap, tap, taps his way in the dark. The show opens with Chaikin's faltering attempts to climb over a wall onto the set; at one point, he lies huddled on his back (“I'm holding myself in my arms without much tenderness”) and goes off to sleep. From time to time, his recorded voice, over a speaker, joins or replaces his real voice. The glints of memory—more personal, of course, than the memories in “Krapp's Last Tape”—are charming, notably the memory of his father reading aloud a story about a lighthouse keeper (as Mr. C., taking little-boy steps and holding the invisible father by the hand, walks down a ramp). The ending, with its questions answered by “yes”es, echoes Joyce. The evening is as much a triumph for Chaikin as it is for Beckett—and, incidentally, for Craig Miller, who designed the beautiful lighting. My one complaint about the performance is that it lasts only fifty-five minutes.

IN “Marry Me a Little,” Suzanne Henry and Craig Lucas, in the guise of a single young woman and a single young man, each living alone in an apartment in New York—which on the stage of Actors' Playhouse happens to be the same apartment—sing seventeen songs by Stephen Sondheim that were pulled from his shows during rehearsal. Miss Henry and Mr. Lucas also perform, to a certain extent, and their unawareness of each other as they move about the apartment, even when they share the same bed at the end, is the running joke of this mini-musical. None of the songs struck me as exactly vintage Sondheim, although “Saturday Night,” “The Girls of Summer,” “Pour le Sport,” and the title song come close, but an evening of non-vintage Sondheim is richer than most evenings, certainly Off Broadway. As for the performers, their own enjoyment is appealing, but they belt out the songs too hard; with lyrics as clever and nimble as these, clarity and precision rather than force are in order.

THE production of “The Wild Duck” at the Brooklyn Academy is so thin and silly that it trivializes the play almost out of existence. The new and coarse translation, by Erik Friis and Thomas Babe, is dotted with jarring modern colloquialisms and lazy obscenities (let's hear it for William Archer!), and the performances, with a couple of exceptions, do Henrik Ibsen no good, either. As for those exceptions: Gerry Bamman, as the admirable Dr. Relling, who spends part of his time recovering from hangovers and the rest taking on the role of dramatist's spokesman, proves himself a true Ibsenite, right up to a foolish, weepy scene at the end, and Tenney Walsh is believable as the child Hedvig. The rest of the company seems lost or was misguided by Arthur Penn, the director; even the stalwart Frank Maraden, who did so much to rescue BAM's "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Recruiting Officer" from disaster, is defeated by Hjalmar Ekdal. John Lee Beatty has, as usual, designed effective settings.

—EDITH OLIVER

• •

THE UNBELIEVERS

At first it was only a trickle
Of eminent men, with their astrolabes and armillae,
Who passed cautious notes to each other, obscurely worded.
Of course, the terrible news leaked out
And the peasants were agitated.
Moans arose from the windowless hovels.
Men, hardly human, shouldering crude farm implements,
Gathered in knots along the roads, and raved:
Storm the great houses! Smash the laboratory!
The retorts, the lenses—instruments of Satan.
But the minions of the manors
Lashed them back from the bronze gates,
Back to the fetid darkness, where they scoured their knees,
Praying for us.

The magnificent correspondence between Madame A.
And the more eminent, though less notorious,
Monsieur B. reveals a breathtaking indifference
To You—not even the target of a bilious epigram.
They move intently toward their prime concern:
Which voice, this time, will loose
Its thunderbolt? The straggling troops of revolution
Must be rallied yet again.
In perfect confidence of their powers,
As if they, who after all are people of flesh and bone
Despite their attainments, had replaced You,
Not by storming the throne room, or by those manifestos
They so supremely compose.
You were swept out, and they swept in, that's all.

Out there, on the edge of the familiar world,
Are knots of men burned dark as our own peasants
Used to be but better armed. We know;
We armed them.
From time to time they bang their heads on the sand,
And shout, unintelligibly, of You.
Their version of You, of course, quite different
From the blandness You metamorphosed into
Over the centuries, progressively edited.
Holy war! Can they be in earnest?
After all, this isn't the fourteenth century.
Is it the uneasiness we feel, or the remnants
Of ancestral superstition, which makes us ask ourselves,
Can this be Your planned revenge?

How can You be vengeful when You don't exist?
If only the weight of centuries
Wasn't on Your side.
If only unbelief was more like faith.

—CAROLYN KIZER

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MUSICAL EVENTS

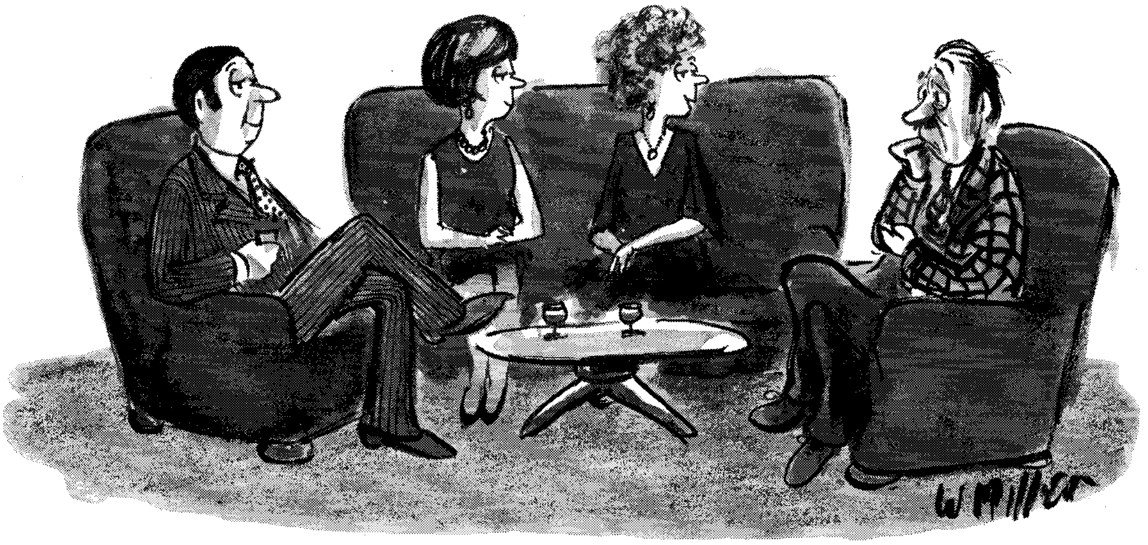
Tunes of Long Ago

JAN DEGAETANI, at the 92nd Street Y, and Elisabeth Söderström, at the Frick Collection, gave recitals earlier this month which were supreme demonstrations of the singer's art. Miss DeGaetani and her pianist, Gilbert Kalish, devoted their concert to the music of Charles Ives: three groups of songs, nineteen in all, and the Second Piano Sonata, the "Concord." The groups were skillfully planned to give the widest view of Ives' achievement in the form; the performances were ideally sympathetic. There was nothing self-advertising about Miss DeGaetani's singing: she stood impassively on the platform, and from the first word she uttered in each half of the program (in both cases, the word was "songs") she drew us into Ives' extraordinary, visionary world and explored it with concentrated fervor. She projected the words but never exaggerated them; she drew out the individual character of each musical setting. It is easy to make those songs that quote popular melodies or use simple rhyming texts sound sentimental. The strain of nostalgia in them runs strong. "I think there must be a place in the soul all made of tunes, of tunes of long ago," Ives wrote in the song "The Things Our Fathers Loved;" he hears "the organ on the Main Street corner, Aunt Sarah humming Gospels . . . The village cornet band, playing in the square," and they "sing in my soul of the things our Fathers loved." But the song is not just an indulgence in things past; it has a moral, which, with typical obliqueness, is given only in a parenthetical addition to the title: "(and the greatest of these was Liberty)." Ives was always in search of the values represented by the popular music he heard around him. He despised sentimentality and repetitiveness, and he parodied them gently both in his music and in his writings. In the song "On the Counter," he reflects that "the same old chords, the same old time, the same old sentimental sound, Shades of [here the music is wordless but quotes "Auld Lang Syne"] in new songs abound." At the end of his publication "114 Songs," Ives quoted from his "Essays Before a Sonata":

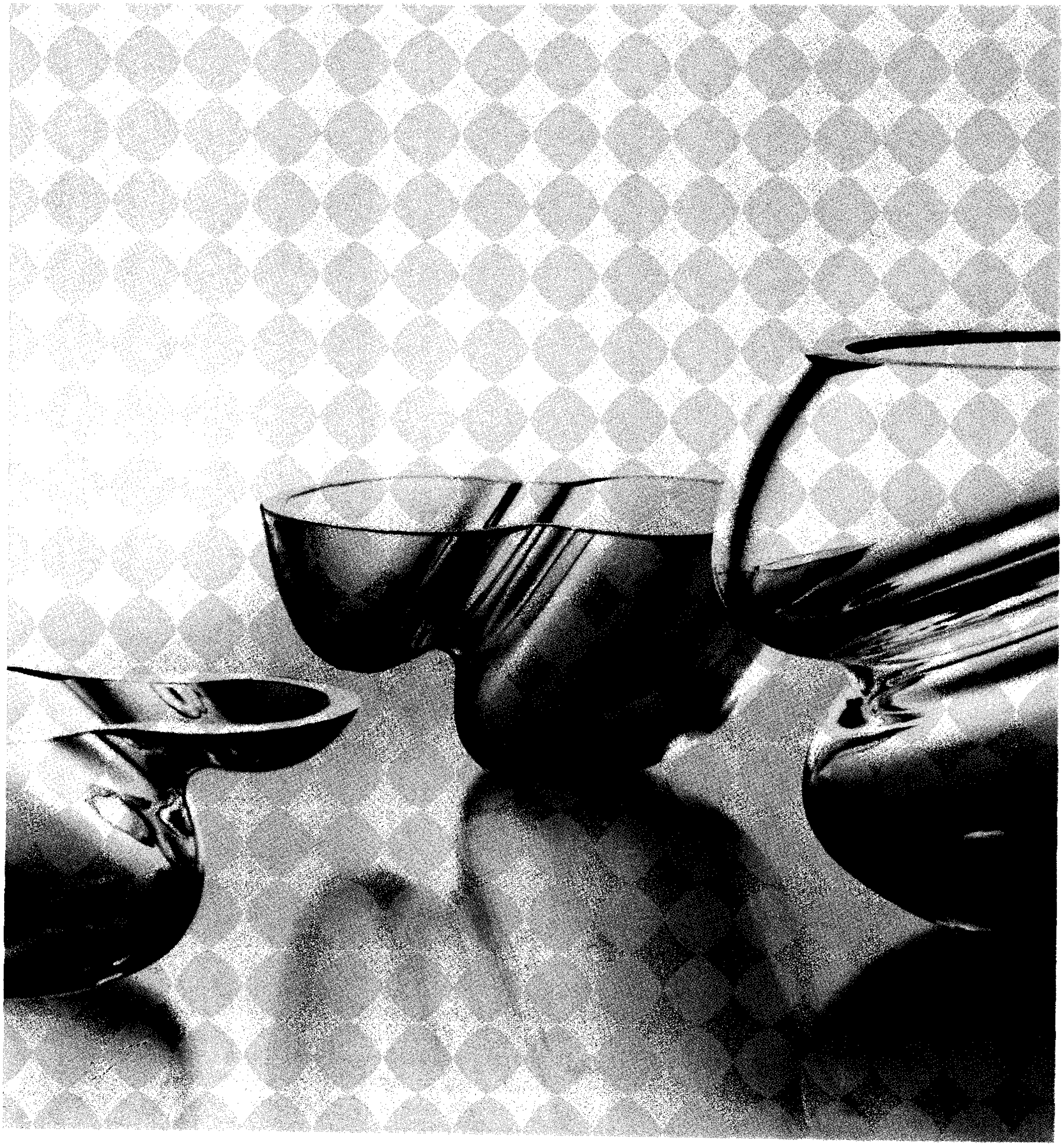
> Is not beauty in music too often confused with something which lets the ears lie back in an easy-chair? Many sounds that we are used to, do not bother us, and for that reason are we not too easily inclined to call them beautiful? . . . If a composer's conception of his art, its functions and ideals, even if sincere, coincide to such an extent with these groove-colored permutations of tired-out progressions in expediency . . . has he or has he not been drugged with an overdose of habit-forming sounds? And as a result do not the muscles of his clientele become flabbier and flabbier . . .

This quotation was illustrated in the most sheerly entertaining song of Miss DeGaetani's recital. "The One Way" is a jaunty sendup of conventional songwriting, complete with first section ("Here are things you've heard before, turned out daily by the score") and contrasted second section ("Now a softer cadence, Now we change the key"). But Ives never does quite what is expected with the music, and his seemingly mindless march rhythms lurch back and forth unsteadily. He reasserts his conclusion that "if you'd go a-marching to Fortune or to Fame, The safest way's to play the same old, same old game," but he adds a little tweak of the nose at the whole song: "Ho la! Huz za! Je ne sais pas!"

Ives' startling originality forces us to think anew about the simplest music. In "Down East," the opening quatrain, with its hypnotic vocal line and hazy chromatic harmonies in the piano, to be played "as a shadow to the voice," gives a new context to the diatonic, folky melody—"Way down east in a village by the sea"—that follows. A song that appears predictable always has a surprise: in the gentle "Songs My Mother Taught Me" the central lines have strange harmonies that highlight the repetition of the word "flowing." Ives' experiments with atonality and the question of his relationship with the early development of the twelve-note school of composition are curiously irrelevant to the emotional effect of his songs. What are we to make, by any conventional method of description or analysis, of "Majority," that alarming picture of the masses toiling, singing, and dreaming, with its crushing clusters of notes (for which Mr. Kalish used a wooden block on the piano) and undirectional vocal line? Though Ives suggested a unison chorus, because "it is almost impossible for a single voice to hold the part against the score," Miss DeGaetani sang it alone, and its conviction was unshakable. It is just possible to describe harmonically the events in the single-page, unbarred setting of lines of Keats, "Like a Sick Eagle." But when Miss DeGaetani sings it, precisely following Ives' instruction "Very slowly, in a weak and dragging way," stretching the semi-tones between the notes, graphically portraying the words "mortality weighs heavily on me," only the originality of its effect seems to matter. So it was throughout this engrossing recital: the songs came and went like photographs in an old, disordered family album—looking at first strange and



"Well, now, my Jerome is a worrier, aren't you, dear?"



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unreal, and then, as we focussed on them, encapsulating a forgotten world.

The conciseness of Ives' songs stands in strong contrast to the extended structure of the "Concord" Sonata. It would be easy to suggest that the sonata is prolix and incoherent, that it lacks the unity that the shorter songs achieve. There were moments in Mr. Kalish's bold, solid performance when the music's direction faltered. But such moments usually came when some small touch of poetry in a quiet passage had been overlooked, or when some impossibly demanding piece of part writing or of harmonic progression escaped emphasis at a climax. Mr. Kalish's account was riveting and technically very accomplished. It was a trifle stiff, yet it convinced me that the "Concord" is a great piece.

THE Kaufmann Concert Hall at the 92nd Street Y is a good auditorium for a song recital: we can see the singer's every glance and gesture. The circular concert room at the Frick Collection, however, is perfect. Because it holds fewer than two hundred people (and that in cramped conditions), it can help the recitalist to establish exceptional intimacy, as in a large drawing room. Not all performers are able to cope with such unaccustomed intimacy, but to Elisabeth Söderström it is a gift. She likes to talk to her audience. At one point in her recital, she said wistfully that the program's song translations were so good that she had nothing to say—almost. She quickly found something she could add. She didn't mind telling a radio commentator (WNYC broadcasts the concert series) that she didn't feel like taking a break where she had planned. When she was stuck for a word in discussing a translation, her accompanist, Martin Isepp, or a member of the audience helped her out. And by the end of the afternoon she even had us trying to sing a little Swedish song about soda water which instructed us in the correct pronunciation of her name. Miss Söderström takes such evident delight in all she does that a sense of pleasure envelops the hall. She does not use her rapport with the audience to draw attention to herself, and in this she and Miss DeGaetani are at one. They serve their words and music above all else. Miss Söderström knows all the details of the texts she sings, and communicates them vividly, even when the language is unfamiliar to most of the audience. She has an acute sense of drama and a special responsiveness to the fatalism and sense of impending tragedy which can be found in songs of Scandinavia—where, as she put it, spring always comes late and is too short.

A feeling of transient happiness underlay a group of Mendelssohn songs with which she began. The voice was intense but not quite controlled, the vibrato a little unsettled. Yet how beautifully she pointed the stanza variations in the Heine setting "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges"! And in a group of three Schumann songs at the end of the first half, when the voice had settled, she spun exquisitely elongated musical phrases that made the songs seem one breath. Few singers trouble to make the first half-phrase of "Der Nussbaum" point to its resolution in the piano part or feel so subtly the change of mood when the singer has both sections of the phrase to sing. Occasionally, she cultivated a sharper tone in the light songs; in "Marienwürmchen" the pressure on the top notes was unrelieved but the crisp staccato phrases glittered. A Schubert group, in the middle of the first half, showed two sides of Miss Söderström's art. "Schwanengesang" did *not* work at all: the first notes were in a deliberately different color from the rest, but the transition was bumpy, pitch was not sure, and a change of registers produced some uneasiness; the tragedy of the words was sensed but not fully communicated. Her "Gretchen am Spinnrade," however, went straight to the heart of the poem, and her technique matched her understanding: the color changes worked, the phrasing was perfectly calculated to reach toward the great climaxes of the vocal line, and the outcries that disrupt the repetitive spinning-wheel motion of the song were as chilling as I have heard them. In the second half of the recital, there was nothing to match this musical weight. The songs of Wilhelm Peterson-Berger and Wilhelm Stenhammar are pleasing late-Romantic essays; they bring out that welcome dark, mezzo quality in Miss Söderström's soprano. The gloom gathered in two songs by Sverre Jordan—the first bare and disconnected, the second imaginative and rhapsodic—and deepened in songs by Carl Nielsen and Sibelius. The last, Sibelius' "Flickan Kom från Älsklings Möte," was a powerful account of a lovers' tryst which brought the full force of Miss Söderström's top register into play. She realized these dour stories magnificently, with some of the same restraint and control that characterized Miss DeGaetani's Ives.

SEVERAL other singers gave recitals during the same week, including Elly Ameling at Alice Tully Hall, Montserrat Caballé at Carnegie, and Bethany Beardslee at the Abraham Goodman House. I chose to hear the Canadian mezzo-soprano Catherine Robbin, at Goodman House. Miss Robbin won first prize in a competition for concert singers at Aldeburgh two years ago. She has both a splendid voice and an outgoing manner. Though she is quite small, her voice is rich, resonant, and well developed. It is produced with delicious suppleness, but it has strength: at the climax of a Strauss song it can fill the hall without a suspicion of hardness. Her way with the French songs in the recital's second half was bright yet flexible. There is an element of pertness in her delivery, which comes from extravagant body movements and communicative acting out of the poems; this may help her to articulate her voice freely, but its effect on the songs is less beneficial. The skittishness of Honegger's "Saluste du Bartas" and the delicacy of Roussel's settings of René Chalupt require discreet understatement. Better to be too vivid than too bland, however. The pressures of winning competitions are intense; perhaps now that such barriers are past, Miss Robbin can begin to cultivate the art of self-effacement which Miss DeGaetani and Miss Söderström both demonstrate so effectively.

IN the Met's revival of Strauss's "Salome," Gwyneth Jones sings the title role for the first time at the house; Andrew Davis makes his début as a conductor there. At the performance I attended, Miss Jones' singing veered between the unsatisfactory and the impressive. For the first half hour, she sounded ill at ease, the notes not always securely in tune, the tone brazen and hard at the top of the register. But then she gained one's confidence and attention: her straightforward acting dominated the stage, her dancing was effective, and her voice settled into a solid, impressive line. Her final monologue was firmly controlled; she was not the most exciting Salome imaginable but was a convincing one. Mr. Davis's interpretation was assured and natural; he made the orchestra play well. The music was never really barbaric. Some conductors aim for Strauss's dissonances and make them sound unbearable. Mr. Davis always seemed to aim for the consonances: in the tumultuous interlude that precedes Jokanaan's first appearance, our ears were led on to the luminous C-major chord that follows his ascent from the dungeon. Mr. Davis prevented the score from sounding like a succession of sensational incidents; it made fine musical sense.

Richard Cassilly was a blustering Herod, with a clarion voice; Mignon Dunn was allowed to ham as Herodias; several smaller parts were well taken. The sets and costumes, by Rudolf Heinrich, looked ghastly; the moon sank behind purple and green clouds long before its cue in the libretto.

I MISSED Montserrat Caballé's recital but was able to hear her a week later, when she replaced Tatiana Troyanos in a concert with the Philadelphia Orchestra, under James Levine, at Carnegie Hall. Mme. Caballé began her program with three bits of Verdi, and then gave the so-called final scene of "Salome"—which finishes in blazing C-sharp major, without the agonizing peroration in which Salome is killed and the music is wrenched into C minor. She sang with gorgeous, flailing tone, launching her voice on a turbulent sea of vibrato with scarcely an audible word of text to disturb its passage. For Mr. Levine, the word "accompaniment" must have taken on new meanings as he steered the orchestra on a safe course around her rhythmic waywardness. It was an unintelligible performance. The applause was wild—a triumph of the singer over the song.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

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CLEAR DAYS ON THE SEXUAL SCENE

[*From the Salt Lake Tribune*]

Although diseases resulting from sexual activity among teen-agers can cripple and frequently kill, the most disturbing result of such activity is pregnancy, she said.

Because government-supported methods of preventing teen-age sex have not been effective, total abstinence is probably the best practical solution to the problem, Mrs. Payne said.

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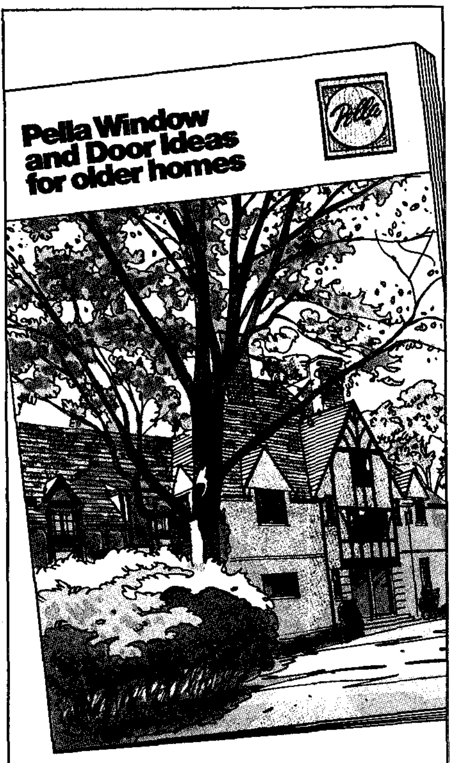
In "Toward the End," her ninth novel, she is at the top of her form, descending upon us like a clean, cold wind which makes us sit up and take notice.—*Shaun O'Connell in the Boston Globe.*

Now that we're taking notice, ask her please to stop.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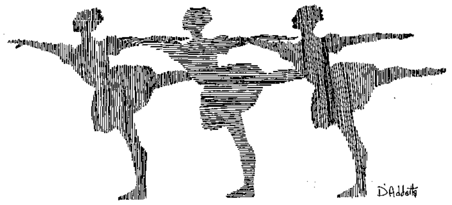
DANCING

So Rare

ON New York City Ballet's closing weekend at the State Theatre, the curtain went up on the season's last performances of "La Source," and instead of the big bare stage that always looked so bleak in this ballet there was a set. It was not a new set; the painted columns and garlands come from Jerome Robbins' Verdi ballet, "The Four Seasons," and were intended by the designer, Santo Loquasto, to evoke the ballet of the Paris Opéra during the Second Empire. The setting is appropriate to Delibes' "La Source"—or, rather, the musical excerpts on which Balanchine has based his divertissement-style ballet. Loquasto's colonnade could also be used for "Ballo della Regina" and "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," two Balanchine pieces similarly constructed and recalling the same period and genre. But for some reason these "opera" ballets of Balanchine's to music from "Don Carlos" and "Faust" hold the stage without scenery, whereas his "Opéra" ballet celebrating Delibes' first dance score doesn't. Not that there's magic in opera ballets; "Donizetti Variations" (to dances from the opera "Don Sebastian") needs a set almost as badly as "La Source." But "Donizetti Variations" gets its semi-parodic point over, and until the entrance of the corps, halfway through, "La Source" isn't even a semi-parody; its freshness and purity of fancy is one of the remarkable things about it.

"La Source" is temperamentally French as "Donizetti Variations" is temperamentally Italian. The ballet is about the national character, its vigor and refinement, its love of lucid expression. But "Donizetti Variations" is also about the national theatre, and "La Source" is like it only in part. The little corps of Opéra girls interrupts a subtle and tender pas de deux and transforms it into a vehicle for *gaieté lyrique*. It is not unusual for Balanchine to give us two sides of the pas de deux in the same ballet. He does it again in "Chaconne," which is about the Opéra of an earlier epoch. But in "La Source" the intimacy is peculiarly fragile and protracted, and it is dispelled by the virtuosity of the later sections (as it isn't in "Chaconne"). In fact, the concluding section of "La Source," set to the "Naïla" waltz, originally belonged to an earlier Balanchine-Delibes ballet. Whatever Balanchine intended the "La Source" pas de deux to be (it was created in 1968 for Violette Verdy, partnered by John Prinz), it no longer is. But in its present-day form, and especially in its present-day set, it is an enchanting, if slightly schizoid, ballet.

The pas de deux section of the ballet has two adagios, the first sighingly romantic, the second more open and theatrically demonstrative. When the ballerina (in these performances, Merrill Ashley) goes into her climactic slow promenades à la seconde, we can feel the impending transition to an explicit theatrical mood become almost a necessity. The female ensemble that leaps on out of nowhere, though, is very strange at first. I think these coryphées in their petal-pink tutus become intelligible in the "intermezzo" portion of the music, when they back slowly, slowly toward the audience with their arms making pretentious traceries in the air. Here are Opéra artistes for sure. The affectation at once familiarizes them to us, and the ballet goes good-naturedly on to fill a high place among Balanchine ballets of a certain type—ballets that tell us something about the past history of the art. The Division of Commentary and Pastiche contains many exhibits ("Scotch Symphony," "Allegro Brillante," "Swan Lake," "Raymonda Variations," "Cortège Hongrois"—the list is long), none more appealing than the Second Empire trio: "La Source" and "Ballo della Regina" and "Walpurgisnacht." These all have an intensely feminine energy appropriate to a period when even male roles were done by women. And they are all Balanchine ballets; their period is something we see through his sense of stylistic inflection. Balanchine does not always observe documentary truth. The two variations for the male dancer in "La Source" are historically anomalous. There are no male solos in "Coppélia," the Second Empire's own masterpiece. For his revival, Balanchine interpolated two from the score of "Sylvia." The second of these, in the last act, stands with the mazurka in "La Source" among the finest male variations in the repertory. Strange that this defiance of history should not have continued in "Ballo della Regina," where the lone male's solos are separate from but not equal to the women's. In "Walpurgisnacht," Adam Lüders gets a single parenthetical entrée—not even a full variation. (Is there nowhere in all of Gounod a scrap of music that could serve?)

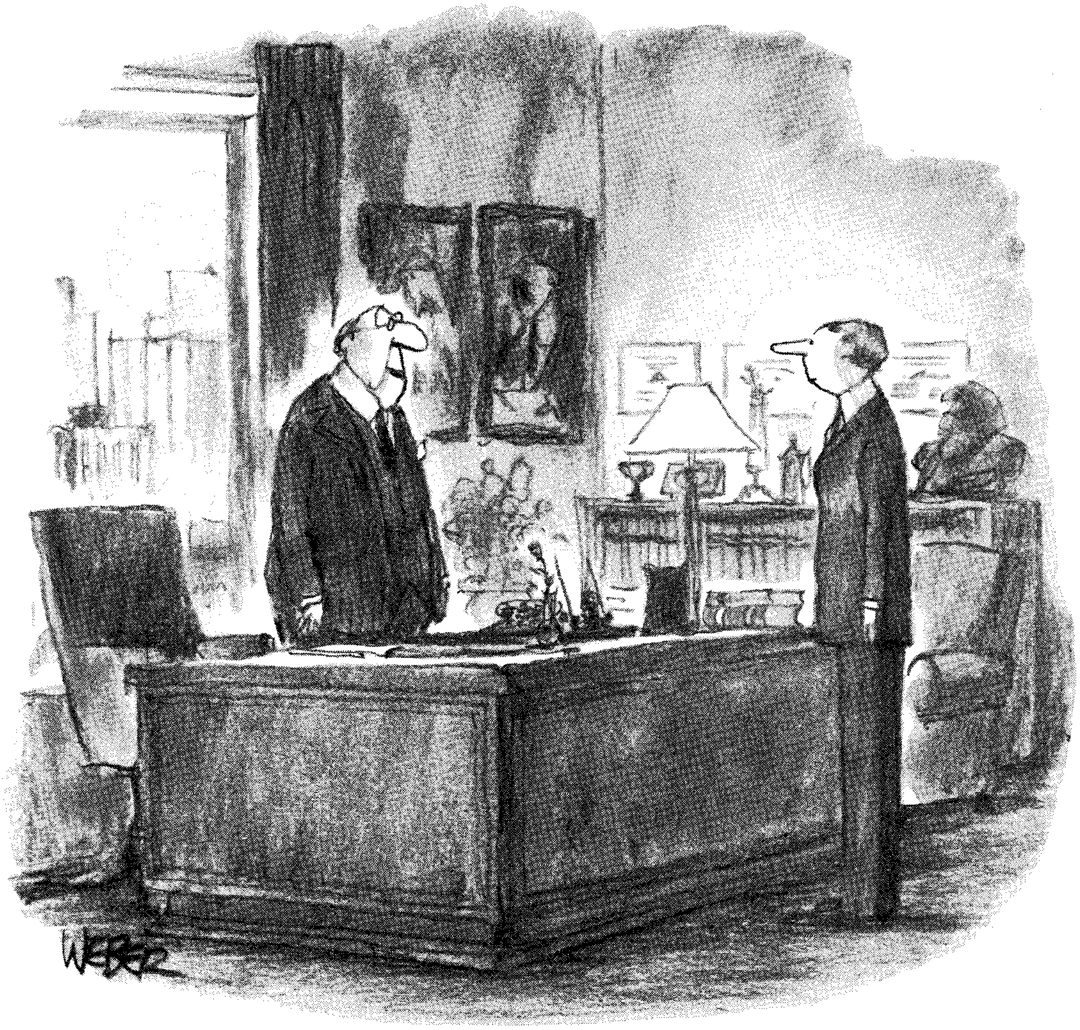


Next to the high color of "Walpurgisnacht" and "Ballo della Regina," "La Source" appears pale and silvery. It has no *diablerie*, no fioritura dancing, but its momentum is irresistible. Near the end, the ballerina, lifted by that momentum, leaps into her partner's arms across a sudden void of silence. The leap is unaware of its own wit—it comes up as naturally as froth on a wave. And even though by this time we're deep inside the ballet's image of Parisian theatrical style, we don't feel in the humorous twinge of this moment anything so antic as parody. Instead, I think, we realize how we've coasted straight into it on a current of pure sensation, and, thinking about it later, we may also realize that this current, despite its change of direction, had been running clean since the start of the ballet. "La Source" may be a mixed package, but the exhilaration it imparts is unalloyed. It's as if Balanchine and Delibes had conspired across the distance of a century in qualities of rhythmic tension and release which we recognize as witty—ironically witty, wit achieved through purely lyrical means. The rarest kind.

"La Source" at the Opéra in 1866, and again in an 1872 revival for which Delibes altered his score, was in four scenes. The plot, vaguely Oriental in derivation, dealt with a nature spirit named Naïla, whose power is linked to a mountain spring—*la source*. Delibes was responsible only for the middle two scenes; Minkus wrote the rest. The so-called "Naïla" waltz, however, was originally a separate composition, part of a divertissement written by Delibes to build up an 1867 Paris revival of Adam's "Le Corsaire." That it eventually became involved with the score of "La Source" seems evident, but scholars are uncertain how this amalgamation came about. The current issue of *Dance Chronicle* contains an article by Thomas D. Dunn tracing the evolution of "La Source." And in *Salmagundi*, Robert Garis discusses Balanchine ballets of "the middle range"—the non-masterpieces (like "La Source") that are crucial to the repertory and make it "a true repertory." Garis also writes in a fresh vein about Balanchine as a collaborator and about the poverty of costumes and décor at New York City Ballet, which leads me back to the subject of the décor in "La Source." It isn't ideal; it evokes only in the most general terms the atmosphere of the ballet. But at least it establishes some basis for speculation on that atmosphere. Garis calls his article "Balanchine Institutionalized." One might privately call the "new" "La Source" "La Source Institutionalized." Usually, the company's practice of cannibalizing sets and costumes weakens their effect in the original ballet without lending the recipient ballet anything more than a decent cover for its nudity. (The use of a "Harlequinade" drop in "Union Jack" is an example.) This time, the effect is a strengthening of identity. In the Tchaikovsky Festival in June, the company is to experiment with a standing pluralistically adaptable set, by Philip Johnson. It will be interesting to see how this works.

There was a new backcloth in the second act of "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—a really new one, by David Hays, depicting a pavilion of salmon-pink swags held up on stilts. I thought it had a sour look, but both acts of the ballet were in such good shape that I didn't mind. The new scenery permits "A Midsummer Night's Dream" to be done in repertory (like "Coppélia") rather than as a separate attraction for which the stage must be specially hung (like "The Nutcracker"). Rehearsal and performance on a regular and frequent basis would be welcome. When this lavish, complex, and beautiful ballet was last given a mini-season, two years ago, it looked sluggish and tacky, and was badly cast. In this winter's run, the only major miscasting was Karin von Aroldingen and Nina Fedorova, who were both ponderous Titanias. "A Midsummer Night's Dream," to Mendelssohn's music, is a full-evening ballet that demands almost as much intent looking and listening as we give to Balanchine's more concentrated essays in choreography. Does that make it a masterpiece or a piece in which, as in one of Mr. Garis's middle-range ballets, one recognizes the hand of a master? Most people find all the formal dancing in the second act disappointing after the consummate blend of dancing and acting in Act I. The dances are not in divertissement style, they're in Balanchine's extended symphonic style. (In addition to the incidental music, he uses the Symphony No. 9 for Strings and the "Son and Stranger" Overture.) In the perspective of his work as a whole, their originality doesn't stand out the way everything in Act I does.

Like the Handel spectacle "The Figure in the Carpet" (1960), "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (1962) may have been designed to appeal to people who found "The Nutcracker" too simple. Moods and textures shift rapidly in the dances in Theseus' pavilion. A stately courtiers' procession (the Wedding March) gives way to a royal entertainment—a light and graceful ballet danced by seven couples. Then the whole court masses behind the three bridal couples—Theseus and Hippolyta, Hermia and Lysander, Helena and Demetrius. Each time I see this profuse and streaming "symphonic" number, it seems as if the middle couple, Theseus and Hippolyta, would dominate. But they never do; Balanchine's tact keeps the climaxes exploding in triplicate. The stars of the second act are the lead couple in the pas de quatorze. Is there another adagio outside of "Divertimento No. 15" as involved, as involving, in the forms of sensuous complicity? And where else but in that great



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Mozart ballet are there allegro dances as airily Mozartian as the group dances that frame the pas de deux? In olden days, there was an astonishing intervention in this pas de deux by the six men of the group, who performed very slow and even développés in arabesque and terre-à-terre lunges. Ever since Balanchine trimmed the dances to pacify restless "Nutcracker"-prone audiences, the act has seemed too short. So much of the choreography is a condensation to begin with; in condensed and abstracted form, it continues the first act's story of love and folly. A sophisticated audience is given the drama's meaning in the form of transparent dance metaphors. After the night's cycle of confusion, the current of young emotion is replenished and redeemed, there at the source of lyrical expression. The mountain spring.

As for Act I, it presents Balanchine's synoptic vision functioning as a continuous narrative. The prologue stands complete in itself, holding the action of the ballet as a ball hanging from a Christmas tree reflects the whole tree. The fairy royalty, the mixed-up pairs of lovers, and the mechanicals are all introduced and the story is under way before the overture is finished. We begin with entrances for the littlest fairies, frail and quick as water beetles; then come their bigger butterfly sisters, and Puck, their leader, who arrives just in time to form with three butterflies the tetrachord played by the reeds in the orchestra. The first human being we see is Helena, weeping, so distracted on her diagonal journey across the stage that she doesn't notice—or can't see—that the leaf she plucks to dry her tears is held out to her by Puck. Nor does she know that the breeze cooling her cheeks is fanned by clusters of small fairy hands. Oberon and Titania enter from opposite sides of the stage and meet in the center, each with an entourage: Oberon and his little band of elves and butterflies, Titania and her corps de ballet of tall and leggy neo-Botticellian nymphs. Oberon, the elf king, is small; he wears a gold tunic, white tights, a crown of gilt bay leaves. The statuesque Titania, in one of her pink negligees, is attended by a cavalier in blue who holds a seashell canopy over her head. Both monarchs wear, as long and glittery trains, shower curtains of the best quality, and Oberon swishes his impatiently as he gesticulates, claiming the tiny page at Titania's side—the Indian changeling—for his own. Titania, who doesn't move an inch during Oberon's speech, rejects the claim angrily, and the two confront each other nose to nose as the scene shifts by means of a blackout to another part of the forest. As Mendelssohn alternates his *ff*s and *pp*s, the pace of the crosscutting starts to quicken. We swing from high spirits to serenity to perturbation, from upset in the fairy kingdom to turmoil among the lovers. When the lights come up again on Oberon and Titania, their quarrel is an exact repeat of the first one but faster, more urgent. The two adamant profiles coming together, apart, together are an uncanny transcription of the lines from the play "And now they never meet in grove, or green . . . But they do square." The action completes its rounds of introduction, and we come back to Helena, the emotional center of the play. Like a slow-fading spotlight, she lingers, an unresolved image left over from the giddy cyclical pattern Balanchine has established. The overture winds down, ending the way it began, with the faint moto perpetuo of the fairies diminishing into a silence broken only by the four chords on the pipes of Pan. We are ready to begin.

And when we are ready to end, Balanchine creates another of these crystalline montages, embracing lost lovers, Hippolyta's hunt, Puck's wiles, and Titania's contagious fogs in a scene of mounting excitement. The music is not part of Mendelssohn's score for the play. Nor, incredibly, is the music to which Balanchine sets the most complicated part of the story, covering the successive phases of the lovers' predicament and Puck's attempted resolution.

The dance highlight of the first act is Oberon's scherzo. Ib Andersen was fluent but lacked force—the quality that has eluded just about everyone who has attempted the role except its originator, Edward Villella. Andersen, after a season of tryouts in every type of role, hit his stride at the very end. The limpid accuracy he brought to "La Source" wasn't unexpected, but the sharp attack—the element missing from his Oberon—was.

—ARLENE CROCE

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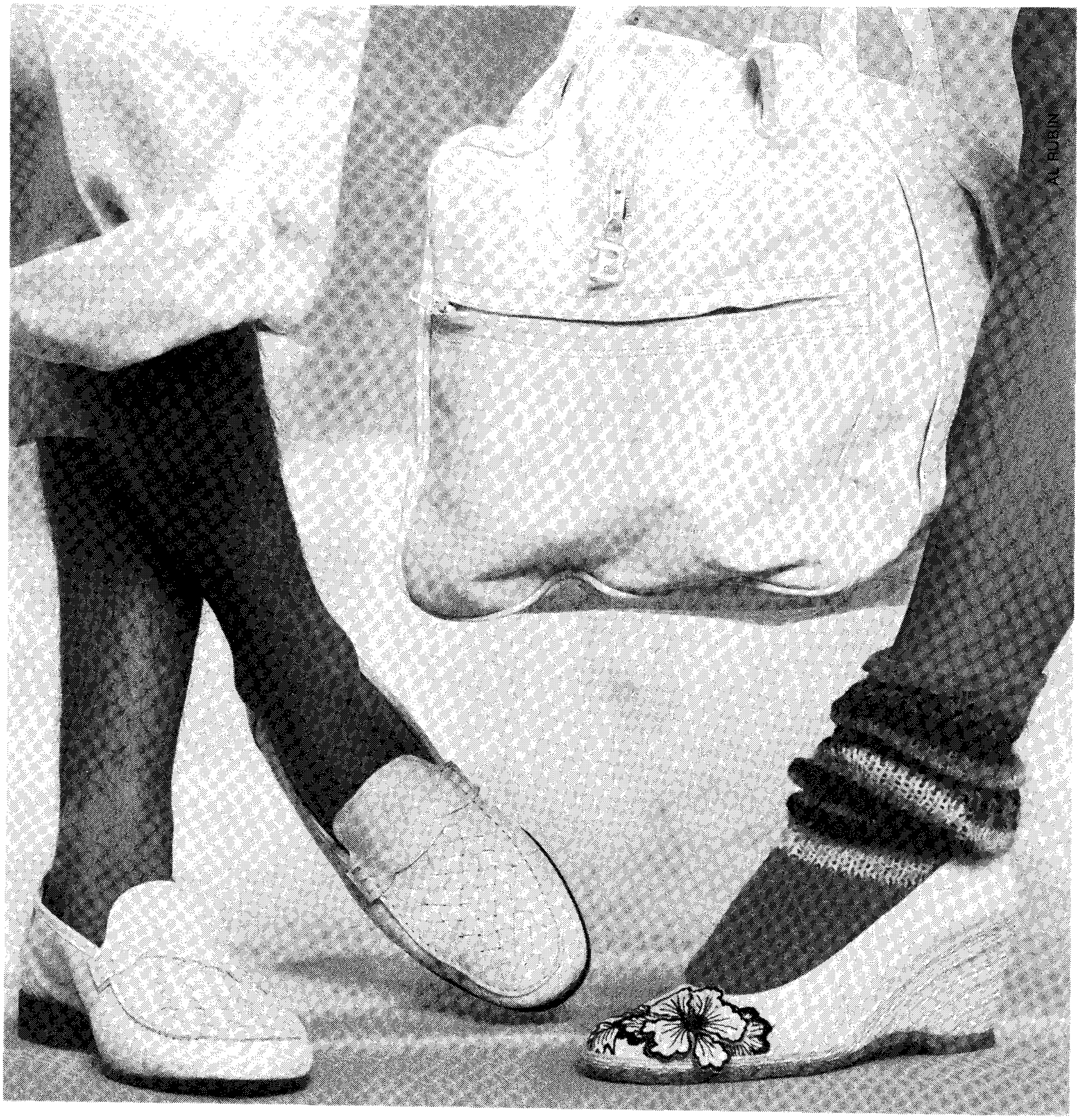

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Love, War, and Custodial Services

As Albin, the female-impersonator star of a gay night-club revue who is the central character of the 1979 "La Cage aux Folles" and the new "La Cage aux Folles II," Michel Serrault doesn't make the mistake of acting like a woman—he acts Albin like a transvestite's idea of a woman, going beyond impersonation into convoluted areas of sex confusion. Albin (whose stage name is ZaZa) is always primping; he is obsessed with how he looks, and is terrified of aging—that is, of no longer being loved. He's a heavyset middle-aged man trying to be a sex goddess in chiffon; he thinks he's ravishing when he's wigged and made up and dressed in the trailing kind of women's clothes that women don't wear. Holding his head at what he thinks is a distinguished angle, he enters a room like a dowager in full sail—he glides and swivels and sways.

Albin is grotesque, but he's not aware of it. He's acutely anxious, though, when he tries to pass as a manly man. The first film has an inspired moment when Albin, wearing a man's suit, sits in a chair attempting to look like a regular guy—and doesn't know what to do with his hands. You can laugh at his horror-stricken embarrassment, because Serrault admits you into an intimacy with the character; you're laughing at Albin's plight from both the inside and the outside. His is a special kind of vain, simpering pathos that never makes you want to cry—he's too absurd for tears. Serrault's feat—Albin's inability to look like other men—seems all the more remarkable to those who are familiar with his performances in heterosexual roles. In "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs," Serrault was the neighbor who came in to complain about the noise and later paired off with the boy prodigy's mother. Back in 1957, Serrault was one of the two stars of the Sacha Guitry comedy "Assassins et Voleurs," released in this country as "Lovers and Thieves." The other was Jean Poiret, who wrote the play "La Cage aux Folles." Serrault and Poiret were teamed as Albin and Renato when it opened in Paris in 1973; it kept going until 1979.

The first "Cage" was a filmed version of the stage farce, and, with Albin and Renato's plushy living quarters (above their Saint-Tropez night club) constantly being invaded by the straight world, the stage mechanics were still visible. There was also a gaping hole in the structure. The film begins with a dumb joke: while Albin is onstage performing, Renato (played by Ugo Tognazzi), his mate of over twenty years, receives a handsome young man, and we are led to assume that Renato is cheating on Albin, until it's revealed that the boy is Renato's son (the result of a brief heterosexual indiscretion). And, whether for the sake of this joke or just from thoughtlessness, the movie leaves out the maternal relationship between Albin and his lover's son. We're *told* that Albin has been like a mother to the boy, and the plot hinges on Albin's determination to be accepted as the boy's mother by the family the boy is marrying into, but they never have a scene alone together, and the boy shows neither affection nor aversion to him. Yet, with all its forced effects and clumsiness, the film had the two characters—the foolish Albin and Renato, the loving husband, fed up with Albin's silly self-delusions yet protective of him. Tognazzi's Renato, with a touch of makeup and a suggestion of a corset in his posture, and mannerisms such as wetting a pinky on his tongue and using it to smooth an eyebrow, is almost as vain as Albin, though his being able to "pass" is part of what he's vain about. It isn't hard to understand why the picture has become possibly the highest-grossing foreign film on record in this country: this extraordinary couple mirrors the pressures of heterosexual marriage in an exaggerated form that everyone can laugh at. Apparently, a lot of people have gone back to see it several times—the way their children went back to see "The Graduate" over and over—because it puts them in a cheery mood. Even people who might feel threatened by young homosexuals, perceiving them as a danger to the continuity of their own families, feel safe with elderly homosexuals. And gay activists haven't been obstreperous about the film, since it deals—affectionately—with the transvestites of gay night-club life, who can hardly be considered representative homosexuals.

The opening titles of "Cage II" invite you to see old friends again (the way the Bing Crosby and Bob Hope "Road" pictures did), and the film makes good on the invitation. Like the first picture, this one is a vaudeville show about love, vanity, lunacy. "Cage II" isn't as original as the first, but it gives the two actors more range. Although the thriller plot (a spy plants a capsule of microfilm on Albin, and from then on spies and government agents pursue him) is no more than a pretext to get Albin and Renato out of their stage-set apartment, it's serviceable. Directed (as

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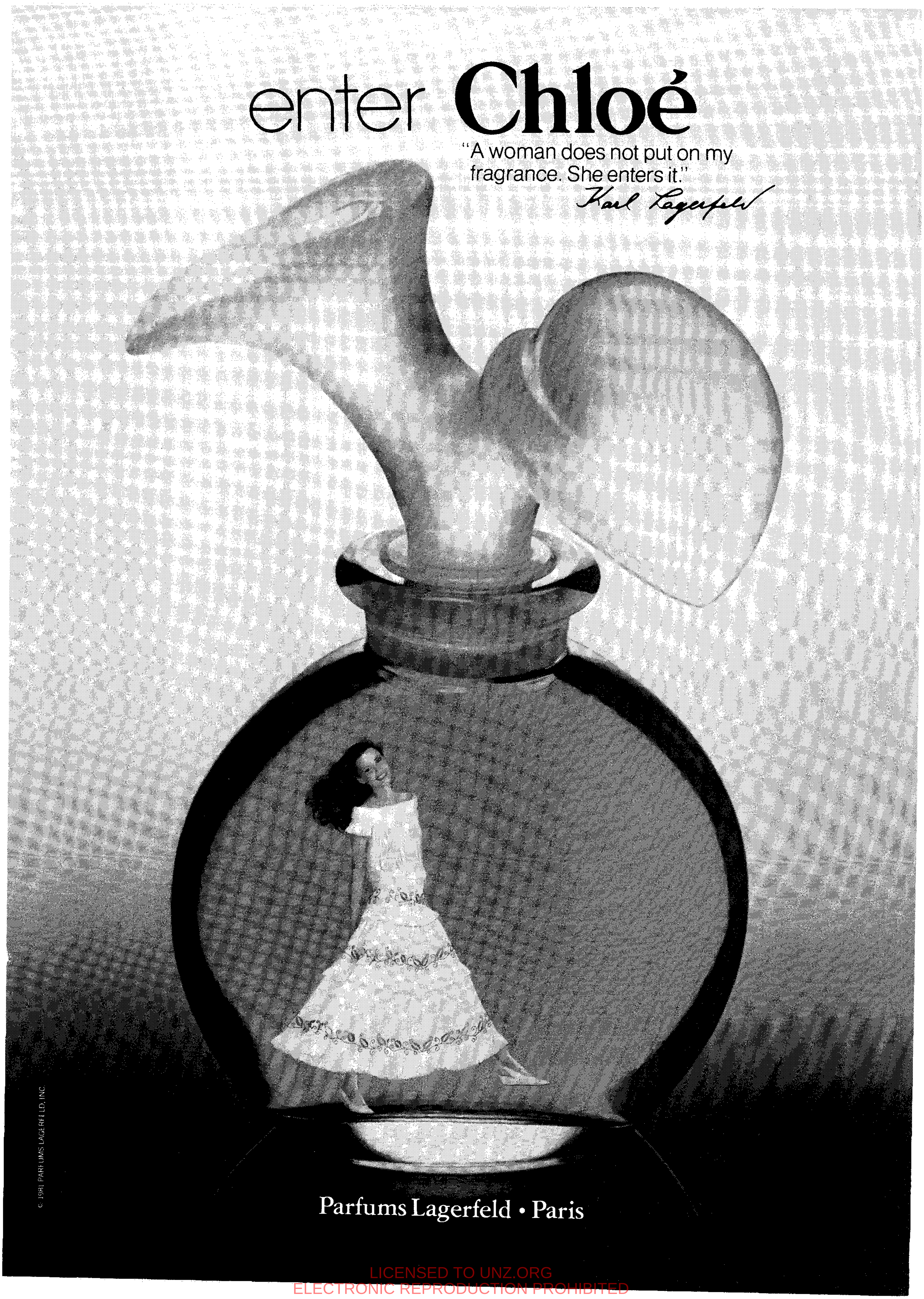

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was the first) by Édouard Molinaro, this one is much smoother. The camera isn't just a recording instrument for entrances and exits; it moves around, covering the lovers' masquerades as they travel to Italy to hide at Renato's mother's farm. And at each point along the way we see the straight world's reactions to Albin. (The Italians to whom Albin is presented as Renato's wife are afraid to move a muscle in their faces.)

When Albin pretends to be a window-washer, he doesn't just put on a workman's cap and blue denim overalls—he dresses up in them, and he's pure sissy. We can laugh without malice, because even though it's apparent that Albin doesn't seem right in any guise, we can tell how much he enjoys the dressing up. He's happy in his make-believe roles: in a sequence in Italy, Albin, dressed as a peasant woman, toils in the fields among the women, and he looks youthful and radiantly fulfilled—he really believes that he is one of them. He's like a diva who has triumphed in the role of a peasant heroine. Albin doesn't see what we can see: wherever he is and however he's dressed, he's so far into his fantasy that he looks like no one else.

As the chief of the government agents, Marcel Bozzuffi shows only the most minuscule of reactions to Albin: his double takes are no more than teeny movements in the eyes. Bozzuffi's performance isn't just a parody of deadpan acting—it's also the polar opposite of Serrault's effusiveness. If there's anyone whom Serrault's Albin recalls, it's Alice Brady in her plump and squealing society-matron roles; the same sort of uncontrollable shrill yelps come rippling out of Albin, and these falsetto screeches seem to keep the movie going. The only character who suffers from the change in format is the black manservant (Benny Luke), who has a vision of himself as a dainty maid, and maybe as a Southern belle, too; he belongs to the stage-farce world of the first picture, where his prancing in and out was used as a running joke. He has almost nothing to do this time—only a few walk-ons—but he gets laughs just by showing up in his dinky spandex hot pants, with little lacy aprons. He's a human valentine.

"La Cage aux Folles II" has nothing to do with the art of movies, but it has a great deal to do with the craft and art of acting, and the pleasures of farce. Serrault gives a superb comic performance—his Albin is a wildly fanciful creation. There's a grandeur about Albin's inability to see himself as he is. And maybe it's only in this exaggerated form that a movie about the ridiculousness and the tenderness of married love can be widely accepted now. At the end, after Albin has been kidnapped by the spies, Renato, who is nearby with the police, can't think of anything but his beloved Albin. And, suddenly, forgetting the danger, each starts running toward the other, and they meet between the two armed groups like lovers in an opera. One of the policemen watching their embrace is weeping. "It's beautiful," he says.

"THE DOGS OF WAR" is a swift and intelligent demonstration of how the conventions of action movies can be adapted and given new meaning. There is no romanticism about "soldiers of fortune;" the central figures—the leader, Christopher Walken, and his key men, Tom Berenger, Paul Freeman, and Jean-François Stevenin—are mercenaries. We aren't asked to like them, and Walken kills a spy (set on him by his own employer, who doesn't trust him) in such a horrifying way that we really couldn't like him. But we do want to watch him. Without anything being made explicit, the film indicates that it's more than money that impels these mercenaries to fight. They are men from several countries who, having been in wars, and having felt the excitement and ruthlessness of fighting and the power of weaponry, can't settle down to peacetime occupations. They want the highs, the camaraderie, the professionalism and pride. It's a form of craziness, but, having seen combat, they have had something burned out of them; they feel trapped in safe jobs, released in action.

The casting of Walken in the lead gives this picture the fuse it needs; without him—with some stalwart, tough-looking actor—it might seem just a crisp example of an action film. But Walken, with his pale, flat-faced mask of pain and his lithe movements, suggests a restless anger. His eyes look spooked, like a cat's, and you feel he'd be cold to the touch. There's something gnawing away at Walken's Jamie Shannon, and it's going to devour him or explode. Walken convinces you that there is nothing besides fighting left in Shannon's life. That doesn't mean that Shannon doesn't care whom he fights for. The instincts that make him a responsible leader who takes care of his men are at work all the

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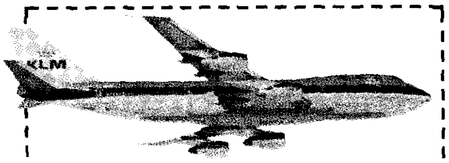

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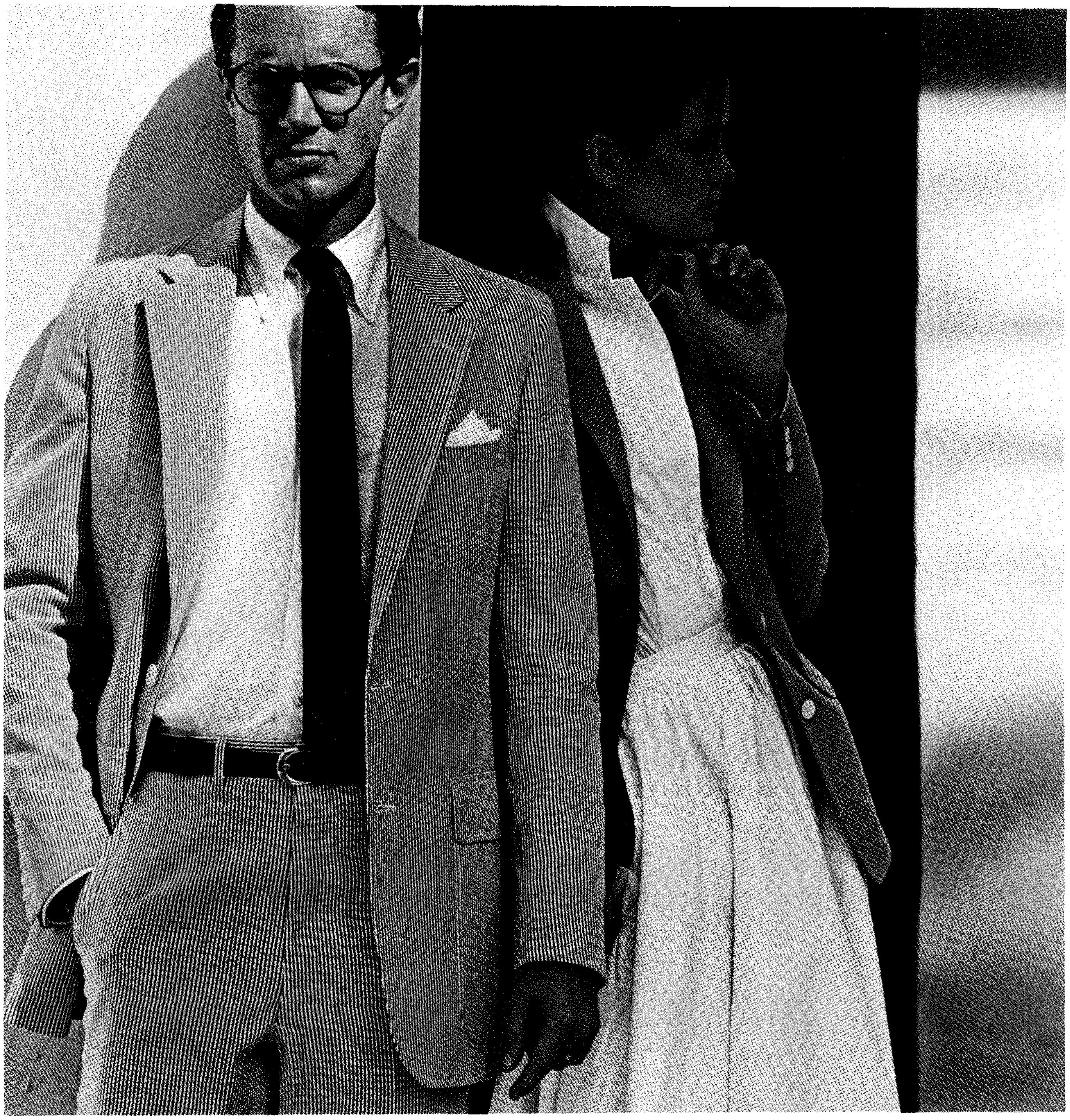

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time. This is a tough-minded movie that gives you the underside of the loner myth, but it isn't completely cynical. Even mercenaries have their discriminations—though when they make a moral choice, it may be less out of idealism than out of disgust at corruption. At the end, what Shannon does is believable, because of Walken's anger and those glaring eyes.

Freely adapted from a best-seller by Frederick Forsyth, this movie shows Shannon on a reconnaissance mission to Zangaro, a small, decaying West African country, run by an Idi Amin-Papa Doc-style despot—President Kimba. A British company that is interested in Zangaro's platinum can't get the mining rights from Kimba, so it sends an emissary (Hugh Millais) to hire Shannon to determine how strong Kimba's government is and whether a coup can be staged, so that the company can install its own, handpicked dictator. This is the first feature film by John Irvin, an English documentarian and TV director. ("Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy" is his best-known work here.) Irvin does everything allusively and almost silently in this preliminary section, which was actually shot in Belize, formerly British Honduras. With Jack Cardiff as his cinematographer, Irvin shows us the eerie disorder in the bright sunshine as Shannon, claiming to be a nature photographer, saunters along the dirt streets of this crummy little police state, where soldiers loiter around fully armed. The squalor and the brutality are palpable. So is Shannon's arrogance. It's a paranoid landscape, with an increasingly paranoid visitor. The impassive Shannon, with his feline sense of danger, loathes everything about the place, with a few exceptions: North (the skillful Colin Blakely), a boozing TV journalist he meets in the hotel bar, who has come to Zangaro in the hope of interviewing President Kimba; Gabrielle (Maggie Scott), the hotel manager's beautiful and well-educated daughter; and Dr. Okoye (Winston Ntshona), who was once a political opponent of Kimba's and has been imprisoned since Kimba took over. Shannon makes the kind of outsider's mistake that can be fatal in a country like Zangaro: Trying to get a picture of the military installations, he photographs Gabrielle in front of the Army garrison and, when he's arrested and beaten, says he was just taking a picture of a pretty girl. Upon hearing that, the soldiers go to work on him with chains, because Gabrielle is Kimba's mistress. They throw him into prison, and that's how he meets Dr. Okoye, who tends his wounds.

Shannon is deported, and we don't see Zangaro again until he goes back with a boatload of men and munitions. Most of the movie is spent on his recruiting his team, getting provisioned, training the men. The choice of details seems almost random, but the taut, abbreviated scenes are kept hopping, and there is certainly never too much of anything. The picture appears to be edited for tension and rhythm and the crackle of dialogue; the moviemakers are rather cavalier about slashing through explanations, but in terms of the full effect their choices are sound. The raid on Zangaro—at night—is very brief, but it's the psychological culmination of months of planning. During the attack, Walken and Berenger each carry an incredible new toy—the XM-18, a portable rocket launcher (about the size of a Thompson submachine gun, with a drum)—and they yell like happy demons as they fire off gas, smoke, and high-impact missiles. Irvin has studied a master: some of the most feral images are almost direct quotations from Peckinpah's "The Wild Bunch."

"The Dogs of War" isn't pulpy. Maybe the traditions in which John Irvin was trained have saved him from the crude tricks that have cheapened the action genres. There is one element of excessive refinement about the film: the dialogue is recorded very softly. That would be fine if you saw the film in a quiet theatre or at home on television, but, seeing it in a big Broadway house, I missed a lot of the lines. The ones I heard (from the script by Gary DeVore and George Malko) made me regret the ones I lost.

"EYEWITNESS" has something big going for it: the audience's eagerness to sit back and enjoy a swank, glossy murder mystery—a movie with the kind of torrid menace that inspired Ran Blake's music on the Arista record "Film Noir." And there's the promise of excitement in a contemporary, New York City movie that stars two smart, young, stage-trained performers: William Hurt, who made his screen debut in "Altered States" as the hero with a case of high-intellectual jitters, and the tall, striking Sigourney Weaver, who was the executive officer (in bikini panties) of the spaceship in "Alien" and plays a television newscaster here. There's also the promise

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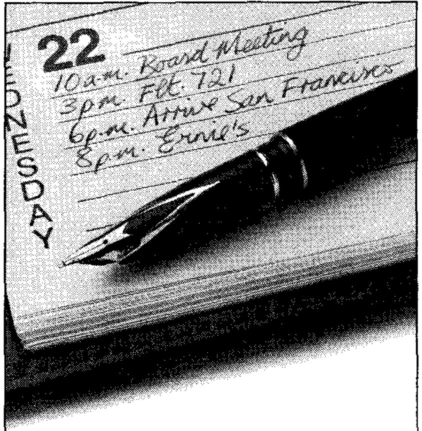

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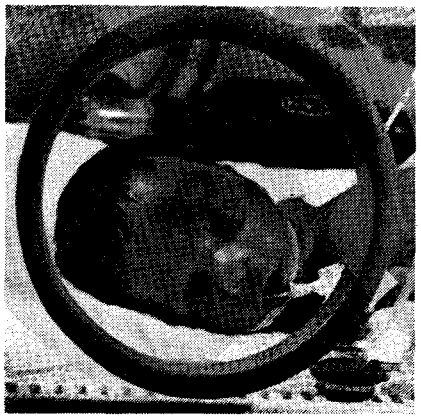

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of fresh, whimsical slapstick in the collaboration of the director Peter Yates and the writer Steve Tesich, who worked together on the 1979 comedy "Breaking Away." But "Eyewitness" bogs down in a tangle of plot. Yates and Tesich are trying to do something complicated: a new, more meaningful version of a forties melodrama—one that will celebrate America's ethnic diversity while demonstrating the unlimited possibilities of people misunderstanding each other. But they don't know how to adapt and modernize forties-thriller conventions. And so something berserk happens: Sigourney Weaver, Irene Worth, and Christopher Plummer, who are all playing Jews, play them like Nazis. They're intense, drawn, haggard, rich, and highly cultured, and when they're all together at a musicale in the stately town house of Weaver's parents—with Weaver at the piano, Worth (as her mother) on the cello, Albert Paulsen (as her father) on the violin, and the slimy-suave Israeli, Plummer, with his skin a color that doesn't exist in nature, standing by to make a fund-raising speech—they're a stiff and sinister bunch. From the conspiratorial look of things, they and their friends might have gathered for a Black Mass.

Weaver's parents—Russian Jews who speak with heavy accents—are so rich and cultured that they consider themselves disgraced by their daughter's career in television. Presumably, it's too vulgar for people of their aristocratic background. (I've not heard of these Jews who came out of the Soviet Union rich and aristocratic; the ones I know of are running candy stores or restaurants in Coney Island, or driving cabs out of it.) Just about no one is believable in this movie—not the prowling Amazonic sabra who is some sort of warriorlike accomplice of Plummer's, and certainly not Plummer, the distinguished Israeli, who is also a fanatic Zionist, involved in clandestine operations with Weaver's parents. (That musicale group has all kinds of questionable implications, which Yates and Tesich appear to be unaware of.)

By training, temperament, and spectacular good looks, Sigourney Weaver seems a natural for stardom in this era; she's scaled to be a modern heroine. But what can she do in the role of Tony Sokolow, which shows her revelling in her work, enjoying every minute of it, and then has her announce that she's going to do what her

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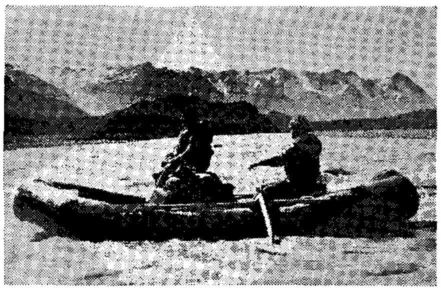

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parents want—quit her job and marry the man of their choice? Yates and Tesich have put an eighties woman into a claptrap forties-movie situation. When Tony makes that announcement, the movie dries up and blows away. I recently saw Sigourney Weaver on the stage (in Christopher Durang's "Beyond Therapy"), where she was slender yet strapping and you were aware of her joints—she seemed lucky to have so much body to act with, and you could feel her physical pleasure in the funny lines she got to deliver. Here, in her newscaster scenes, she begins confidently, but then the writing wipes her out. The cinematographer doesn't do well by her, either—she becomes pale and rather remote; even her wavy thundercloud of hair gets squashed. (Some of her speeches appear to be looped, and this may help to account for the remoteness.)

Hurt manages to remain appealing—a triumph in the circumstances. He's playing Daryll, an Irish-American former Marine, decorated in Vietnam, who works as night janitor in a Manhattan office building where a Vietnamese merchant is murdered. Daryll, who has fallen in love with Tony on TV, meets her when she comes to film a news item about the murder. He talks a blue streak, because he's afraid that if he stops talking she'll turn away and he'll never get another chance. He pretends to know something about the murder—he suggests that he may have been an eyewitness—in order to pique her interest. This flirtatious improvisation of his makes the two of them targets for the killers, for those who seek to avenge the killing, for the police, and—it begins to seem—for every passerby. What's entertaining is the flirtation itself. Hurt, who can be funniest when he's most fervent, has the come-on lines, and he inflects them for all they're worth, and quite a bit more. Daryll speaks with a withdrawn, rhapsodic earnestness that's hip and comic. He makes mock-naïve declarations of love to Tony: he says exactly what he feels, yet his awareness of how batty his words must sound gives them an edge—a slight suggestion of a put-on. She is, naturally (just about her only chance at a natural emotion here), thrown off balance.

It's clear what Tesich is getting at in having his hero work as a night janitor (the job must be a first for a Hollywood hero): a lot of intelligent and well-educated Americans work at

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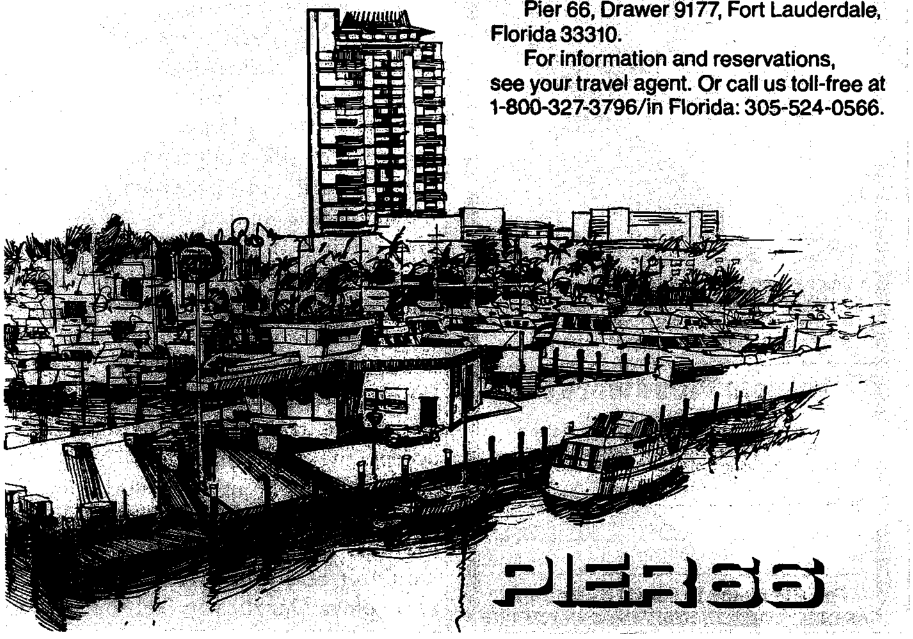

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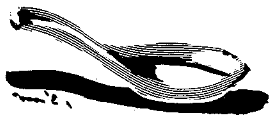
blue-collar and custodial jobs, because these jobs don't infringe on their lives. Some do it only while they're college students (as Tesich did, working as a night janitor in an office building, like Daryll); others do it so that they can keep their minds free to write or paint, or just to enjoy a freedom from responsibility which isn't possible in professional fields or in business—or because they get into the routine of an undemanding job and just stay in it. Tesich (a Serb, who emigrated from Yugoslavia when he was thirteen) is saying that in this country people doing menial work don't necessarily feel that it's degrading or that they are menials. He's saying that Daryll is simple in terms of his needs, yet he's intelligent and competent, and has enough sense of his own worth not to be concerned about class barriers. Daryll watches Tony on television so intently (it's like Zen concentration) that he makes you accept the idea that he's completely and unalterably in love with her. If the audience didn't go along with this far-out romantic premise, there wouldn't really be any movie. But as Hurt plays Daryll, you feel that he has the strength and the flukey intensity to bring his fantasy off. And Daryll's winning Tony is halfway plausible, because Hurt and Weaver look great together: whatever the social differences, nature is on their side—they match up.



Still, about midway, I thought, I wish Tesich would get over his love affair with America, or at least stop trying to authenticate the American dream. I think the intention is to present Daryll's love for Tony as an absurdist romance that can come true in America, but the film's thriller aspects aren't absurdist—they're just plain unconvincing. There are frequent eavesdropping scenes and lurking-about scenes—cuts to a couple of Vietnamese thugs overhearing what Daryll is saying to Tony, or misconstruing what they see him doing, or following somebody in a car and boding ill. These inserts are so silly I wondered if they could have been meant as a running gag; whether intended to be comic or serious, they've gone wrong. When Daryll and Tony are in his apartment at night, and his closest friend (James Woods), who had a grudge against the murdered man, is in the street below spying on them, Woods needs a light for his cigarette; he bums one from a man whom the flame reveals to be Plummer, who is also there spying. Surely this is meant to make us laugh, and it does, somewhat, but there's no tension to release—it's just a casual laugh. Even the menacing set-pieces (such as Daryll at work being trapped in a trash compactor) don't build suspense and then release it—they just dribble away. There's an essential innocence in Yates's and Tesich's attempt to provide motivation for the murder and the subsequent events: they are all somehow linked to fund-raising to get Jews out of the Soviet Union. (I never got it to add up, exactly.) Innocence may be too kind a word. I could have done without such keys to Daryll's harmoniousness as the information that he has a special rapport with children and animals, who will do anything he wants. Are Yates and Tesich trying to make a holistic thriller? If they needed to prepare for Daryll's way with horses in the final, riding-academy sequence (a true bummer; it looks like unedited footage), they could have planted the information that he was experienced with horses instead of making him one of nature's noblemen. The pieces of the movie don't fit together in tone: this noble janitor is elsewhere given a tinny, smart-ass double-entendre speech in which he offers to buff Tony's floors.

The film has some saving grace notes. Though the dialogue is just functional (and lumpy) a lot of the time, when it's funny it's often marvellous. What works best is something that is never supposed to work: the literary flourishes that most good directors would immediately cut. Yates must have had the instinct to recognize that these rather florid riffs would give the film a special charm. I would have been happier without Daryll's account of what happened at his first dance; it didn't do a thing for his character, it reeked of creative-writing courses, and it echoed Brando's story in "Last Tango" about going on a date with cow dung all over his shoes. But Kenneth McMillan, as Hurt's paraplegic father, brings off a soul-baring speech about marriage and love with the kind of juicy mastery that makes you want to applaud. It interrupts the action, but it's more fun than what it's interrupting. There is a series of cynical, griping conversations between a team of police lieutenants (Morgan Freeman and Steven Hill); these exchanges are high points. And,

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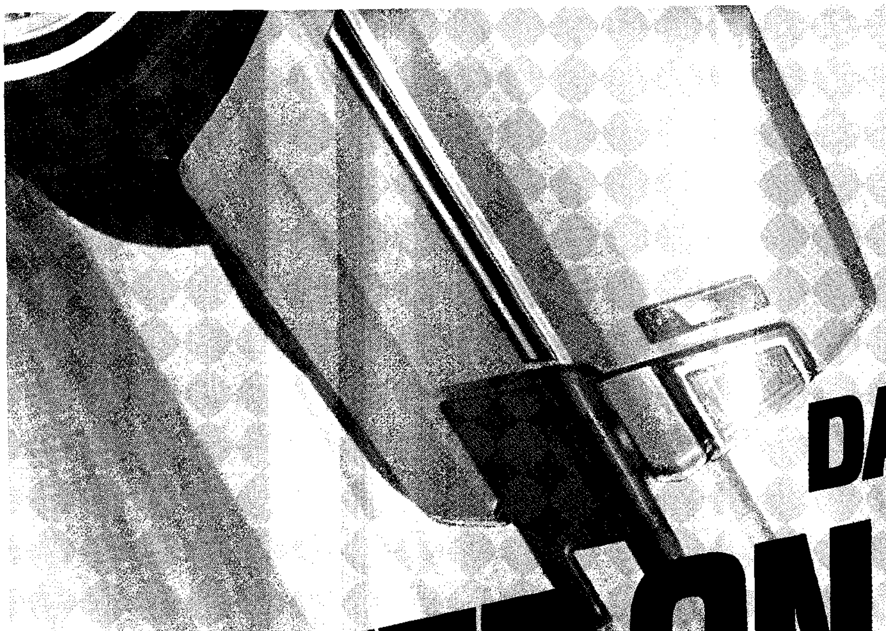

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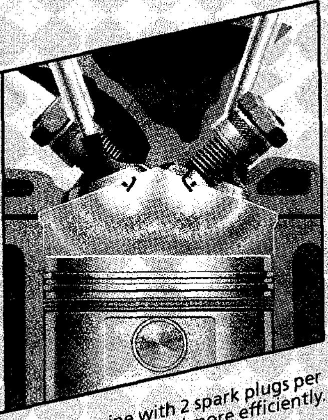

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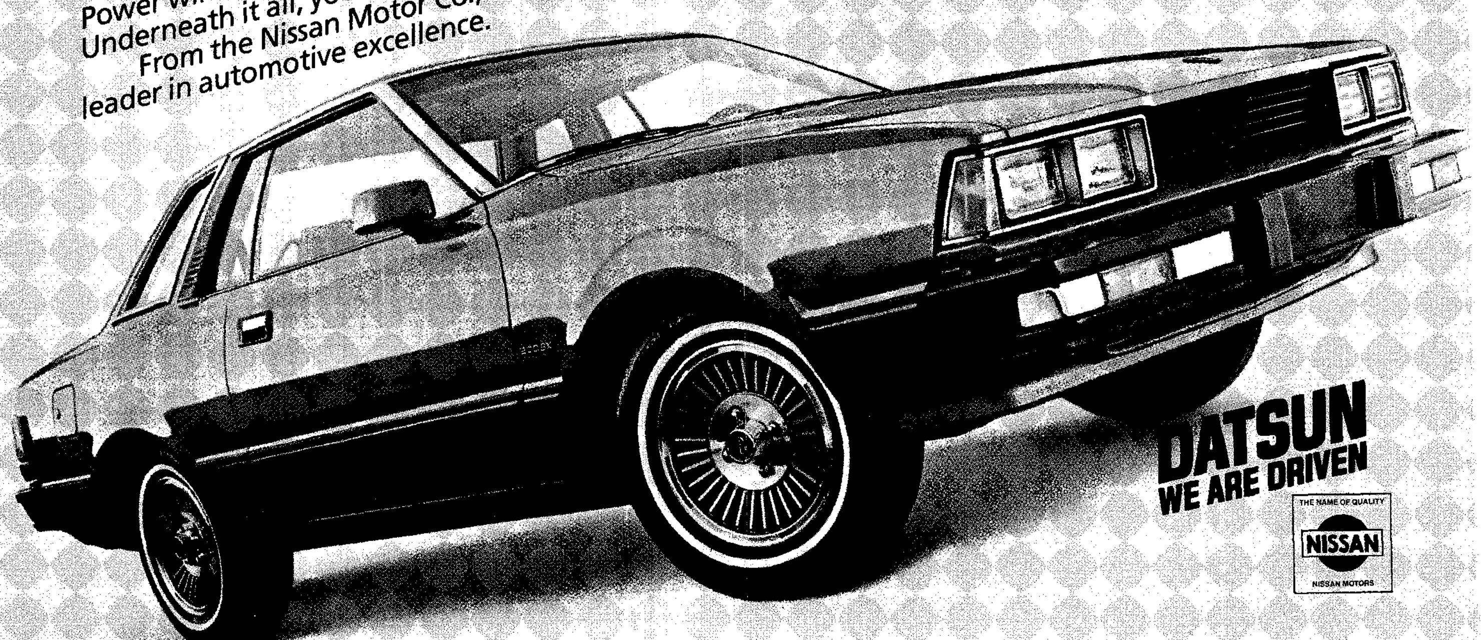

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as Daryll's old girlfriend, Pamela Reed, with her bright brown eyes and her seemingly limitless energy, plays a scene in which she is so avid to get things off her chest that her words develop a rhythmic charge, peak, and keep going. (It's an aesthetic disgrace that the camera is too close to her and she also sounds too loud.) With the possible exception of the police lieutenants' conversations, none of these speeches would work in a good thriller, but we clutch at them here. They have punch, and we know where we are when we hear them. They locate us in a world of actors scoring in character bits. (Several of the actors seem to be brought on just for the sake of these numbers; McMillan is *carried* on. Playwrights who can't fit these showoff speeches into one play often save them for the next.)

"Eyewitness" is moderately enjoyable to watch, but when you think about it, it gets weirder and worse. There's a level of common sense missing. Trying to be Russian Jewish enough, Irene Worth talks as if she were shifting potatoes around in her cheeks; her face is gnarled from all this guttural exertion. (A scene in which she wraps her tongue around the words "This is so painful" could be the low point in her career.) Trying to be sleek and exotic (as befits an Israeli diplomat!), Christopher Plummer speaks in silken cadences and acts like a homosexual courtier of the last century. Nobody ever seems to do the next logical thing in this movie: When Daryll finds the body, we expect him to call the police; instead, we see him riding home on his motorcycle. When Tony is attacked on the street by the two Vietnamese, she never considers notifying the authorities. "Eyewitness" has such elaborate thematic patterns that even Daryll's dog is misunderstood—first by us (we think he's murderous when he's only romping) and later by Daryll. But the moviemakers miss out on the simple things: Daryll comes home after a full work shift and doesn't take the dog out—doesn't even worry about it. The dog never goes out. —PAULINE KAEL

•

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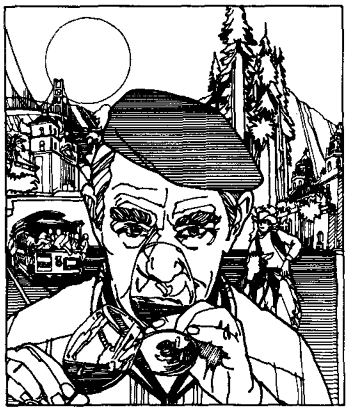

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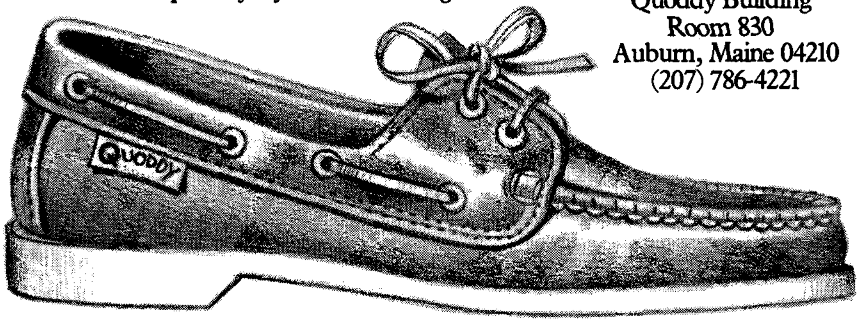

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Worlds and Worlds

THERE comes a point in many an Iris Murdoch novel when the enchantment sours, or cloys, and the hitherto rapt reader succumbs to the suspicion that some justice lies in the customary criticisms with which her faithfully produced fictions are faithfully belabored; e.g., that her prose can be as careless as it is abundant, and that her worthy preoccupation with the metamorphoses worked by ubiquitous, tireless Eros leads her to overillustrate her thesis and to produce a mechanical, farcical effect. On page 296 of her most recent and in many ways marvellous novel, "Nuns and Soldiers" (Viking; $14.95), we are told, having persuasively experienced one heroine's typically Murdochian immersion in an unlikely but ineluctable passion, that another heroine is promptly in line for the same strenuous treatment. "Something terrible had happened to ——. It had happened some time ago and it was going on happening. She had fallen terribly terribly in love with ——. Of course she had told no one of this dreadful love." Names have been deleted, lest the novel be cheated of suspense; the adjectives and adverbs cannot be concealed—a "dreadful," a "terrible," and a double-barrelled "terribly terribly" in so short a compass. Deeper down the page, we are assured, "True love gallops, it flies, it is the swiftest of all modes of thought, swifter even than hate and fear. —— grasped, like someone at last grasping a vast theorem, ——'s absolute charm. She worshipped him in her thought from head to foot, she embraced him in the soft beating of her passionate wings." From this point on, we cannot but notice what seems to be the flailing of the author's own passionate wings: we read of a "terrible terrible rejection," of thoughts becoming "darker and more agonizingly and tightly knotted and more deeply and awfully frightening," of "a fierce wild almost cruel joy," of "all the loathsome irresistible machinery of jealousy," of "awful cancerous jealousy and envy and a dull anger," of "deep awful pain," of a heart "full of an incoherent tender joy," and of the "wonderful wonderful" act of breathing. The language is desperate, perhaps, because one of Miss Murdoch's central couples has been so firmly linked and married by the amorous alchemics of the novel that the case should have been rested, and the other couple, for all the verbal heat she breathes on the two unhappy souls, remains a pair of sticks—a nun and a soldier, too priggish and stiff and solitary to mate. By the final page (505) of the book, we have lost patience with *all* the characters, who if not stiff and sterile seem to be spoiled and selfish, and the connection at the plot's heart, the female friendship between Gertrude Openshaw and Anne Cavidge, no longer holds current and breaks off without a spark.

Hysterical love undoubtedly exists—indeed, it presidingly exists—and if what Miss Murdoch terms "the vast starry cosmos of the emotions" is to be accurately mapped, language cannot hang back timidly; perhaps it must dare to be loose and wild, though nothing like Miss Murdoch's adjectival torrents mars one's memory of such portraits of distraught love as "Wuthering Heights" and "Albertine Disparue." There is too much telling in "Nuns and Soldiers": with an omniscient circumstantiality, we are told the history of Poland as well as that of each major character, we are treated to panoramas of landscape as well as of interior turmoil, we are repeatedly informed that what we are witnessing is portentous. Miss Murdoch has taken it upon herself to revive the cozy, bossy voice of the intervening author: "What Manfred was thinking will be revealed later;" "As has been explained, Tim's work rushed blindly on;" "The Count, as it turned out, had ample chances later to display his qualities;" "What Tim did not know was that Jimmy Roland . . ." We are not trusted to decipher the code of events ourselves and to lend it our own emotions. The plinth of descriptive preparation outweighs and dwarfs the inert statues upheld. There is much dramatizing but little dramatic action: one man dies, everybody else falls in love, and nobody can help anything. With her repeated images of near-drowning (Anne in heavy ocean waves, Tim in a swift-running canal), the author emphasizes her sense of universal helplessness, of Eros and Thanatos tossing individuals about like flecks of foam. What is important, Miss Murdoch seems to imply in her intense descriptions of water and rocks, is inhuman; and she is not alone, of course, in finding under the hood of the modern novel a kind of anti-engine, a disbelief in human decisiveness and free will. Tolstoy, too, declared human beings, even Napoleon, helpless on vast tides; but his own vigor and authority appeared, in artistic practice, not to be impaired. Miss Murdoch in the course of her copious and fluent dreaming seems to get carried away; "Nuns and Soldiers" gave this reader, at least, an impression of having drifted rather far from its initial intentions and indicated promises.

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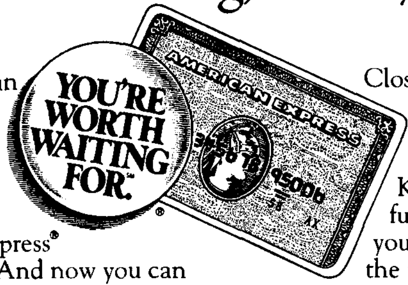

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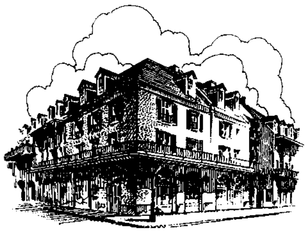

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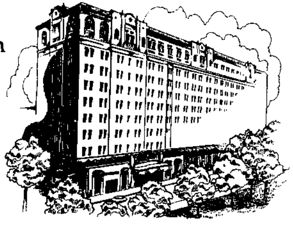

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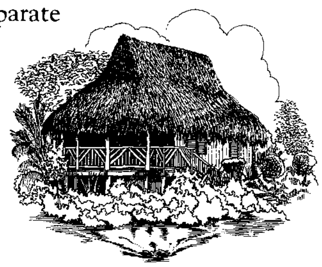

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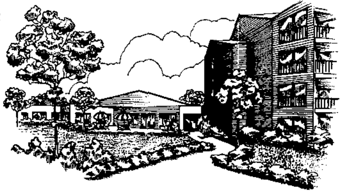

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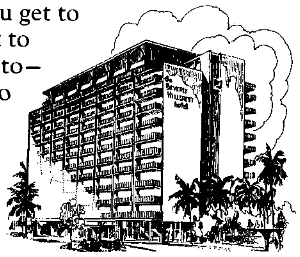

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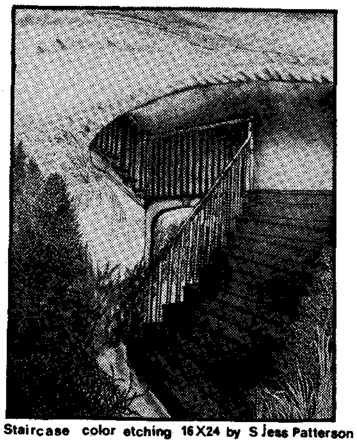

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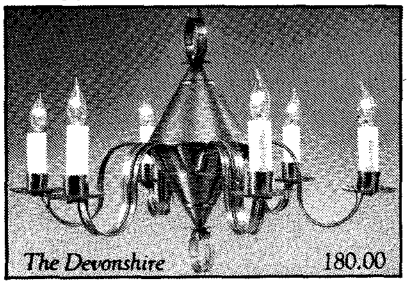

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dense evocation of the deathwatch maintained by the cancer-stricken Guy Openshaw's social circle, nicknamed "*les cousins et les tantes*." Guy, only in his mid-forties, is a rich, polymathic section head in the Home Office, and a dominant figure among the Openshaws, a Jewish family that has intermarried with Gentiles and left its Jewishness pretty much behind. Guy's wife, Gertrude, a "handsome woman" in her late thirties, "a little inclined to plumpness, with fine radiantly clear brown eyes," is half Scottish and half English. She is loved, not so secretly, by one of the circle's adopted strays, the Polish-born Wojciech Szczepanski, nicknamed the Count and sometimes called Peter. Another stray is Tim Reede, "a weedy young man . . . said to be a painter or something." But most of *les cousins et les tantes* are related by blood or marriage to the Openshaws—Manfred North, Stanley and Janet Openshaw, Veronica Mount, Sylvia Wicks, and Dr. Victor Schultz. The lineages, professions, and—oddly, in agnostic old England—religious opinions of all are briskly given, and, as Guy dies and his widow embarks upon her mourning, we expect to see something of a group study. The mad thought even crossed the mind of this reader, noting that *les cousins et les tantes* number about twelve and that Guy's favorite among them is called Peter and the group's shadowy Jewishness mingles with an untoward number of religious allusions and with certain hints as to the departed Guy's uncanny rectitude and authority (he made notes toward a study of justice and punishment, which might figure as a sacred testament)—the mad thought, I say, crossed my mind that this all might develop into an allegory of the first bereft, confused Christian community in the wake of the Master's death. But nothing, or very little, along these lines happens, though some skeletal remains of the clan aspect of the plot surface late in the book, like fossils. What does happen is that Anne Cavidge, a racy former school friend of Gertrude's who turned to religion and has spent fifteen years in a nunnery, calls up unexpectedly, having left the cloister, and is given shelter under Gertrude's roof. Then, in France, Tim Reede leaps out of insignificance to become Gertrude's lover. Tim's other life, which he shares with a stringy, slangy demi-artiste named Daisy Barrett, is thoroughly told about, as is the Count's melancholy, lovelorn, solitary

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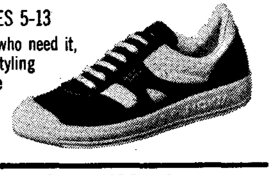

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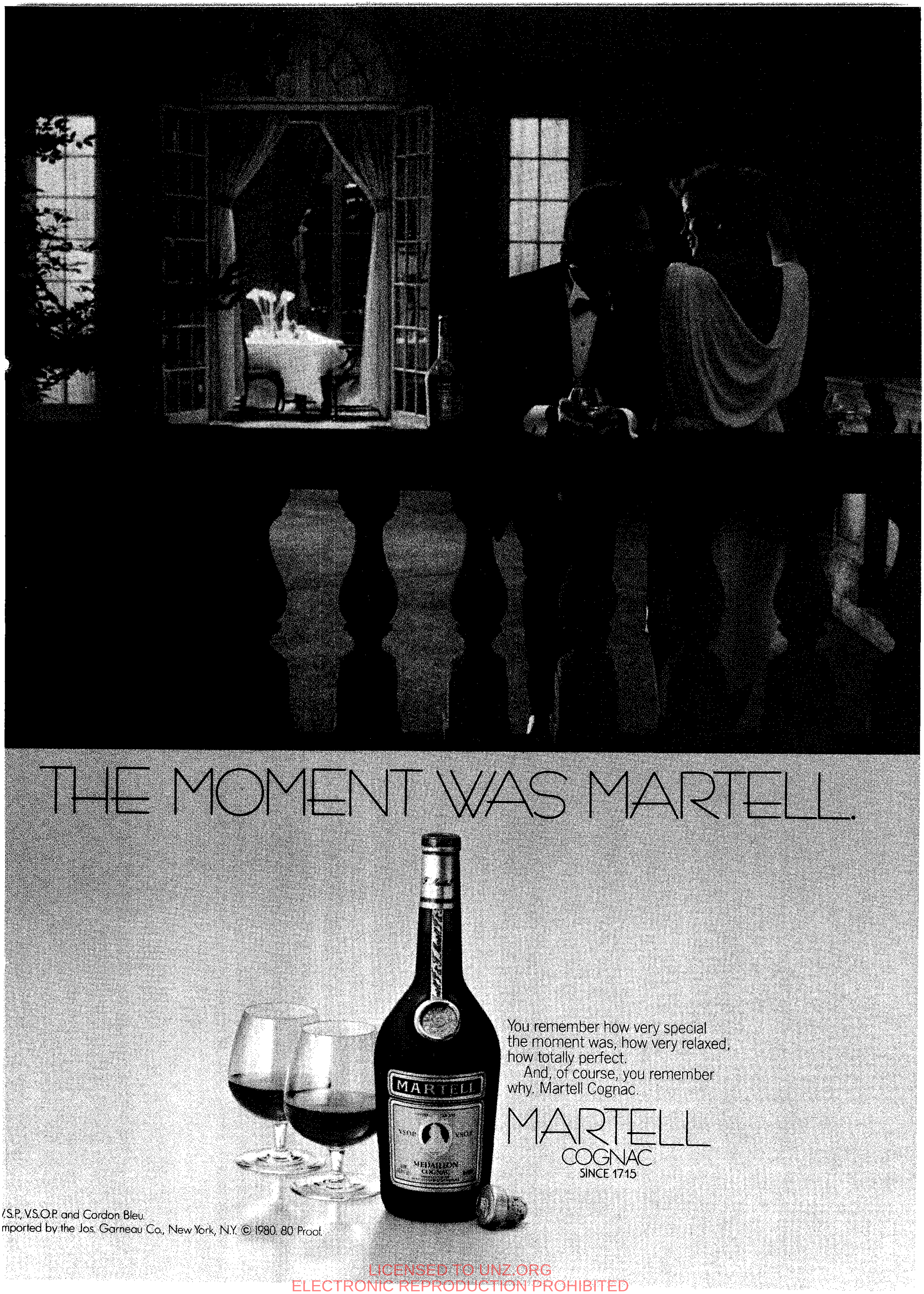
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existence, spent reading Carlyle and Proust while listening to the BBC. The Count, Gertrude, Anne, Tim, and Daisy utterly dominate the stage with their erotic and spiritual ups and downs; *les cousins et les tantes* remain little more than names, though toward the end a hasty and brittle interview between Manfred North and Veronica Mount, like Holmes clearing up matters with Watson, does reveal that they, too, offstage, have not been exempt from the seethe of infatuation, that Manfred thinks they should have said Kaddish for Guy, and that the author may have intended more for the Openshaws than she found room for.

What she intended to do with Anne Cavidge's religious crisis is moot. Religion figures persistently in Miss Murdoch's projection of the human comedy, but as a kind of anxious messing around rather than as a point of vantage or a central topic. Though she has described herself as an "ex-Christian," she worries at Christianity far more overtly than professed believers like Muriel Spark and Evelyn Waugh. In those two Catholics, faith serves as a crystalline index, an unseen whetstone sharpening the satiric knife, a settled judgment upon a foolish world. Miss Murdoch, more tender toward the world, looks for immanence, and finds muffled numinous gleams in her vivid and eerie landscapes and in the immaterial sphere of our furious and outreaching emotions. "Who can tell where his life ends?" Anne asks the Count. "Our being spreads out far beyond us and mingles with the being of others. We live in other people's thoughts, in their plans, in their dreams. This is as if there were God. We have an infinite responsibility." And Anne tells herself, "Happiness sought anywhere but in God tends to corruption." She shies, however, from what is absolutely transcendent and intellectually scandalous in Christian faith, denying belief in an afterlife and in a "personal God." (Both ideas are characterized as "anti-religious.") Yet Christ appears to her in a vision of astonishing particularity:

> Jesus was leaning with one hand upon the table and gazing down at her. He had a strangely elongated head and a strange pallor, the pallor of something which had been long deprived of light, a shadowed leaf, a deep sea fish, a grub inside a fruit. He was beardless, with wispy blond hair, not very long, and he was thin and of medium height, dressed in shapeless yellowish-white trousers and a shirt of similar colour, open at the neck, with rolled-up sleeves. He wore plimsolls upon his feet with no socks. Though the shape of the head seemed almost grotesque, the face was beautiful. It did not resemble any painting which Anne had ever seen. The mouth was thoughtful and tender and the eyes large and remarkably luminous.

She and the vision converse—rather whimsically, considering—and when she reaches out to touch him her hand is burned with a wound that will not heal. That is, medically, actually, it does not heal, as several other characters in the novel, including a doctor, observe. This miracle does not, however, restore Anne's faith, nor does Christ's manifestation appreciably affect the course of her earthly infatuation and spiritual quandary; she finally does not so much reëmbrace nunnishness as shrink back into a diluted form of it. Now, psychosomatic prodigies like mind-induced burns do exist, and most likely we are intended to take Anne's word as certain evidence of no more than the feverish hunger for God that atheists as well as believers can acknowledge to be a frequent psychological fact. Yet, somehow, in the context of the novel's discursive questing, we feel that Anne's experience should amount to more than this and fear that we have been, as often before with Miss Murdoch's sly and glossy spookiness, merely teased.

The scene, it should be said, is an exciting one, comic and poignant, and feels right at the time. And it should be urged, amid this catalogue of cavils, that many scenes and moments in "Nuns and Soldiers" are superb, full to the point of explosiveness with the characters' capacities for ardor, deception, and self-contradiction. Tim and Gertrude's dance of love when suddenly placed together in the Openshaws' vacation house in southern France; the abrasive yet exploratory encounter between Anne and Daisy, two styles of nun from different worlds; the onrushing scene, every pell-mell word exactly right, in which Tim and Gertrude dissolve their marriage: in such conjurations of our strange human life Iris Murdoch shows herself second to no living novelist. In peripheral incidents, too, her gifts as a realist flash out. Gertrude, it is mentioned in passing, sometimes teaches English to Asian women, and with no advance to the plot this sideline abruptly becomes vivid:

> She took her pupils singly, and confronting those dark handsome thoughtful anxious women, dressed in the most beautiful clothes in the world, she sometimes felt that she herself was being transported

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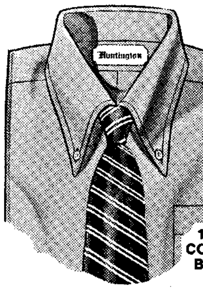

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far away. Sometimes, speechless, she reached across the table for a frail brown hand, and pupil and teacher communicated, almost with strange pleasant tears or else with helpless laughter. She tried to describe all this to Tim, but without meeting the women he could not understand.

The will to describe, the willingness to be transported by details of the humble actual, is a novelist's requisite, and Miss Murdoch is so willing that one puzzles over the nagging sense of thinness, of some hollowing discrepancy, her fiction too frequently arouses. Her adeptness as a trained philosopher leads her, it may be, toward large issues from which her comedic sense of life instinctively retreats. "What can morality, what can philosophy achieve, against the volatile faithlessness of the human mind?" asks the Count, one of several characters who seem to be inviting judgment upon their own novel. Philosophy and theology can be vexed but not conclusively discussed in fiction; cosmic conclusions depend upon actual evidence no novel—no mere emblem of the world—can contain. Through all the romantic and religious flurry of "Nuns and Soldiers," one familiar hard truth emerges—the ancient truth, dear to the Greeks, of irrevocability. "There are eternal partings, all things end and end forever and nothing could be more important than that," Anne thinks. "We are not as we were," Gertrude tells Tim, echoing the immense, laconic exchange with which Henry James concludes "The Wings of the Dove." Our actions, our decisions, our vows matter; what can fiction tell us more important than that?

"OTHER PEOPLE'S WORLDS," by William Trevor (Viking; $10.95), is a shorter, more efficient novel than "Nuns and Soldiers," but bears some resemblances. It, too, has for a heroine a widow who marries a young man financially beneath her, and it, too, demonstrates that such a union, however rashly contracted, cannot be lightly undone. Julia Ferndale, like Gertrude Openshaw, is plump but still handsome; like Anne Cavidge, she undergoes a struggle with religious doubt. Catholicism haunts both books, and both are at their best showing different social worlds impinging, with painful and revelatory effect. Characters in both novels read novels, and we are told what they are reading—in "Nuns and Soldiers," "Little Dorrit," "The Heart of Midlothian," "Mansfield

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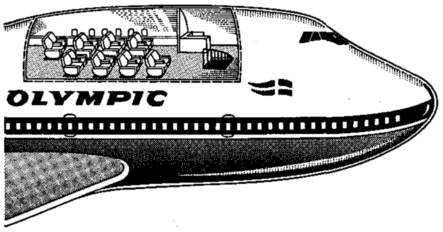

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Park," "Sense and Sensibility," and "War and Peace;" in "Other People's Worlds," "Martin Chuzzlewit" and "Bleak House." Like Miss Murdoch, Mr. Trevor was born in Ireland, and he brings to the anthropology of their adopted England an affectionate and attentive outsider's eye. Both writers began publishing novels in the fifties; while he is not the international star she is, Mr. Trevor has a solid reputation in Great Britain and a growing one here. "Other People's Worlds" surely will boost this reputation; it is a dense and constantly surprising work, grimly humorous, total in its empathy, and pungent with the scent of evil and corruption. While Iris Murdoch's world has something incorrigibly sunny and donnish about it, and even her meanest characters have intellectual positions to articulate, Mr. Trevor's contains true depths, hells whose inhabitants do not know where they are.

Unlike Miss Murdoch, Mr. Trevor is a short-story writer as well as a novelist, and he has the habit of economy. His situations and characters are blocked in as quickly as a bricklayer lays a walk, and widely different milieus unfold almost dizzyingly. Julia Ferndale lives with her mother, Mrs. Anstey, in the Gloucestershire village of Stone St. Martin; the flora and local fauna—Mrs. Spanners, the gossipy cleaning lady; Diane, the girl who works in the Crowning Glory beauty salon; her unsuitable swain Nevil Clapp; the village priests—are smartly sketched. Julia, who has two grown daughters leading trendy lives in London, has met and is going to marry a possibly unsuitable but disarmingly presentable actor, Francis Tyte, whose image, as a pipe-smoking figure in tobacco commercials, flits across telly screens all over the U.K. Well, one knows, this being a novel, after all, that things are going to go somewhat badly, but how very badly would be hard to foretell. Via her marriage, Julia (who has the "look of a Filippo Lippi madonna") and the reader are put in contact with the worlds of commercial television, of male prostitution, of old people's homes, of squalid and chaotic London state schools, of advanced alcoholism and human ruin. How sheltered Julia responds to this exposure provides the adventure and moral message of the novel; the reader's response is to be appalled that the human condition contains so many hopeless pockets and to marvel at Mr. Trevor's imaginative ease within them. His portrait of Francis's twisted psyche is sinisterly fine, but the centerpiece of the novel is his characterization of Doris Smith, the mother of Francis's casually conceived child—a girl, Joy, who is now twelve. Francis has never lived with Doris, and rarely visits her; she sells shoes in a London department store, at night makes paper placemats for extra income, and protests that she's not really a drinker. She and, in her guarded fashion, Joy still love Francis, as a little band of faithful might love a cruelly absent God. Even while Doris slips deeper and deeper into alcoholism, she continues to espouse his cause, to plead his case, and in her agitated and incoherent way to seek justice for him. Her drunken and plaintive familiarities epitomize the misery that spills over, that will not remain out of sight, that refuses, under the delusion that it still has something to offer, to remain mute.

> "Put it this way, Julia, when Frankie and me sat in the Spread Eagle that day in '66 I've never known another human person to be as interested. I've never known another human person wanting to hear every single detail, Dad and myself and then Dad getting married again, and all about the shoes and the girls and what the fashions were, the time Gloria couldn't get the boot off her customer's leg, the time Mavis Soper hit her customer in the stomach. Put it this way, Julia, I was an eyeful in those days. I know I'm not now. I'm a bit of a weirdo myself, if you get what I mean. Oh, I'm definitely aware of that, dear."

Mr. Trevor has a keen and compassionate ear. The misaimed verbal thrusts of senility, the grimy prattle of a slum child, the pidgin-English advances of an Italian masher—all are here, ringing true. When Doris descends into the ultimate London depths, the society of "meths drinkers," these derelicts, "like bundles of rags," yet rumble with a curious courtesy and pertinence. The author does what Joyce never quite does in his underworld scenes—he gives these murky presences a mythic dignity:

> "This woman wants a drink, Con."
>
> "Ah, don't ye all want drinks? Isn't it drinks the entire long time with ye?". . .
>
> "Have you got it, Con? Have you a bottle on you?"
>
> "Have ye two notes?"
>
> "Two," the man with the limp said to Doris.
>
> "That's very cheap, missus," his companion threw in, attempting to wag his head. "That's good value all round."
>
> "You can rest yourself here, missus," the man with the limp said. "We'll keep an eye on you."
>
> "I'm not an alcoholic," Doris said, finding the money in the bag that hung from

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her shoulder. "It's just that a friend's gone."

"It's shocking, that," agreed the man with the limp.

Mr. Trevor knows, and dramatizes, two principal truths about low life: it never utterly lies down, but persists in asserting claims and values of its own derivation; and it cannot be fenced off and disowned by the fortunate. There is indeed "infinite responsibility." As we watch Francis Tyte's derangement spread to Doris and Joy and thence to Julia Ferndale and her mother and the picture-book village of Stone St. Martin, Julia herself begins to seem crazy. Looking at herself naked in the mirror, she wants to be desired; she recalls the moment in Pisa when Francis disillusioned her and even so "she wanted to caress away the pain she knew was there, to rescue him at last from his awful world." This "awful" the author has earned.

Mr. Trevor has worked his text closely, to the compression, often, of poetry. Strange chimings, perhaps unintended, play across the surface: Francis Tyte's daughter attends the Tite Street Comprehensive School; one minor character is called Susanna Music and another Ned Tone; a Miss Upuku and a Mrs. Uprichard are named within a few pages of each other; and there is a curious free-floating "elephant" theme, which has Joy take a drug that is a tranquillizer for elephants, on the next page places an elephant's-foot umbrella stand in the old people's home where the elder Tytes reside, and later brings us the news that "in the London Zoo an elephant was ill." The strangest chime of all is struck with the other novel under review. The first pages of "Nuns and Soldiers" display Guy Openshaw in semi-delirium. His verbal wanderings revolve around three mysterious allusions: to a white swan, to "the upper side of the cube," and to a ring that someone "shouldn't have sold." Hundreds of pages later, "the upper side of the cube" is identified as a phrase from tennis instruction ("When you serve, imagine that the ball is a cube of which you are going to hit the upper side"), and the ring allusion is traced to Jessica's actions in "The Merchant of Venice;" but the swan image, though there is some mention of Leda and the swan, is never nailed down. Miraculously, it appears on the last page of "Other People's Worlds," as a symbol of the "niceness" that partially redeems our travails and our shame: "All she completely knew was that the

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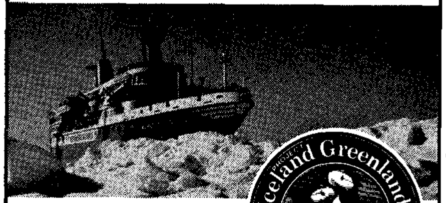

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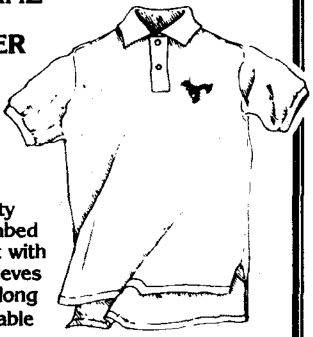

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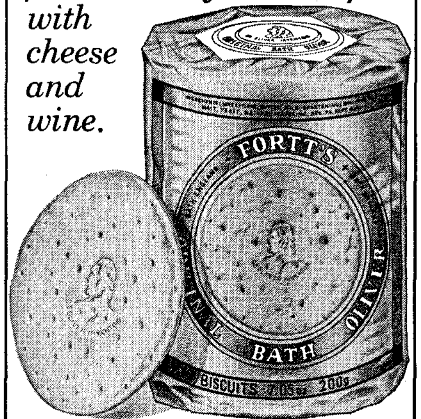

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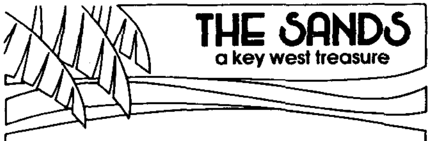

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niceness of her world was not entirely without purpose, the white swan in its niche above the hall door, the roses and japonica of the garden, a plain house made the most of." Novels are worlds also: supernatural ones, no less.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

HOUSEKEEPING, by Marilynne Robinson (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $10.95). A woman named Ruth recalls her childhood as a set of ever-smaller concentric circles: a ring of mountains; the town of Fingerbone, famed for an unusual train wreck; the slipshod house (built by her grandfather) on the edge of town, where she and her sister were raised by an eccentric aunt after their mother committed suicide; the shore of Fingerbone Lake, where the girls and the aunt liked to wander; and, in the center, the lake itself, where the girls' grandfather and mother lie drowned—he in the wrecked train, she in a borrowed automobile. The aunt's disregard for domestic niceties—she served supper in total darkness, let leaves drift through open doors and windows, and brought home fish from the lake in her coat pockets—came to appeal to Ruth, but it repelled Ruth's sister and alarmed the sheriff of Fingerbone, who, in turn, alarmed Ruth and her aunt with his plan to break up the household. Marilynne Robinson has constructed this novel (her first) with the tense precision of good poetry, and of a good ghost story; and she rewards the attentive reader well, with the acquaintance, in Ruth, of a humorous, articulate oddball.

TICKETS, by Richard P. Brickner (Simon & Schuster; $12.95). Part I: Hero falls in love at first sight, at the opera, with a married woman; explains his passion for opera; and shows her (the next day) his lifetime collection of ticket stubs. Part II: Heroine presents hero with a ticket of her own design ("TICKET. ADMIT ONE. TIME: OPTIONAL. DRESS: OPTIONAL. ORCHESTRA AND BALCONY. PRICE: UNKNOWN"); analyzes the meaning of hero's ticket stubs; and suspects that her marriage's days are numbered. Part III: The love of hero and heroine is tried and found true; but on the next-to-last page disaster strikes. Some librettos seem, in summary, no less absurd, but they can be redeemed by their scores and staging; Mr. Brickner's novel—being just that—cannot.

SANCTUARY: THE ORIGINAL TEXT, by William Faulkner, edited, with an afterword and notes, by Noel Polk (Random House; $14.95). Faulkner, as those interested in his work have long been aware, created the novel we know as "Sanctuary" by extensive revisions in galley of an earlier version. Mr. Polk, who teaches English at the University of Southern Mississippi, gives us here that original and hitherto unpublished text, much as Douglas Day gave us, in 1973, the text of a hitherto unpublished Faulkner novel called "Flags in the Dust," which became, after much reworking, "Sartoris," the first of the Yoknapatawpha novels. "Ur-Sanctuary," as this text is known to scholars, and "Sanctuary" are very different novels—different in pace, organization, and emphasis. Mr. Polk concludes that the earlier text "is a significant addition to the Faulkner canon." That would seem to depend on what he means by "significant." It is certainly of value to the academic industry that has grown up around Faulkner and his works, and it is always interesting to slip behind the screen and see an artist making the decisions an artist makes. "Ur-Sanctuary" is not, however, a novel that anybody (including, it should be said, Mr. Polk) could prefer to "Sanctuary;" it is, by comparison, repetitious, diffuse, enigmatic, and circuitous, and it concentrates less on Popeye and Temple Drake than on the maundering, narcissistic, Prufrockian Horace Benbow. This is not to say that it is a worthless novel. It is recognizably and pleasurably a Faulkner novel. But it is much inferior to "Sanctuary."

GENERAL

VILE FLORENTINES, by Timothy Holme (St. Martin's; $10.95). A sidelong glance at Florence in the years of its original eminence (from, roughly, the early thirteenth century to the death of Boccaccio, in 1375) as reflected, more or less, in the lives, personalities, and dazzling works of the city's greatest sons—Dante, Giotto, and Boccaccio. His title notwithstanding (it is taken from an epistolary outburst by the exiled Dante), Mr. Holme, a former

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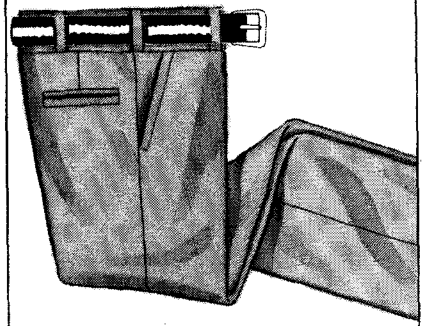

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English journalist now residing in Verona, is clearly enthralled by medieval Florence, and he gives us evenhandedly its best face and its worst. It was, he tells us, the first capitalist state in Europe, the first European city to have paved streets, a world banker (with eighty banks within its walls), a leader in the humane care of the sick (with thirty hospitals equipped with the unheard-of luxury of individual beds), and outstanding in its hearty appetite for art and splendid architecture. It also had a hearty appetite for appalling civil strife, for grisly capital punishment ("Beheadings, burnings, and burials alive . . . were all so popular that men due for capital punishment were sometimes imported from other cities to satisfy the public demand"), and for homosexuality; the last was, indeed, "so rife that homosexuals were known in Germany as *Florenzen*." And for looting: the Medici family fortune was founded on thefts of clothing during a civil upheaval in 1301. Mr. Holme is, wherever possible, anecdotal, and his anecdotes are often startling, as when Giotto was asked why he always painted Joseph looking sad. The artist replied, "Hasn't he every reason to look sad when he sees his wife pregnant and doesn't know who by?"

THE LAST DAYS OF PATTON, by Ladislas Farago (McGraw-Hill; $12.95). This book, a sequel to the late author's "Patton: Ordeal and Triumph," covers General George S. Patton, Jr.,'s spectacular role in the final battles for Germany, and the final nine months of his life, when he was military governor of Occupied Bavaria and then, after he was busted for one of his mighty gaffes, head of the Fifteenth Army—a "paper" outfit assigned to prepare a history of the fighting. It ends with a circumstantial account of the freakish and fatal accident in which he suffered a broken neck in a collision between his car and a truck while neither was going more than twenty miles an hour. The book amounts to a fair-minded but clear-eyed portrait of one of the ablest, and surely the most colorful, American commanders of the Second World War, and one of the most ambivalent personalities in the history of American arms. Patton, despite all his vulgar panache, was also something of a scholar. He could be generous and forgiving, and

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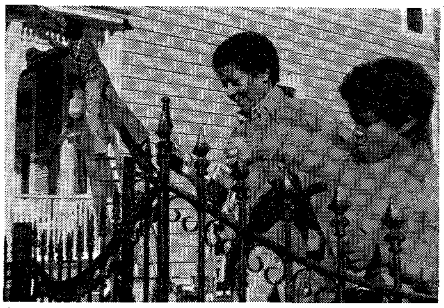

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cruel and bigoted; during his governorship of Bavaria (when Eisenhower and Marshall thought he had gone mad), he turned viciously against the survivors of the extermination camps, because they were dirty and "lower than animals." It becomes clear that, of all his enemies, his worst enemy was himself.

The Life of John O'Hara, by Frank MacShane (Dutton; $15.95). A straightforward and well-presented biography of a writer the author calls "one of the leading chroniclers of American society in the first half of the twentieth century." Mr. MacShane has put it all in: the middle-class boyhood in Pottsville, Pennsylvania (a source of unaccountable shame and embarrassment to O'Hara), the thin years learning his trade in New York in the late twenties and early thirties, Hollywood, the friends and the enemies, the first big-money successes with the swollen novels that he thought should earn him the Nobel Prize, the last years as a well-heeled reactionary country squire in Princeton, where the social chronicler who made sport of the conspicuous consumption of the American rich drove around in a Rolls-Royce and flashed a gold cigarette case with the seals of his clubs embossed upon its lid. Photographs.

Gulbadan: Portrait of a Rose Princess at the Mughal Court, by Rumer Godden (Viking; $14.95). The heart of this book is a historical oddity—the memoirs of Gulbadan Begam (the name translates as "Princess Rosebody"), who was born about 1522 to Babur, the first Moghul Emperor of India. Babur, descended from both Genghis Khan and Tamerlane, started life as a Central Asian princeling, established Kabul as his capital, and founded an empire that included most of northern India and lasted until 1857. This manuscript, composed between 1587 and 1590, was neglected until 1902, when—having by that time migrated to the British Museum—it was first translated into English. Gulbadan recalls the wars that placed these Muslim monarchs among the world's great potentates, and the political intrigues that surrounded them. She herself aspired to, and attained, a role of benign universal aunt to the royal family. Miss Godden, who has paraphrased and amplified the text, points out that Gulbadan says very little about

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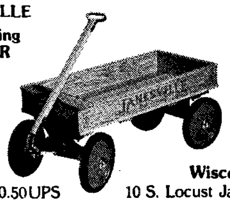

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her own husband, a prominent courtier, or about their children; her loyalties, established in childhood, always remained attached to the royal line. The harem may have screened women from public view, but their role and influence in family matters could be immense. Though Gulbadan never reigned, as did her contemporaries the Tudor princesses Queen Mary I and Queen Elizabeth I, her sense of self, sense of family, and understanding of power are remarkably similar to theirs.

JACQUES-LOUIS DAVID, by Anita Brookner (Harper & Row; $35). A biographical study of David as a painter, rather than as a man of politics. The author, an English art historian, examines David in terms of his dizzying succession of styles—rococo, neoclassical, republican, Directoire, and Imperial. She shows how he embodied the influential power that the art of painting then enjoyed, when one picture exhibited in the Paris Salon could prefigure what clothes people would wear, what furniture and ornament they would use, and what attitude toward life they would assume. The book encompasses David's long life—1748-1825—and presents a three-dimensional portrait of a brilliantly endowed, intellectually somewhat muddleheaded, and not always admirable human being. Miss Brookner admires David's talent, but she is not blind to his shortcomings as an artist—his lack of pictorial imagination, his coldness, his inability to depict motion—or his serious defects as a man. Eight color plates—not, alas, of the very first quality—and over a hundred monochrome reproductions.

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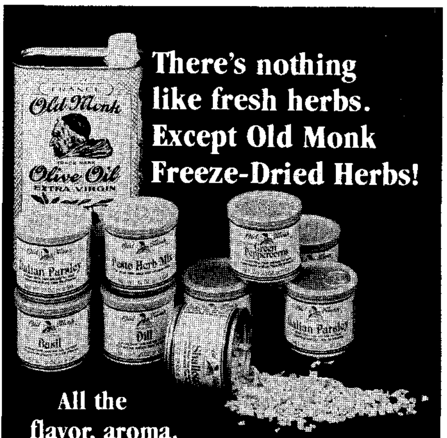

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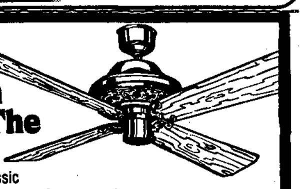

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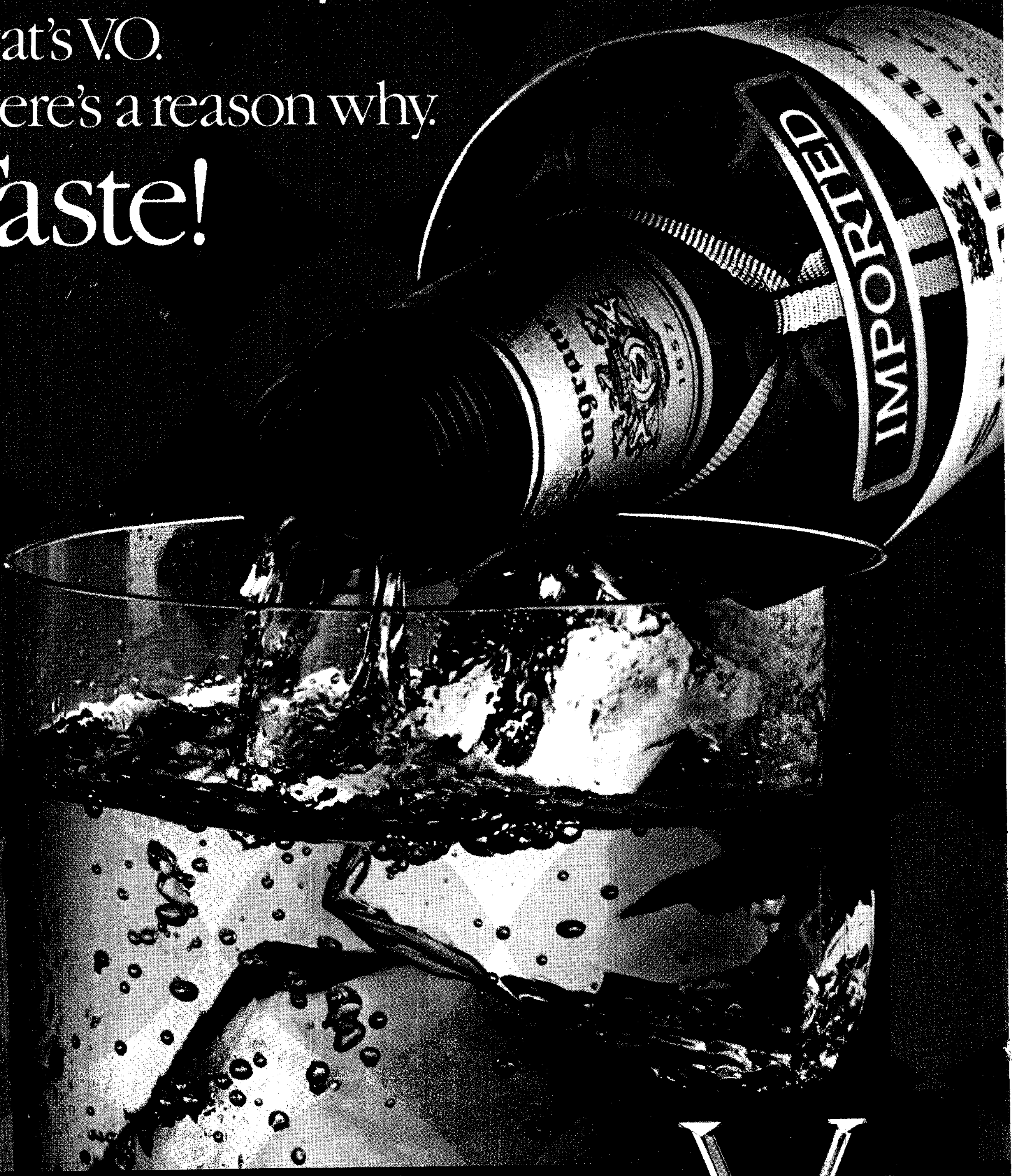

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